Somadeva Bhatta

THE

# KATHÁ SARIT SÁGARA

OR

## OCEAN OF THE STREAMS OF STORY

TRANSLATED FROM THE

ORIGINAL SANSKRIT

BY

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TRANSLATION

OF THE

# KATHÁ SARIT SÁGARA

OR

## OCEAN OF THE STREAMS OF STORY.

# BOOK X.

## CHAPTER LVII.

We worship the elephantine proboscis of Ganeśa, not to be resisted by his enemies, reddened with vermilion, a sword dispelling great arrogance.* May the third eye of S'iva, which, when all three were equally wildly-rolling, blazed forth beyond the others, as he made ready his arrow upon the string, for the burning of Pura, protect you. May the row of nails of the Man-lion,† curved and red with blood, when he slew his enemy, and his fiery look askance, destroy your calamities.

*Story of the porter who found a bracelet.*

Thus Naraváhanadatta, the son of the king of Vatsa, remained in Kauśámbí in happiness, with his wives, and his ministers. And one day, when he was present, a merchant living in the city, came to make a representation to his father, as he was sitting on his throne. That merchant, of the name of Ratnadatta, entered, announced by the warder, and bowing before the king, said as follows: " O king, there is a poor porter here, of the name of Vasundhara; and suddenly he is found of late to be eating, drinking, and bestowing alms. So, out of curiosity, I took him to my house, and gave him food and drink to his heart's content, and when I had

* I read *mada* for *madya*.

† Nṛisinha, Vishṇu assumed this form for the destruction of Hiraṇyakaśipu.

made him drunk, I questioned him, and he gave me this answer, 'I obtained from the door of the king's palace a bracelet with splendid jewels, and I picked out one jewel and sold it. And I sold it for a *lakh* of *dínárs* to a merchant named Hiraṇyagupta; this is how I come to be living in comfort at present.' When he had said this, he shewed me that bracelet, which was marked with the king's name, and therefore I have come to inform your majesty of the circumstance." When the king of Vatsa heard that, he had the porter and the merchant of precious jewels summoned with all courtesy, and when he saw the bracelet, he said of himself; "Ah! I remember, this bracelet slipped from my arm when I was going round the city." And the courtiers asked the porter, "Why did you, when you had got hold of a bracelet marked with the king's name, conceal it?" He replied, "I am one who gets his living by carrying burdens, and how am I to know the letters of the king's name? When I got hold of it, I appropriated it, being burnt up with the misery of poverty." When he said this, the jewel-merchant, being reproached for keeping the jewel, said—"I bought it in the market, without putting any pressure on the man, and there was no royal mark upon it, though now it is said that it belongs to the king. And he has taken five thousand of the price, the rest is with me." When Yaugandharáyana, who was present, heard this speech of Hiraṇyagupta's, he said—"No one is in fault in this matter. What can we say against the porter who does not know his letters? Poverty makes men steal, and who ever gave up what he had found? And the merchant who bought it from him cannot be blamed." The king when he heard this decision of his prime minister's, approved it. And he took back his jewel from the merchant, paying him the five thousand *dínárs*, which had been spent by the porter, and he set the porter at liberty, after taking back his bracelet, and he, having consumed his five thousand, went free from anxiety to his own house. And the king, though in the bottom of his heart he hated that merchant Ratnadatta, as being a man who ruined those that reposed confidence in him, honoured him for his service. When they had all departed, Vasantaka came before the king, and said, "Ah! when men are cursed by destiny, even the wealth they obtain departs, for the incident of the inexhaustible pitcher has happened to this porter."

*Story of the inexhaustible pitcher.**

For you must know that there lived long ago, in the city of Páṭaliputra, a man of the name of S'ubhadatta, and he every day carried in a

* See the note on page 14 of this work. Parallels will be found also in the notes to No. 52 of the Sicilian Tales, collected by Laura von Gonzenbach. I have referred, in the Addenda to the 1st Fasciculus, to Ralston's Russian Folk-tales, p. 230, and Weckenstedt's Wendische Sagen, p. 152. The Mongolian form of the story is found

load of wood from the forest, and sold it, and so maintained his household. Now one day he went to a distant forest, and, as it happened, he saw there four Yakshas with heavenly ornaments and dresses. The Yakshas, seeing he was terrified, kindly asked him of his circumstances, and finding out that he was poor, they conceived pity for him, and said—"Remain here as a servant in our house, we will support your family for you without trouble on your part." When S'ubhadatta heard that, he agreed, and remained with them, and he supplied them with requisites for bathing and performed other menial offices for them. When the time for eating came, those Yakshas said to him—"Give us food from this inexhaustible pitcher." But he hesitated, seeing that it was empty, and then the Yakshas again said to him, smiling—"S'ubhadatta, do you not understand? Put your hand in the pitcher, and you will obtain whatever you want, for this is a pitcher that supplies whatever is required." When he heard that, he put his hand in the pitcher, and immediately he beheld all the food and drink that could be required. And S'ubhadatta out of that store supplied them and ate himself.

Thus waiting on the Yakshas every day with devotion and awe, Subhadatta remained in their presence anxious about his family. But his sorrowing family was comforted by them in a dream, and this kindness on their part made him happy. At the termination of one month the Yakshas said to him, "We are pleased with this devotion of yours, we will grant you a boon, say what it shall be." When he heard that, he said to them, "Then give me this inexhaustible pitcher." Then the Yakshas said to him, "You will not be able to keep it, for, if broken, it departs at once, so choose some other boon." Though they warned him in these words, S'ubhadatta would not choose any other boon, so they gave him that inexhaustible pitcher. Then S'ubhadatta bowed before them delighted, and, taking that pitcher, quickly returned to his house, to the joy of his relations. Then he took out of that pitcher food and drink, and in order to conceal the secret, he placed them in other vessels, and consumed them with his relations. And as he gave up carrying burdens, and enjoyed all kinds of delights, his kinsmen one day said to him, when he was drunk; "How did you manage to acquire the means of all this enjoyment?" He was too much puffed up with pride to tell them plainly, but taking the wish-granting pitcher on his

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in Sagas from the Far East, p. 148. See also Corrigenda and Addenda to Vol. I, and Dasent's Norse Tales, pp. 12, 264, and 293—295, and xcv of the Introduction. The first parallel is very close, as the hero of the tale lets out his secret, when warmed with wine. For the most ancient example of this kind of tale, see Rhys Davids, Buddhist Birth Stories, Introduction, pp. xvi—xxi.

shoulder, he began to dance.* And as he was dancing, the inexhaustible pitcher slipped from his shoulder, as his feet tripped with over-abundance of intoxication, and falling on the ground, was broken in pieces. And immediately it was mended again, and reverted to its original possessors, but S'ubhadatta was reduced to his former condition, and filled with despondency.

"So you see that those unfortunate persons, whose intellects are destroyed with the vice of drinking, and other vices, and with infatuation, cannot keep wealth, even when they have obtained it." When the king of Vatsa had heard this amusing story of the inexhaustible pitcher, he rose up, and bathed, and set about the other duties of the day. And Naraváhanadatta also bathed, and took food with his father, and at the end of the day went with his friends to his own house. There he went to bed at night, but could not sleep, and Marubhúti said to him in the hearing of the ministers: "I know, it is love of a slave-girl that prevents your summoning your wives, and you have not summoned the slave-girl, so you cannot sleep. But why in spite of your better knowledge do you still fall in love with *hetæræ?* For they have no goodness of character; in proof that they have not, hear the following tale:"

*Story of the merchant's son, the hetæra, and the wonderful ape A'la.*

There is in this country a great and opulent city named Chitrakúṭa. In it there lived a merchant named Ratnavarman, a prince among the wealthy. He had one son born to him by propitiating S'iva, and he gave that son the name of I'śvaravarman. After he had studied the sciences, his father the rich merchant, who had no other son but him, seeing that he was on the verge of manhood, said to himself: "Providence has created in this world that fair and frail type of woman, the *hetæra*, to steal the wealth and life of rich young men blinded with the intoxication of youth. So I will entrust my son to some *kuṭṭiní*, in order that he may learn the tricks of the *hetæræ* and not be deceived by them." Having thus reflected, he went with his son I'śvaravarman to the house of a certain *kuṭṭiní*, whose name was Yamajihvá. There he saw that *kuṭṭiní*, with massive jaw, and long teeth, and snub nose, instructing her daughter in the following words—"Every one is valued on account of wealth, a *hetæra* especially; and *hetæræ* who fall in love do not obtain wealth, therefore a *hetæra* should abandon passion. For rosy red, love's proper hue, is the harbinger of eclipse to the *hetæra* as to

* In Bartsch's Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg, Vol. I, p. 41, a man possesses himself of an inexhaustible beer-can. But as soon as he told how he got it, the beer disappeared. Another (page 84) spoils the charm by looking into the vessel, at the bottom of which he sees a loathsome toad. This he had been expressly forbidden to do.

the evening twilight; a properly trained *hetæra* should exhibit love without sincerity, like a well-trained actress. With that she should gain a man's affections, then she should extract from him all his wealth, when he is ruined, she should finally abandon him, but if he should recover his wealth, she should take him back into favour. A *hetæra*, like a hermit, is the same towards a young man, a child, an old man, a handsome man, and a deformed man, and so she always attains the principal object of existence."* While the *kuṭṭiní* was delivering this lesson to her daughter, Ratnavarman approached her, and after she had welcomed him, he took a seat by her side. And he said to her—"Reverend mother, teach my son this skill of the *hetæræ*, in order that he may become clever in it. And I will give you a thousand *dínárs* by way of recompense." When the *kuṭṭiní* heard his desire, she consented, and he paid the *dínárs*, and made over his son Íśvaravarman to her, and then returned home.

Then Íśvaravarman, in the course of one year, learned in the house of Yamajihvá all the graceful accomplishments, and then returned to his father's house. And after he had attained sixteen years, he said to his father—"Wealth gives us religion and love, wealth gives us consideration and renown." When his father heard this, he exclaimed in approval, "It is even so," and being delighted, he gave him five *crores* by way of capital. The son took it, and set out on an auspicious day with a caravan, with the object of journeying to Svarnadvípa. And on the way he reached a town named Kánchanapura, and there he encamped in a garden, at a short distance outside the town. And after bathing and anointing himself, the young man entered the town, and went to a temple to see a spectacle. And there he saw a dancing-girl, of the name of Sundarí, dancing, like a wave of the sea of beauty† tossed up by the wind of youth. And the moment he saw her, he became so devoted to her, that the instructions of the *kuṭṭiní* fled far from him, as if in anger. At the end of the dance, he sent a friend to solicit her, and she bowed and said—"I am highly favoured." And Íśvaravarman left vigilant guards in his camp, to watch over his treasure, and went himself to the house of that Sundarí. And when he came, her mother, named Makarakaṭí, honoured him with the various rites of hospitality which became the occasion. And at nightfall she introduced him into a chamber with a canopy of flashing jewels and a bed. There he passed the night with Sundarí,‡ whose name expressed her nature, and who was skilled in all movements of the dance. And the next day he could not bring himself to part from her, as she shewed great affection for him, and never left his side. And the young merchant gave her twenty-

* Wealth in her case, salvation in that of the hermit.

† Cp. Winter's Tale, Act VI, Scene 4, line 140.

‡ *i. e.*, beautiful.

five *lakhs* of gold and jewels in those two days. But Sundarí, with a false affectation of disinterestedness, refused to take them, saying—"I have obtained much wealth, but I never found a man like you; since I have obtained you, what should I do with wealth?" But her mother Makarakaṭí, whose only child she was, said to her, "Henceforth, whatever wealth belongs to us, is as much his as his own property, so take it, my daughter, as a contribution to our common stock, what harm is there in that?" When Sundarí's mother said this to her, she took it with affected unwillingness, and the foolish Iśvaravarman thought she was really in love with him. While the merchant remained in her house, charmed by her beauty, her dancing, and singing, two months passed, and in course of time he bestowed upon her two *crores*.

Then his friend, named Arthadatta, of his own accord came to him and said—"Friend, has all that training of yours, though painfully acquired from the *kuṭṭiní*, proved useless, now that the occasion has presented itself, as skill in the use of weapons does to a coward, in that you believe that there is sincerity in this love of a *hetæra*? Is water ever really found in desert-mirages? So let us go before all your wealth is consumed, for, if your father were to hear of it, he would be very angry." When his friend said this to him, the merchant's son said, "It is true that no reliance can be placed upon *hetæræ* as a rule, but Sundarí is not like the rest of her class, for, if she were to lose sight of me for a moment, my friend, she would die. So do you break it to her, if we must in any case go."

When he said this to Arthadatta, Arthadatta said to Sundarí, in the presence of Iśvaravarman and her mother Makarakaṭí, "You entertain extraordinary affection for Iśvaravarman, but he must certainly go on a trading expedition to Svarnadvípa immediately. There he will obtain so much wealth, that he will come and live with you in happiness all his life, consent to it, my friend." When Sundarí heard this, she gazed on the face of Iśvaravarman with tears in her eyes and assumed despondency, and said to Arthadatta, "What am I to say? you gentlemen know best. Who can rely on any one before seeing the end? Never mind! Let fate deal with me as it will!" When she said this, her mother said to her, "Do not be grieved, control yourself; your lover will certainly return when he has made his fortune; he will not abandon you." In these words her mother consoled her, but made an agreement with her, and had a net secretly prepared in a well, that lay in the road they must take. And then Iśvaravarman's mind was in a state of tremulous agitation about parting, and Sundarí, as if out of grief, took but little food and drink. And she shewed no inclination for singing, music, or dancing, but she was consoled by Iśvaravarman with various affectionate attentions.

Then, on the day named by his friend, Iśvaravarman set out from the

house of Sundarí, after the *kuṭṭiní* had offered a prayer for his success. And Sundarí followed him weeping, with her mother, outside the city, as far as the well in which the net had been stretched. There he made Sundarí turn back, and he was proceeding on his journey, when she flung herself into the well on the top of the net. Then a loud cry was heard from her mother, from the female slaves, and all the attendants, "Ah! my daughter! Ah! mistress!" That made the merchant's son and his friend turn round, and when he heard that his beloved had thrown herself into a well, he was for a moment stupefied with grief. And Makarakaṭí, lamenting with loud cries, made her servants, who were attached to her, and in the secret, go down into the well. They let themselves down by means of ropes, and exclaiming, "Thank heaven, she is alive, she is alive," they brought up Sundarí from the well. When she was brought up, she assumed the appearance of one nearly dead, and after she had mentioned the name of the merchant's son, who had returned, she slowly began to cry. But he, being comforted, took her to her house in great delight, accompanied by his attendants, returning there himself. And having made up his mind that the love of Sundarí was to be relied on, and considering that, by obtaining her, he had obtained the real end of his birth, he once more gave up the idea of continuing his journey. And when he had taken up his abode there, determined to remain, his friend said to him once more, "My friend, why have you ruined yourself by infatuation? Do not rely on the love of Sundarí simply because she flung herself into a well, for the treacherous schemes of a *kuṭṭiní* are not to be fathomed even by Providence. And what will you say to your father, when you have spent all your property, or where will you go? So leave this place even at this eleventh hour, if your mind is sound." When the merchant's son heard this speech of his friend's, he paid no attention to it, and in another month he spent those other three *crores*. Then he was stripped of his all; and the *kuṭṭiní* Makarakaṭí had him seized by the back of the neck and turned out of Sundarí's house.

But Arthadatta and the others quickly returned to their own city, and told the whole story, as it happened, to his father. His father Ratnavarman, that prince of merchants, was much grieved when he heard it, and in great distress went to the *kuṭṭiní* Yamajihvá, and said to her, "Though you received a large salary, you taught my son so badly, that Makarakaṭí has with ease stripped him of all his wealth." When he had said this, he told her all the story of his son. Then the old *kuṭṭiní* Yamajihvá said: "Have your son brought back here; I will enable him to strip Makarakaṭí of all her wealth." When the *kuṭṭiní* Yamajihvá made this promise, Ratnavarman quickly sent off that moment his son's well-meaning friend Arthadatta with a message, to bring him, and to take at the same time means for his subsistence.

So Arthadatta went back to that city of Kánchanapura, and told the whole message to I'śvaravarman. And he went on to say to him—"Friend, you would not do what I advised you, so you have now had personal experience of the untrustworthy dispositions of *hetæræ*. After you had given that five crores, you were ejected neck and crop. What wise man looks for love in *hetæræ* or for oil in sand? Or why do you put out of sight this unalterable nature of things?* A man is wise, self-restrained, and possesses happiness, only so long as he does not fall within the range of woman's cajoleries. So return to your father and appease his wrath." With these words Arthadatta quickly induced him to return, and encouraging him, led him into the presence of his father. And his father, out of love for his only son, spoke kindly to him, and again took him to the house of Yamajihvá. And when she questioned him, he told his whole story by the mouth of Arthadatta, down to the circumstance of Sundarí's flinging herself into the well, and how he lost his wealth. Then Yamajihvá said—"I indeed am to blame, because I forgot to teach him this trick. For Makarakaṭí stretched a net in the well, and Sundarí flung herself upon that, so she was not killed. Still there is a remedy in this case." Having said this, the *kuṭṭiní* made her female slaves bring her monkey named A'la. And in their presence she gave the monkey her thousand *dínárs*, and said—"Swallow these," and the monkey, being trained to swallow money, did so. Then she said, "Now, my son give twenty to him, twenty-five to him, and sixty to him, and a hundred to him." And the monkey, as often as Yamajihvá told him to pay a sum, brought up the exact number of *dínárs*, and gave them as commanded.† And after Yamajihvá had shewn this device of A'la, she said to I'śvaravarman, "Now take with you this young monkey. And repair again to the house of Sundarí, and keep asking him day by day for sums of money, which you have secretly made him swallow. And Sundarí, when she sees A'la, resembling in his powers the wishing-stone, will beg for him, and will give you all she has so as to obtain possession of the ape, and clasp him to her bosom. And after you have got her wealth, make him swallow enough money for two days, and give him to her, and then depart to a distance without delay."

* I find in the Sanskṛit College MS. *kimmuchyate* for *vimuchyate*.

† In La Fontaine's Contes et Nouvelles III, 13, there is a little dog *qui secoue de l' argent et des pierreries*. The idea probably comes from the Mahabhárata. In this poem Srinjaya has a son named Suvarṇashṭívin. Some robbers treat him as the goose that laid the golden eggs was treated. There are also birds that spit gold in the Mahábhárata. (See Lévêque, Les Mythes et Légendes de l' Inde, pp. 289—294.) There is an ass with the same gift in Sicilianische Märchen, No. 52. For the wishing-stone see Dasent's Norse Tales, Introduction, p. xcv. He remarks that the stone in his tale No. LIX, which tells the prince all the secrets of his brides, "is plainly the old Oskastein or wishing-stone."

After Yamajihvá had said this, she gave that ape to Íśvaravarman, and his father gave him two *crores* by way of capital. And with the ape and the money he went once more to Kánchanapura, and despatching a messenger on in front, he entered the house of Sundarí. Sundarí welcomed him as if he were an incarnation of perseverance, which includes in itself all means for attaining an end, and his friend with him, embracing him round the neck, and making other demonstrations. Then Íśvaravarman, having gained her confidence, said to Arthadatta in her presence in the house: "Go, and bring Ála." He said, "I will," and went and brought the monkey. And as the monkey had before swallowed a thousand *dínárs*, he said to him, "Ála, my son, give us to-day three hundred *dínárs* for our eating and drinking, and a hundred for betel and other expenses, and give one hundred to our mother Makarakaṭí, and a hundred to the Bráhmans, and give the rest of the thousand to Sundarí." When Íśvaravarman said this, the monkey brought up the *dínárs* he had before swallowed, to the amounts ordered, and gave them for the various objects required.

So by this artifice Ála was made to supply every day the necessary expenses, for the period of a fortnight, and in the meanwhile Makarakaṭí* and Sundarí began to think; "Why this is a very wishing-stone which he has get hold of in the form of an ape, which gives every day a hundred *dínárs;* if he would only give it us, all our desires would be accomplished." Having thus debated in private with her mother, Sundarí said to that Íśvaravarman, when he was sitting at his ease after dinner,—"If you really are well pleased with me, give me Ála." But when Íśvaravarman heard that, he answered laughingly, "He is my father's all in the world, and it is not proper to give him away." When he said this, Sundarí said to him again, "Give him me and I will give you five *crores*." Thereupon Íśvaravarman said with an air of decision, "If you were to give me all your property, or indeed this city, it would not do to give him you, much less for your *crores*." When Sundarí heard this, she said, "I will give you all I possess; but give me this ape, otherwise my mother will be angry with me." And thereupon she clung to Íśvaravarman's feet. Then Arthadatta and the others said, "Give it her, happen what will." Then Íśvaravarman promised to give it her, and he spent the day with the delighted Sundarí. And the next day he gave to Sundarí, at her earnest entreaties, that ape, which had in secret been made to swallow two thousand *dínárs*, and he immediately took by way of payment all the wealth in her house, and went off quickly to Svarnadvípa to trade.

And to Sundarí's delight, the monkey Ála, when asked, gave her regularly a thousand *dínárs* for two days. But on the third day he did

* The reading should be *Makarakaṭyevam.*

not give her anything; though coaxed to do it, then Sundarí struck the ape with her fist. And the monkey, being beaten, sprang up in a rage, and bit and scratched the faces of Sundarí and her mother, who were thrashing him. Then the mother, whose face was streaming with blood, flew in a passion and beat the ape with sticks, till he died on the spot. When Sundarí saw that he was dead, and reflected that all her wealth was gone, she was ready to commit suicide for grief, and so was her mother. And when the people of the town heard the story, they laughed and said, "Because Makarakaṭí took away this man's wealth by means of a net, he in his turn has stripped her of all her property, like a clever fellow that he is, by means of a pet; she was sharp enough to net him, but did not detect the net laid for herself. Then Sundarí, with her scratched face and vanished wealth, was with difficulty restrained by her relations from destroying herself, and so was her mother. And I'śvaravarman soon returned from Svarnadvípa to the house of his father in Chitrakúṭa. And when his father saw him returned, having acquired enormous wealth, he rewarded the *kuṭṭiní* Yamajihvá with treasure, and made a great feast. And I'śvaravarman, seeing the matchless deceitfulness of *hetæræ*, became disgusted with their society, and taking a wife remained in his own house.*

"So you see, king, that there never dwells in the minds of *hetæræ* even an atom of truth, unalloyed with treachery, so a man who desires prosperity should not take pleasure in them, as their society is only to be gained by the wealthy, any more than in uninhabited woods to be crossed only with a caravan.†"

When Naraváhanadatta heard, from the mouth of Marubhúti, the above story, word for word, of A'la and the net, he and Gomukha approved it, and laughed heartily.

## CHAPTER LVIII.

When Marubhúti had thus illustrated the untrustworthy character of *hetæræ*, the wise Gomukha told this tale of Kumudiká, the lesson of which was the same.

* There is a certain resemblance between this story and the Xth Novel of the VIIIth day in Boccacio's Decameron. Dunlop traces Boccacio's story to the Disciplina Clericalis of Petrus Alphonsus (c. 16). It is also found in the Arabian Nights (story of Ali Khoja, the merchant of Baghdad,) in the Gesta Romanorum (c. 118), and in the Cento Novelle Antiche (No. 74), see also Fletcher's Rule a Wife and have a Wife. (Dunlop's History of Fiction, p. 56, Liebrecht's German translation, p. 247).

† An elaborate pun.

*Story of king Vikramasinha, the hetæra, and the young Bráhman.*

There was in Pratishṭhána a king named Vikramasinha, who was made by Providence a lion in courage, so that his name expressed his nature. He had a queen of lofty lineage, beautiful and beloved, whose lovely form was her only ornament, and she was called S'aśilekhá. Once on a time, when he was in his city, five or six of his relations combined together, and going to his palace, surrounded him. Their names were Mahábhaṭa, Virabáhu, Subáhu, Subhaṭa and Pratápáditya, all powerful kings. The king's minister was proceeding to try the effect of conciliation on them, but the king set him aside, and went out to fight with them. And when the two armies had begun to exchange showers of arrows, the king himself entered the fray, mounted on an elephant, confiding in his might. And when the five kings, Mahábhaṭa and the others, saw him, seconded only by his bow, dispersing the army of his enemies, they all attacked him together. And as the numerous force of the five kings made an united charge, the force of Vikramasinha, being inferior in number, was broken. Then his minister Anantaguṇa, who was at his side, said, "Our force is routed for the present, there is no chance of victory to-day, and you would engage in this conflict with an overwhelming force in spite of my advice, so now at the last moment do what I recommend you, in order that the affair may turn out prosperously; come now, descend from your elephant, and mount a horse, and let us go to another country; if you live, you will conquer your enemies on some future occasion." When the minister said this, the king readily got down from his elephant, and mounted on a horse, and left his army in company with him. And in course of time, the king, in disguise, reached with his minister the city of Ujjayiní. There he entered with his minister the house of a *hetæra*, named Kumudiká, renowned for her wealth; and she, seeing him suddenly entering the house, thought, "This is a distinguished hero that has come to my house: and his majesty and the marks on his body shew him to be a great king, so my desire is sure to be attained if I can make him my instrument." Having thus reflected, Kumudiká rose up and welcomed him, and entertained him hospitably, and immediately she said to the king, who was wearied,—"I am fortunate, to-day the good deeds of my former life have borne fruit, in that Your Majesty has hallowed my house by coming to it in person. So by this favour Your Majesty has made me your slave. The hundred elephants, and two myriads of horses, and house full of jewels, which belong to me, are entirely at your majesty's disposal." Having said this, she provided the king and his minister with baths and other luxuries, all in magnificent style.

Then the wearied king lived in her palace, at his ease, with her, who put her wealth at his disposal. He consumed her substance and gave it away to petitioners, and she did not show any anger against him on that

account, but was rather pleased at it. Thereupon the king was delighted, thinking that she was really attached to him, but his minister Anantaguṇa, who was with him, said to him in secret: "Your majesty, *hetæræ* are not to be depended upon, though, I must confess, I cannot guess the reason why Kumudiká shews you love." When the king heard this speech of his, he answered him: "Do not speak thus; Kumudiká would even lay down her life for my sake. If you do not believe it, I will give you a convincing proof." After the king had said this to his minister, he adopted this artifice; he took little to eat and little to drink, and so gradually attenuated his body, and at last he made himself as dead, without movement, prostrate on the ground. Then his attendants put him on a bier, and carried him to the burning-*ghat* with lamentations, while Anantaguṇa affected a grief which he did not feel. And Kumudiká, out of grief, came and ascended the funeral pyre with him, though her relations tried to prevent her. But before the fire was lighted, the king, perceiving that Kumudiká had followed him, rose up with a yawn. And all his attendants took him home with Kumudiká to his lodging, exclaiming, "Fortunate is it that our king has been restored to life."

Then a feast was made, and the king recovered his normal condition, and said in private to his minister,—"Did you observe the devotion of Kumudiká?" Then the minister said,—"I do not believe even now. You may be sure that there is some reason for her conduct, so we must wait to get to the bottom of the matter. But let us reveal to her who we are, in order that we may obtain a force granted by her, and another force supplied by your ally, and so smite our enemies in battle." While he was saying this, the spy, that had been secretly sent out, returned, and when questioned, answered as follows; "Your enemies have overrun the country, and queen S'aśilekhá, having heard from the people a false report of your majesty's death, has entered the fire." When the king heard this, he was smitten by the thunderbolt of grief, and lamented—"Alas! my queen! Alas, chaste lady!"

Then Kumudiká at last came to know the truth, and after consoling the king Vikramasinha, she said to him; "Why did not the king give me the order long ago? Now punish your enemies with my wealth and my forces." When she said this, the king augmented the force by means of her wealth, and repaired to a powerful king who was an ally of his. And he marched with his forces and those forces of his own, and after killing those five enemies in battle, he got possession of their kingdoms into the bargain. Then he was delighted, and said to Kumudiká who accompanied him; "I am pleased with you, so tell me what I can do to gratify you." Then Kumudiká said—"If you are really pleased, my lord, then extract from my heart this one thorn that has long remained there. I have an affection for a Bráhman's son, of the name of S'rídhara, in Ujjayiní, whom the king has

thrown into prison for a very small fault, so deliver him out of the king's hand. Because I saw by your royal marks, that your majesty was a glorious hero, and destined to be successful, and able to effect this object of mine, I waited on you with devoted attentions. Moreover, I ascended that pyre out of despair of attaining my object, considering that life was useless without that Bráhman's son. When the *hetæra* said this, the king answered her; "I will accomplish it for you, fair one, do not despair." After saying this, he called to mind his minister's speech, and thought—"Anantaguṇa was right, when he said that *hetæræ* were not to be depended upon. But I must gratify the wish of this miserable creature." Thus resolved, he went with his troops to Ujjayiní, and after getting S'rídhara set at liberty, and giving him much wealth, he made Kumudiká happy by uniting her with her beloved there. And after returning to his city, he never disobeyed the advice of his minister, and so in time he came to enjoy the whole earth.

"So you see, the hearts of *hetæræ* are fathomless and hard to understand."

Then Gomukha stopped, after he had told this story. But then Tapantaka said in the presence of Naraváhanadatta—"Prince, you must never repose any confidence at all in women, for they are all light, even those that, being married or unmarried, dwell in their father's house, as well as those that are *hetæræ* by profession. I will tell you a wonder which happened in this very place, hear it.

*Story of the faithless wife who burnt herself with her husband's body.*

There was a merchant in this very city named Balavarman, and he had a wife named Chandraśrí, and she beheld from a window a handsome merchant's son, of the name of S'ílahara, and she sent her female friend to invite him to her house, and there she used to have assignations with him in secret. And while she was in the habit of meeting him there every day, her attachment to him was discovered by all her friends and relations. But her husband Balavarman was the only one who did not discover that she was unchaste; very often men blinded by affection do not discover the wickedness of their wives.

Then a burning fever seized Balavarman, and the merchant consequently was soon reduced to a very low state. But, though he was in this state, his wife went every day to her friend's house, to meet her paramour. And the next day, while she was there, her husband died. And on hearing of it she returned, quickly taking leave of her lover. And out of grief for her husband, she ascended the pyre with his body, being firmly resolved, though her attendants, who knew her character, tried to dissuade her.*

* Ralston remarks (Songs of the Russian people, p. 327.) "The fact that in Slavonic lands, a thousand years ago, widows used to destroy themselves, in order to

"Thus is the way of a woman's heart truly hard to understand. They fall in love with strange men, and die when separated from their husbands." When Tapantaka said this, Hariśikha said in his turn, "Have you not heard what happened in this way to Devadása?"

*Story of the faithless wife who had her husband murdered.*

Of old time there lived in a village a householder, named Devadása, and he had a wife named with good cause Duḥśílá.* And the neighbours knew that she was in love with another man. Now, once on a time, Devadása went to the king's court on some business. And his wife, who wished to have him murdered, took advantage of the occasion to bring her paramour, whom she concealed on the roof of the house. And in the dead of night she had her husband Devadása killed by that paramour, when he was asleep. And she dismissed her paramour, and remained quiet until the morning, when she went out, and exclaimed, "My husband has been killed by robbers." Then his relations came there, and after they had seen his body, they said, "If he was killed by thieves, why did they not carry off anything?" After they had said this, they asked her young son, who was there, "Who killed your father?" Then he said plainly; "A man had gone up on the roof here in the day, he came down in the night, and killed my father before my eyes; but first my mother took me and rose up from my father's side." When the boy said this, the dead man's relations knew that Devadása had been killed by his wife's paramour, and they searched him out, and put him to death then and there, and they adopted that boy and banished Duḥśílá.

"So you see, a woman, whose heart is fixed on another man, infallibly kills like the snake." When Hariśikha said this, Gomukha said again—"Why should we tell any out-of-the-way story? Listen to the ridiculous fate that befell Vajrasára here, the servant of the king of Vatsa."

*Story of Vajrasára whose wife cut off his nose and ears.*

He, being brave and handsome, had a beautiful wife that came from Málava, whom he loved more than his own body. Once on a time his wife's father, longing to see her, came in person, accompanied by his son, from Málava, to invite him and her. Then Vajrasára entertained him, and informed the king, and went, as he had been invited to do, to Málava with his wife and his father-in-law. And after he had rested a month only in

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accompany their dead husbands to the world of spirits, seems to rest upon incontestable evidence, and there can be no doubt that 'a rite of suttee, like that of modern India' prevailed among the heathen Slavonians, the descendant, perhaps as Mr. Tylor remarks (Primitive Culture, I, 421) of 'widow-sacrifice' among many of the European nations, of 'an ancient Aryan rite belonging originally to a period even earlier then the Veda'".

* *i. e.*, of bad character.

his father-in-law's house, he came back here to attend upon the king, but that wife of his remained there. Then, after some days had passed, suddenly a friend of the name of Krodhana came to him, and said :—"Why have you ruined your family by leaving your wife in her father's house? For the abandoned woman has there formed a connexion with another man. This was told me to-day by a trustworthy person who came from that place. Do not suppose that it is untrue; punish her, and marry another." When Krodhana had said this, he went away, and Vajrasára stood bewildered for a moment, and then reflected—"I suspect this may be true; otherwise, why did she not come back, though I sent a man to summon her? So I will go myself to bring her, and see what the state of the case is."

Having formed this resolution, he went to Málava, and after taking leave of his father-in-law and his mother-in-law, he set out with his wife. And after he had gone a long distance, he eluded his followers by a trick, and going by the wrong path, entered with his wife a dense wood. He sat down in the middle of it, and said to her, out of hearing of any one: "I have heard from a trustworthy friend, that you are in love with another, and when I, remaining at home, sent for you, you did not come; so tell me the truth; if you do not, I will punish you." When she heard this, she said: "If this is your intention, why do you ask me? Do what you like." When Vajrasára heard this contemptuous speech of hers, he was angry and tied her up, and began to beat her with creepers. But while he was stripping off her clothes, he felt his passion renewed, and asked her to forgive him, whereupon she said; "I will, if I may tie you up and beat you with creepers, in the same way as you tied me up and beat me, but not otherwise." Vajrasára, whose heart was made like stubble by love, consented, for he was blinded by passion. Then she bound him firmly, hand and foot, to a tree, and, when he was bound, she cut off his ears and nose with his own sword, and the wicked woman took his sword and clothes, and disguising herself as a man, departed whither she would.

But Vajrasára, with his nose and ears cut off, remained there, depressed by great loss of blood, and loss of self-respect. Then a certain benevolent physician, who was wandering through the wood in search of healing herbs, saw him, and out of compassion unbound him, and brought him home to his house. And Vajrasára, having been brought round by him, slowly returned to his own house, but he did not find that wicked wife, though he sought for her. And he described the whole occurrence to Krodhana, and he related it in the presence of the king of Vatsa; and all the people in the king's court mocked him, saying, that his wife had justly taken away his man's dress and suitably punished him, because he had lost all manly spirit and faculty of just resentment, and so become a woman. But in spite of their ridicule he remains there with

heart of adamant, proof against shame. So what confidence, your Royal Highness, can be placed in women?

When Gomukha had said this, Marubhúti went on to say, "The mind of woman is unstable, hear a tale in illustration of this truth.

*Story of king Sinhabala and his fickle wife.*

Formerly there dwelt in the Deccan a king, of the name of Sinhabala. And his wife named Kalyáṇavatí, the daughter of a prince of Málava, was dear to him above all the women of his harem. And the king ruled the realm with her as consort, but once on a time he was expelled from his kingdom by his powerful relations, who banded together against him. And then the king, accompanied by the queen, with his weapons and but few attendants, set out for the house of his father-in-law in Málava.

And as he was going along through a forest, which lay in his road, a lion charged him, and the hero easily cut it in two with a stroke of his sword. And when a wild elephant came at him trumpeting, he circled round it and cut off with his sword its trunk and feet, and stripped it of its jewel, and killed it. And alone he dispersed the hosts of bandits like lotuses, and trampled them, as the elephant, lord of the forest, tramples the beds of white water-lilies. Thus he accomplished the journey, and his wonderful courage was seen, and so he reached Málava, and then this sea of valour said to his wife: "You must not tell in your father's house this that happened to me on the journey, it will bring shame to me, my queen, for what is there laudable in courage displayed by a man of the military caste?" After he had given her this injunction, he entered his father-in-law's house with her, and when eagerly questioned by him, told his story. His father-in-law honoured him, and gave him elephants and horses, and then he repaired to a very powerful king named Gajáníka. But being intent on conquering his enemies, he left his wife Kalyáṇavatí there in her father's house.

Some days after he had gone, his wife, while standing at the window, saw a certain man. The moment she saw him, he captivated her heart by his good looks; and being drawn on by love, she immediately thought, "I know, no one is more handsome or more brave than my husband, but alas! my mind is attracted towards this man. So let what must be, be. I will have an interview with him." So she determined in her own mind, and told her desire to a female attendant, who was her confidante. And she made her bring him at night, and introduce him into the women's apartments by the window, pulling him up with a rope. When the man was introduced, he had not courage to sit boldly on the sofa on which she was, but sat apart on a chair. The queen, when she saw that, was despondent, thinking he was a mean man, and at that very moment a snake, which was roaming

about, came down from the roof. When the man saw the snake, he sprang up quickly in fear, and taking his bow, he killed the snake with an arrow. And when it fell dead, he threw it out of the window, and in his delight at having escaped that danger, the coward danced for joy. When Kalyáṇavatí saw him dancing, she was cast down, and thought to herself over and over again: "Alas! alas! What have I to do with this mean-spirited coward?" And her friend, who was a discerning person, saw that she was disgusted, and so she went out, and quickly returned with assumed trepidation, and said, "Queen, your father has come, so let this young man quickly return to his own house by the way by which he came." When she said this, he went out of the window by means of the rope, and being overpowered by fear, he fell, but as luck would have it, he was not killed.

When he had gone, Kalyáṇavatí said to her confidante,—"My friend, you have acted rightly in turning out this low fellow.* You penetrated my feelings, for my heart is vexed. My husband, after slaying tigers and lions, conceals it through modesty, and this cowardly man, after killing a snake, dances for joy. So why should I desert such a husband and fall in love with a common fellow? Curse on my unstable mind, or rather curse on women, who are like flies that leave camphor and haste to impurity!" The queen spent the night in these self-reproaches, and afterwards remained waiting in her father's house for the return of her husband. In the meanwhile Sinhabala, having been supplied with another army by king Gajáníka, slew those five wicked relations. Then he recovered his kingdom, and at the same time brought back his wife from her father's house, and after loading his father-in-law with abundance of wealth, he ruled the earth for a long time without opposition.

"So you see, king, that the mind of even discerning women is fickle, and, though they have brave and handsome husbands, wanders hither and thither, but women of pure character are scarce."

When Naraváhanadatta, the son of the king of Vatsa, had heard this story related by Marubhúti, he sank off into a sound sleep and so passed the night.

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## CHAPTER LIX.

Early the next day, Naraváhanadatta, after he had performed his necessary duties, went to his garden by way of amusement. And while he was there, he saw first a blaze of splendour descend from heaven, and after

* The Sanskrit College MS. inserts *nícho* after *kritam*.

it a company of many Vidyádhara females. And in the middle of those glittering ones, he saw a maiden charming to the eye like a digit of the moon in the middle of the stars, with face like an opening lotus, with rolling eyes like circling bees, with the swimming gait of a swan, diffusing the perfume of a blue lotus, with dimples charming like waves, with waist adorned with a string of pearls, like the presiding goddess of the lovely lake in Cupid's garden, appearing in bodily form. And the prince, when he saw that charming enamoured creature, a medicine potent to revive the god of love, was disturbed like the sea, when it beholds the orb of the moon. And he approached her, saying to his ministers—Ah! extraordinary is the variety in producing fair ones that is characteristic of Providence! And when she looked at him with a sidelong look tender with passion, he asked her—"Who are you, auspicious one, and why have you come here?" When the maiden heard that, she said, "Listen, I will tell you."

"There is a town of gold on the Himálayas, named Kánchanaśṛinga. In it there lives a king of the Vidyádharas, named Sphaṭikayaśas, who is just, and kind to the wretched, the unprotected, and those who seek his aid. Know that I am his daughter, born to him by the queen Hemaprabhá, in consequence of a boon granted by Gaurí. And I, being the youngest child, and having five brothers, and being dear to my father as his life, kept by his advice propitiating Gaurí with vows and hymns. She, being pleased, bestowed on me all the magic sciences, and deigned to address me thus—'Thy might in science shall be tenfold that of thy father, and thy husband shall be Naraváhanadatta, the son of the king of Vatsa, the future emperor of the Vidyádharas?' After the consort of S'iva had said this, she disappeared, and by her favour I obtained the sciences and gradually grew up. And last night the goddess appeared to me and commanded me—'To-morrow, my daughter, thou must go and visit thy husband, and thou must return here the same day, for in a month thy father, who has long entertained this intention, will give thee in marriage.' The goddess, after giving me this command, disappeared, and the night came to an end; so here I am come, your Highness, to pay you a visit. So now I will depart." Having said this, S'aktiyaśas flew up into the heaven with her attendants, and returned to her father's city.

But Naraváhanadatta, being eager to marry her, went in disappointed, considering the month as long as a *yuga*. And Gomukha, seeing that he was despondent, said to him, "Listen, prince, I will tell you a delightful story."

*Story of king Sumanas, the Nisháda maiden, and the learned parrot.**

In old time there was a city named Kánchanapurí, and in it there

* Cp. the falcon in Chaucer's Squire's Tale and the parallels quoted by Skeat in his Introduction to Chaucer's Prioresses Tale &c., p. xlvii.

lived a great king named Sumanas. He was of extraordinary splendour, and crossing difficult and inaccessible regions, he conquered the fortresses and fastnesses of his foes. Once, as he was sitting in the hall of assembly, the warder said to him—"King, the daughter of the king of the Nishádas, named Muktálatá, is standing outside the door with a parrot in a cage, accompanied by her brother Víraprabha, and wishes to see your Majesty." The king said "Let her enter," and, introduced by the warder, the Bhilla maiden entered the enclosure of the king's hall of assembly. And all there, when they saw her beauty, thought—"This is not a mortal maiden, surely this is some heavenly nymph." And she bowed before the king and spoke as follows—"King, here is a parrot that knows the four Vedas, called S'ástraganja, a poet skilled in all the sciences and in the graceful arts, and I have brought him here to-day by the order of king Maya, so receive him." With these words she handed over the parrot, and it was brought by the warder near the king, as he had a curiosity to see it, and it recited the following *s'loka:*

"King, this is natural, that the black-faced smoke of thy valour should be continually increased by the windy sighs of the widows of thy enemies, but this is strange, that the strong flame of thy valour blazes in the ten cardinal points all the more fiercely on account of the overflowing of the copious tears wrung from them by the humiliation of defeat."

When the parrot had recited this śloka, it began to reflect, and said again, "What do you wish to know? tell me from what *s'ástra* I shall recite."

Then the king was much astonished, but his minister said—"I suspect, my lord, this is some *rishi* of ancient days become a parrot on account of a curse, but owing to his piety he remembers his former birth, and so recollects what he formerly read." When the ministers said this to the king, the king said to the parrot—"I feel curiosity, my good parrot, tell me your story, where is your place of birth? How comes it that in your parrot condition you know the *s'ástras?* Who are you?" Then the parrot shed tears and slowly spoke: "The story is sad to tell, O king, but listen, I will tell it in obedience to thy command.

*The parrot's account of his own life as a parrot.*

Near the Himálayas, O king, there is a *rohiní* tree, which resembles the Vedas, in that many birds take refuge in its branches that extend through the heaven, as Bráhmans in the various branches of the sacred tradition.* There a cock-parrot used to dwell with his hen, and to that pair I was born, by the influence of my evil works in a former life. And as soon as I was born, the hen-parrot, my mother, died, but my old father

* An elaborate pun on *dvija* and *śákhá.*

put me under his wing, and fostered me tenderly. And he continued to live there, eating what remained over from the fruits brought by the other parrots, and giving some to me.

Once on a time, there came there to hunt a terrible army of Bhillas, making a noise with cows' horns strongly blown; and the whole of that great wood was like an army fleeing in rout, with terrified antelopes for dust-stained banners, and the bushy tails of the *chamarí* deer, agitated in fear, resembling *chowries*, as the host of Pulindas rushed upon it to slay various living creatures. And after the army of S'avaras had spent the day in the hunting-grounds, in the sport of death, they returned with the loads of flesh which they had obtained. But a certain aged S'avara, who had not obtained any flesh, saw the tree in the evening, and being hungry, approached it, and he quickly climbed up it, and kept dragging parrots and other birds from their nests, killing them, and flinging them on the ground. And when I saw him coming near, like the minister of Yama, I slowly crept in fear underneath the wing of my father. And in the meanwhile the ruffian came near our nest, and dragged out my father, and wringing his neck, flung him down on the ground at the foot of the tree. And I fell with my father, and slipping out from underneath his wing, I slowly crept in my fear into the grass and leaves. Then the rascally Bhilla came down, and roasted some of the parrots and ate them, and others he carried off to his own village.

Then my fear was at an end, but I spent a night long from grief, and in the morning, when the flaming eye* of the world had mounted high in the heaven, I, being thirsty, went to the bank of a neighbouring lake full of lotuses, tumbling frequently, clinging to the earth with my wings, and there I saw on the sand of the lake a hermit, named Maríchi, who had just bathed, as it were my good works in a former state of existence. He, when he saw me, refreshed me with drops of water flung in my face, and, putting me in the hollow of a leaf, out of pity, carried me to his hermitage. There Pulastya, the head of the hermitage, laughed when he saw me, and being asked by the other hermits, why he laughed, having supernatural insight, he said—"When I beheld this parrot, who is a parrot in consequence of a curse, I laughed out of sorrow, but after I have said my daily prayers, I will tell a story connected with him, which shall cause him to remember his former birth, and the occurrences of his former lives." After saying this, the hermit Pulastya rose up for his daily prayer, and, after he had performed his daily

* For the conception of the sun as an eye see Kuhn, Die Herabkunft des Feuers und des Göttertranks, pp 52, 53. The idea is common in English poetry. See for instance Milton, P. L. V. 171, Spenser's Faery Queene, I, 3, 4. For instances in classical poetry, see Ovid, Met. IV, 228, Ar. Nub. 286, Soph. Tr. 101.

prayer, being again solicited by the hermits, the great sage told this story concerning me.

*The hermit's story of Somaprabha, Manorathaprabhá, and Makarandiká, wherein it appears who the parrot was in a former birth.*

There lived in the city of Ratnákara a king named Jyotishprabha, who ruled the earth with supreme authority, as far as the sea, the mine of jewels. There was born to him, by his queen named Harshavatí, a son, whose birth was due to the favour of S'iva propitiated by severe asceticism. Because the queen saw in a dream the moon entering her mouth, the king gave his son the name of Somaprabha. And the prince gradually grew up with ambrosial qualities, furnishing a feast to the eyes of the subjects.

And his father Jyotishprabha, seeing that he was brave, young, beloved by the subjects, and able to bear the weight of empire, gladly anointed him crown-prince. And he gave him as minister the virtuous Priyankara, the son of his own minister named Prabhákara. On that occasion Mátali descended from the heaven with a celestial horse, and coming up to Somaprabha, said to him: "You are a Vidyádhara, a friend of Indra's, born on earth, and he has sent you an excellent horse named A'śuśravas, the son of Uchchhaiḥśravas, in memory of his former friendship; if you mount it, you will be invincible by your foes." After the charioteer of Indra had said this, he gave Somaprabha that splendid horse, and after receiving due honour, he flew up to heaven again.

Then Somaprabha spent that day pleasantly in feasting, and the next day said to his father the king; "My father, the duty of a Kshatriya is not complete without a desire for conquest, so permit me to march out to the conquest of the regions." When his father Jyotishprabha heard that, he was pleased, and consented, and made arrangements for his expedition. Then Somaprabha bowed before his father, and marched out on an auspicious day, with his forces, for the conquest of the regions, mounted on the horse given by Indra. And by the help of his splendid horse, he conquered the kings of every part of the world, and being irresistible in might, he stripped them of their jewels. He bent his bow and the necks of his enemies at the same time; the bow was unbent again, but the heads of his enemies were never again uplifted.

Then, as he was returning in triumph, on a path which led him near the Himálayas, he made his army encamp, and went hunting in a wood. And as chance would have it, he saw there a Kinnara, made of a splendid jewel, and he pursued him on his horse given by Indra, with the object of capturing him. The Kinnara entered a cavern in the mountain, and was lost to view, but the prince was carried far away by that horse.

And when the sun, after diffusing illumination over the quarters of the world, had reached the western peak, where he meets the evening

twilight, the prince, being tired, managed, though with difficulty, to return, and he beheld a great lake, and wishing to pass the night on its shores, he dismounted from his horse. And after he had given grass and water to the horse, and had taken fruits and water himself, and felt rested, he suddenly heard from a certain quarter the sound of a song. Out of curiosity he went in the direction of the sound, and saw at no great distance a heavenly nymph, singing in front of a *linga* of Śiva. He said to himself in astonishment, "Who may this lovely one be?" And she, seeing that he was of noble appearance, said to him bashfully—"Tell me, who are you? How did you reach alone this inaccessible place?" When he heard this, he told his story, and asked her in turn, "Tell me, who are you and what is your business in this wood?" When he asked this question, the heavenly maiden said—"If you have any desire, noble sir, to hear my tale, listen, I will tell it;" after this preface she began to speak with a gushing flood of tears.

*Episode of Manorathaprabhá and Raśmimat.*

There is here, on the table-land of the Himálayas, a city named Kánchanábha, and in it there dwells a king of the Vidyádharas named Padmakúṭa. Know that I am the daughter of that king by his queen Hemaprabhá, and that my name is Manorathaprabhá, and my father loves me more than his life. I, by the power of my science, used to visit, with my female companions, the isles, and the principal mountains, and the woods, and the gardens, and after amusing myself, I made a point of returning every day at my father's meal-time, at the third watch of the day, to my palace. Once on a time I arrived here as I was roaming about, and I saw on the shore of the lake a hermit's son with his companion. And being summoned by the splendour of his beauty, as if by a female messenger, I approached him, and he welcomed me with a wistful look. And then I sat down, and my friend, perceiving the feelings of both, put this question to him through his companion, "Who are you, noble sir, tell me?" And his companion said; "Not far from here, my friend, there lives in a hermitage a hermit named Dídhitimat. He, being subject to a strict vow of chastity, was seen once, when he came to bathe in this lake, by the goddess Śrí, who came there at the same time. As she could not obtain him in the flesh, as he was a strict ascetic, and yet longed for him earnestly with her mind, she conceived a mind-born son. And she took that son to Dídhitimat, saying to him, 'I have obtained this son by looking at you; receive it.' And after giving the son to the hermit, Śrí disappeared. And the hermit gladly received the son, so easily obtained, and gave him the name of Raśmimat, and gradually reared him, and after investing him with the sacred thread, taught him out of love all the sciences. Know that you see before you in this young hermit that very Raśmimat the son of Śrí, come here with

me on a pleasure journey." When my friend had heard this from the youth's friend, she, being questioned by him in turn, told my name and descent as I have now told it to you.

Then I and the hermit's son became still more in love with one another from hearing one another's descent, and while we were lingering there, a second attendant came and said to me, "Rise up, your father, fair one, is waiting for you in the dining-room of the palace." When I heard that, I said—"I will return quickly," and leaving the youth there, I went into the presence of my father out of fear. And when I came out, having taken a very little food, the first attendant came to me and said of her own accord: "The friend of that hermit's son came here, my friend, and standing at the door of the court said to me in a state of hurried excitement—'Raśmimat has sent me here now, bestowing on me the power of travelling in the air, which he inherits from his father, to see Manorathaprabhá: he is reduced to a terrible state by love and cannot retain his breath a moment longer, without that mistress of his life.'" The moment I heard this, I left my father's palace, and, accompanied by that friend of the hermit's son, who showed me the way, and my attendant, I came here, and when I arrived here, I saw that that hermit's son, separated from me, had resigned, at the rising of the moon, the nectar of his life. So I, grieved by separation from him, was blaming my vital frame, and longing to enter the fire with his body. But at that very moment a man, with a body like a mass of flame, descended from the sky, and flew up to heaven with his body.

Then I was desirous to hurl myself into the fire alone, but at that moment a voice issued from the air here; "Manorathaprabhá, do not do this thing, for at the appointed time thou shalt be re-united to this thy hermit's son." On hearing this, I gave up the idea of suicide, and here I remain full of hope, waiting for him, engaged in the worship of Śiva. And as for the friend of the hermit's son, he has disappeared somewhere.

When the Vidyádhara maiden had said this, Somaprabha said to her, "Then, why do you remain alone, where is that female attendant of yours? When the Vidyádhara maiden heard this, she answered: "There is a king of the Vidyádharas, named Sinhavikrama, and he has a matchless daughter named Makarandiká; she is a friend of mine, dear as my life, who sympathizes with my grief, and she to-day sent her attendant to learn tidings of me. So I sent back my own attendant to her, with her attendant; it is for that reason that I am at present alone." As she was saying this, she pointed out to Somaprabha her attendant descending from heaven. And she made the attendant, after she had told her news, strew a bed of leaves for Somaprabha, and also give grass to his horse.

Then, after passing the night, they rose up in the morning, and saw approaching a Vidyádhara, who had descended from heaven. And that

Vidyádhara, whose name was Devajaya, after sitting down, spoke thus to Manorathaprabhá—"Manorathaprabhá, king Sinhavikrama informs you that your friend, his daughter Makarandiká, out of love for you, refuses to marry until you have obtained a bridegroom. So he wishes you to go there and admonish her, that she may be ready to marry." When the Vidyádhara maiden heard this, she prepared to go, out of regard for her friend, and then Somaprabha said to her:—"Virtuous one, I have a curiosity to see the Vidyádhara world: so take me there, and let my horse remain here supplied with grass." When she heard that, she consented, and taking her attendant with her, she flew through the air, with Somaprabha, who was carried in the arms of Devajaya.

When she arrived there, Makarandiká welcomed her, and seeing Somaprabha, asked, "Who is this?" And when Manorathaprabhá told his story, the heart of Makarandiká was immediately captivated by him. He, for his part, thought in his mind, deeming he had come upon Good Fortune in bodily form—"Who is the fortunate man destined to be her bridegroom?"

Then, in confidential conversation, Manorathaprabhá put the following question to Makarandiká; "Fair one, why do you not wish to be married?" And she, when she heard this, answered:—"How could I desire marriage until you have accepted a bridegroom, for you are dearer to me than life?" When Makarandiká said this in an affectionate manner, Manorathaprabhá said—"I have chosen a bridegroom, fair one; I am waiting here in hopes of union with him." When she said this, Makarandiká said—"I will do as you direct."*

Then Manorathaprabhá, seeing the real state of her feelings, said to her, "My friend, Somaprabha has come here as your guest, after wandering through the world, so you must entertain him as a guest with becoming hospitality." When Makarandiká heard this, she said:—"I have already bestowed on him, by way of hospitality, every thing but myself, but let him accept me, if he is willing." When she said this, Manorathaprabhá told their love to her father, and arranged a marriage between them. Then Somaprabha recovered his spirits, and delighted said to her:—"I must go now to your hermitage, for possibly my army, commanded by my minister, may come there tracking my course, and if they do not find me, they may return, suspecting something untoward. So I will depart, and after I have learned the tidings of the host, I will return, and certainly marry Makarandiká on an auspicious day." When Manorathaprabhá heard that, she consented, and took him back to her own hermitage, making Devajaya carry him in his arms.

* I read *tvadvákyam* with the Sanskṛit College MS. and *ahitaśanki tachcha* in śl. 141 with the same MS.

In the meanwhile his minister Priyankara came there with the army, tracking his footsteps. And while Somaprabha, in delight, was recounting his adventures to his minister, whom he met there, a messenger came from his father, with a written message that he was to return quickly. Then, by the advice of his minister, he went with his army back to his own city, in order not to disobey his father's command, and as he started, he said to Manorathaprabhá and Devajaya, "I will return as soon as I have seen my father."

Then Devajaya went and informed Makarandiká of that, and in consequence she became afflicted with the sorrow of separation. She took no pleasure in the garden, nor in singing, nor in the society of her ladies-in-waiting, nor did she listen to the amusing voices of the parrots; she did not take food; much less did she care about adorning herself. And though her parents earnestly admonished her, she did not recover her spirits. And she soon left her couch of lotus-fibres, and wandered about like an insane woman, causing distress to her parents. And when she would not listen to their words, though they tried to console her, her parents in their anger pronounced this curse on her, "You shall fall for some time among the unfortunate race of the Nishádas, with this very body of yours, without the power of remembering your former birth." When thus cursed by her parents, Makarandiká entered the house of a Nisháda, and became that very moment a Nisháda maiden. And her father Sinhavikrama, the king of the Vidyádharas, repented, and through grief for her died, and so did his wife. Now that king of the Vidyádharas was in a former birth a *ṛishi* who knew all the *śástras*, but now on account of some remnant of former sin he has become this parrot, and his wife also has been born as a wild sow, and this parrot, owing to the power of former austerities, remembers what it learned in a former life.

"So I laughed, considering the marvellous results of his works. But he shall be released, as soon as he has told this tale in the court of a king. And Somaprabha shall obtain the parrot's daughter in his Vidyádhara birth, Makarandiká, who has now become a Nisháda female. And Manorathaprabhá also shall obtain the hermit's son Raśmimat, who has now become a king; but Somaprabha, as soon as he had seen his father, returned to her hermitage, and remains there propitiating Śiva in order to recover his beloved."

When the hermit Pulastya had said thus much, he ceased, and I remembered my birth, and was plunged in grief and joy. Then the hermit Maríchi, who carried me out of pity to the hermitage, took me and reared me. And when my wings grew, I flew about hither and thither with the

flightiness natural to a bird,* displaying the miracle of my learning. And falling into the hands of a Nisháda, I have in course of time reached your court. And now my evil works have spent their force, having been brought with me into the body of a bird.

When the learned and eloquent parrot had finished this tale in the presence of the court, king Sumanas suddenly felt his soul filled with astonishment, and disturbed with love. In the meanwhile S'iva, being pleased, said to Somaprabha in a dream—"Rise up, king, and go into the presence of king Sumanas, there thou wilt find thy beloved. For the maiden, named Makarandiká, has become, by the curse of her father, a Nisháda maiden, named Muktálatá, and she has gone with her own father, who has become a parrot, to the court of the king. And when she sees thee, her curse will come to an end, and she will remember her existence as a Vidyádhara maiden, and then a union will take place between you, the joy of which will be increased by your recognizing one another." Having said this to that king, S'iva, who is merciful to all his worshippers, said to Manorathaprabhá, who also was living in his hermitage, "The hermit's son Raśmimat, whom thou didst accept as thy bridegroom, has been born again under the name of Sumanas, so go to him and obtain him, fair one; he will at once remember his former birth, when he beholds thee." So Somaprabha and the Vidyádhara maiden, being separately commanded in a dream by S'iva, went immediately to the court of that Sumanas. And there Makarandiká, on beholding Somaprabha, immediately remembered her former birth, and being released from her long curse, and recovering her heavenly body, she embraced him. And Somaprabha, having by the favour of S'iva, obtained that daughter of the Vidyádhara prince, as if she were the incarnate fortune of heavenly enjoyment, embraced her, and considered himself to have attained his object. And king Sumanas, having beheld Manorathaprabhá, remembered his former birth, and entered his former body, that fell from heaven, and became Raśmimat the son of the chief of hermits. And once more united with his beloved, for whom he had long yearned, he entered his own hermitage, and king Somaprabha departed with his beloved to his own city. And the parrot too left the body of a bird, and went to the home earned by his asceticism.

"Thus you see that the appointed union of human beings certainly takes place in this world, though vast spaces intervene." When Naraváhanadatta heard this wonderful, romantic, and agreeable story from his own minister Gomukha, as he was longing for S'aktiyaśas, he was much pleased.

* Cp. Aristophanes, Aves, pp. 169, 170.

ἄνθρωπος ὄρνις ἀστάθμητος, πετόμενος,
ἀτέκμαρτος, ὀυδὲν ὀυδεποτ' εν ταυτῷ μένων.

## CHAPTER LX.

Then the chief minister Gomukha, having told the story of the two Vidyádhara maidens, said to Naraváhanadatta, "Some ordinary men even, being kindly disposed towards the three worlds, resist with firm resolution the disturbance of love and other passions.

*Story of S'úravarman who spared his guilty wife.*

For the king Kuladhara once had a servant of distinguished valour, a young man of good family, named S'úravarman. And one day, as he was returning from war, he entered his house suddenly, and found his wife alone with his friend. And when he saw it, he restrained his wrath, and in his self-control reflected, "What is the use of slaying this animal who has betrayed his friend? Or of punishing this wicked woman? Why too should I saddle my soul with a load of guilt?" After he had thus reflected, he left them both unharmed and said to them, "I will kill whichever of you two I see again. You must neither of you come in my sight again. When he said this and let them depart, they went away to some distant place, but S'úravarman married another wife, and lived there in comfort.

"Thus, prince, a man who conquers wrath will not be subject to grief; and a man, who displays prudence, is never harmed. Even in the case of animals prudence produces success, not valour. In proof of it, hear this story about the lion, and the bull, and other animals."

*Story of the Ox abandoned in the Forest.**

There was in a certain city a rich merchant's son. Once on a time, as he was going to the city of Mathurá to trade, a draught-bull belonging to him, named Sanjívaka, as it was dragging the yoke vigorously, broke it, and so slipped in the path, which had become muddy by a mountain torrent flowing into it, and fell and bruised its limbs. The merchant's son, seeing that the bull was unable to move on account of its bruises, and not succeeding in his attempts to raise it up from the ground, at last in despair went off and left it there. And, as fate would have it, the bull slowly revived, and rose up, and by eating tender grass recovered its former condition. And it went to the bank of the Yamuná, and by eating green grass and wandering about at will, it became fat and strong. And it roamed about there, with full hump, wantoning, like the bull of S'iva, tearing up ant-hills with its horns, and bellowing frequently.

* This is also found in the Panchatantra and the Hitopadeśa. See Benfey's Panchatantra, Vol. I, (Einleitung), p. 100. In fact the present chapter corresponds to the 2nd book of the Hitopadeśa, "The separation of friends," Johnson's Translation, p. 40, and to the 1st book of the Panchatantra. In sl. 15, I read, with Dr. Kern, *s'ashpán.*

Now at that time there lived in a neighbouring wood a lion named Pingalaka, who had subdued the forest by his might; and that king of beasts had two jackals for ministers; the name of the one was Damanaka, and the name of the other was Karaṭaka. That lion, going one day to the bank of the Yamuná to drink water, heard close to him the roar of that bull Sanjívaka. And when the lion heard the roar of that bull, never heard before, resounding through the air, he thought, "What animal makes this sound? Surely some great creature dwells here, so I will depart, for if it saw me, it might slay me, or expel me from the forest." Thereupon the lion quickly returned to the forest without drinking water, and continued in a state of fear, hiding his feelings from his followers.

Then the wise jackal* Damanaka, the minister of that king, said secretly to Karaṭaka the second minister, "Our master went to drink water; so how comes it that he has so quickly returned without drinking? We must ask him the reason." Then Karaṭaka said—"What business is this of ours? Have you not heard the story of the ape that drew out the wedge?"

*Story of the monkey that pulled out the wedge.*†

In a certain town, a merchant had begun to build a temple to a divinity, and had accumulated much timber. The workmen there, after sawing through the upper half of a plank, placed a wedge in it, and leaving it thus suspended, went home. In the meanwhile a monkey came there and bounded up out of mischief, and sat on the plank, the parts of which were separated by the wedge. And he sat in the gap between the two parts, as if in the mouth of death, and in purposeless mischief pulled out the wedge. Then he fell with the plank, the wedge of which had been pulled out, and was killed, having his limbs crushed by the flying together of the separated parts.

* Weber supposes that the Indians borrowed all the fables representing the jackal as a wise animal, as he is not particularly cunning. He thinks that they took the Western stories about the fox, and substituted for that animal the jackal. Benfey argues that this does not prove that these fables are not of Indian origin. German stories represent the lion as king of beasts, though it is not a German animal. (Benfey's Panchatantra, vol. I, pp. 102, 103). See also De Gubernatis, Zoological Mythology, p. 122.

† This story is found in the Hitopadeśa, the Panchatantra, the Kalilah and Dimnah, Anvár-i-Suhaili, Livre des Lumières, p. 61, Cabinet des Fées, XVII. 152, and other collections (Benfey's Panchatantra, Vol. I, p. 105.) For the version of the Panchatantra, see Benfey, Vol. II, p. 9, for that of the Hitopadeśa, Johnson's Translation, p. 44. For that of the Kalíla and Dimna Benfey refers us to Knatchbull's translation, p. 88, for that of the Anvár-i-Suhaili to Eastwick's translation, p. 86. Benfey considers a fable of Æsop, in which an ape tries to fish and is nearly drowned, an imitation of this. It reminds one of the trick which the fox played the bear in Reineke Fuchs, (Simrock's Deutsche Volksbücher, Vol. I, p. 148.)

"Thus a person is ruined by meddling with what is not his own business. So what is the use of our penetrating the mind of the king of beasts?" When the grave Damanaka heard Karaṭaka say this, he answered—"Certainly wise ministers must penetrate and observe the peculiarities of their master's character. For who would confine his attention to filling his belly?" When Damanaka said this, the good Karaṭaka said—"Prying for one's own gratification is not the duty of a servant." Damanaka, being thus addressed, replied—"Do not speak thus, every one desires a recompense suited to his character; the dog is satisfied with a bone only, the lion attacks an elephant."

When Karaṭaka heard this, he said, "And supposing under these circumstances the master is angry, instead of being pleased, where is your special advantage? Lords, like mountains, are exceedingly rough, firm, uneven, difficult of access, and surrounded with noxious creatures." Then Damanaka said, "This is true, but he who is wise, gradually gets influence over his master by penetrating his character."

Then Karaṭaka said—"Well, do so," and Damanaka went into the presence of his master the lion. The lion received him kindly: so he bowed, and sat down, and immediately said to him; "King, I am a hereditary useful servant of yours. One useful is to be sought after, though a stranger, but a mischievous one is to be abandoned; a cat, being useful, is bought with money, brought from a distance, and cherished; but a mouse, being harmful, is carefully destroyed, though it has been nourished up in one's house. And a king, who desires prosperity, must listen to servants who wish him well, and they must give their lord at the right time useful counsel, even without being asked. So, king, if you feel confidence in me, if you are not angry, and if you do not wish to conceal your feelings from me, and if you are not disturbed in mind by my boldness, I would ask you a certain question." When Damanaka said this, the lion Pingalaka answered; "You are trustworthy, you are attached to me, so speak without fear."

When Pingalaka said this, Damanaka said: "King, being thirsty, you went to drink water; so why did you return without drinking, like one despondent?" When the lion heard this speech of his, he reflected—"I have been discovered by him, so why should I try to hide the truth from this devoted servant?" Having thus reflected, he said to him, "Listen, I must not hide anything from you. When I went to drink water, I heard here a noise which I never heard before, and I think, it is the terrible roar of some animal superior to myself in strength. For, as a general rule, the might of creatures is proportionate to the sound they utter, and it is well known that the infinitely various animal creation has been made by God in regular gradations. And now that he has entered here, I

cannot call my body nor my wood my own; so I must depart hence to some other forest." When the lion said this, Damanaka answered him; "Being valiant, O king, why do you wish to leave the wood for so slight a reason? Water breaks a bridge, secret whispering friendship, counsel is ruined by garrulity, cowards only are routed by a mere noise. There are many noises, such as those of machines, which are terrible till one knows the real cause. So your Highness must not fear this. Hear by way of illustration the story of the jackal and the drum.

*Story of the Jackal and the Drum.**

Long ago there lived a jackal in a certain forest district. He was roaming about in search of food, and came upon a plot of ground where a battle had taken place, and hearing from a certain quarter a booming sound, he looked in that direction. There he saw a drum lying on the ground, a thing with which he was not familiar. He thought, "What kind of animal is this, that makes such a sound?" Then he saw that it was motionless, and coming up and looking at it, he came to the conclusion that it was not an animal. And he perceived that the noise was produced by the parchment being struck by the shaft of an arrow, which was moved by the wind. So the jackal laid aside his fear, and he tore open the drum, and went inside, to see if he could get anything to eat in it, but lo! it was nothing but wood and parchment.

So, king, why do creatures like you fear a mere sound? If you approve, I will go there to investigate the matter." When Damanaka said this, the lion answered, "Go there, by all means, if you dare;" so Damanaka went to the bank of the Yamuná. While he was roaming slowly about there, guided by the sound, he discovered that bull eating grass. So he went near him, and made acquaintance with him, and came back, and told the lion the real state of the case. The lion Pingalaka was delighted and said, "If you have really seen that great ox, and made friends with him, bring him here by some artifice, that I may see what he is like." So he sent Damanaka back to that bull. Damanaka went to the bull and said—"Come! our master, the king of beasts is pleased to summon you," but the bull would not consent to come, for he was afraid. Then the jackal

* Cp. Panchatantra, Vol. II, p. 21. In the 1st volume Benfey tells us that in the old Greek version of the fables of Bidpai, the fox, who represents the jackal, loses through fear his appetite for other food, and for a hen in the Anvár-i-Suhaili, 99. The fable is also found in Livre des Lumières, p. 72, Cabinet des Fées, p. XVII, 183, and other collections. The Arabic version and those derived from it leave out the point of the drum being found on a battle-field (Benfey's Panchatantra, Vol. I, p. 132).

Cp. also Campbell's West Highland Tales, p. 268, "A fox being hungry one day found a bagpipe, and proceeded to eat the bag, which is generally made of hide. There was still a remnant of breath in the bag, and when the fox bit it, the drone gave a groan, when the fox, surprised but not frightened, said—'Here is meat and music.'"

again returned to the forest, and induced his master the lion to grant the bull assurance of protection. And he went and encouraged Sanjívaka with this promise of protection, and so brought him into the presence of the lion. And when the lion saw him come and bow before him, he treated him with politeness, and said—"Remain here now about my person, and entertain no fear." And the bull consented, and gradually gained such an influence over the lion, that he turned his back on his other dependents, and was entirely governed by the bull.

Then Damanaka, being annoyed, said to Karaṭaka in secret: "See! our master has been taken possession of by Sanjívaka, and does not trouble his head about us. He eats his flesh alone, and never gives us a share. And the fool is now taught his duty by this bull.* It was I that caused all this mischief by bringing this bull. So I will now take steps to have him killed, and to reclaim our master from his unbecoming infatuation." When Karaṭaka heard this from Damanaka, he said—"Friend, even you will not be able to do this now." Then Damanaka said—"I shall certainly be able to accomplish it by prudence. What can he not do whose prudence does not fail in calamity? As a proof, hear the story of the *makara*† that killed the crane."

*Story of the crane and the Makara.*‡

Of old time there dwelt a crane in a certain tank rich in fish; and the fish in terror used to flee out of his sight. Then the crane, not being able to catch the fish, told them a lying tale: "There has come here a man with a net who kills fish. He will soon catch you with a net and kill you. So

* I follow the reading of the Sanskrit College MS. *múḍhabuddiḥ prabhur nyáyam ukshṇánenádya śikshyate.* This satisfies the metre, which Brockhaus's reading does not.

† This word generally means crocodile. But in the Hitopadeśa the creature that kills the crane is a crab.

‡ This fable is the 7th in Benfey's translation of the Panchatantra, Vol. II, p. 58. It is found in the 4th book of the Hitopadeśa, Johnson's translation, p. 103. It is also found in the Arabic version (Wolff, I, 41, Knatchbull, 114), Symeon Seth (Athenian edition, p. 16,) John of Capua, c. 4, b., German translation (Ulm., p. 1483. D., V, b.,) Spanish translation, XIII, 6. Firenzuola, 39, Doni, 59, Anvár-i-Suhailí, 117, Livre des Lumières, 92, Cabinet des Fées, XVII, 221, Thousand and one Nights (Weil, III, 915.) Cp. Lafontaine, X, 4. (Benfey, Vol. I, p. 175). Benfey shews that it may be Buddhistic in origin, quoting a story from Upham's Sacred and Historical Books of Ceylon, III, 292. He also shews that it may have come into Buddhist books from the Greek, as Alcæus appears to have been acquainted with a similar Greek fable, (Æsopus, Furia 231, Cor., 70). See also Weber's Indische Studien, III, 343. I may as well mention that in the notes taken from Benfey's Panchatantra I substitute Johnson's translation of the Hitopadeśa for Max Mueller's. The story is found in Rhys Davids' translation of the Játakas, (pp. 317—321,) which has just been published.

act on my advice, if you repose any confidence in me. There is in a lonely place a translucent lake, it is unknown to the fishermen of these parts; I will take you there one by one, and drop you into it, that you may live there." When those foolish fish heard that, they said in their fear—"Do so, we all repose confidence in you." Then the treacherous crane took the fish away one by one, and, putting them down on a rock, devoured in this way many of them.

Then a certain *makara* dwelling in that lake, seeing him carrying off fish, said:—"Whither are you taking the fish?" Then that crane said to him exactly what he had said to the fish. The *makara*,* being terrified, said—"Take me there too." The crane's intellect was blinded with the smell of his flesh, so he took him up, and soaring aloft carried him towards the slab of rock. But when the *makara* got near the rock, he saw the fragments of the bones of the fish that the crane had eaten, and he perceived that the crane was in the habit of devouring those who reposed confidence in him. So no sooner was the sagacious *makara* put down on the rock, than with complete presence of mind he cut off the head of the crane. And he returned and told the occurrence, exactly as it happened, to the other fish, and they were delighted, and hailed him as their deliverer from death.

"Prudence indeed is power, so what has a man, devoid of prudence, to do with power? Hear this other story of the lion and the hare."

*Story of the lion and the hare.*†

There was in a certain forest a lion, who was invincible, and sole champion of it, and whatever creature he saw in it, he killed. Then all the animals, deer and all, met and deliberated together, and they made the following petition to that king of beasts—"Why by killing us all at once do you ruin your own interests? We will send you one animal every day for your dinner." When the lion heard this, he consented to their proposal, and as he was in the habit of eating one animal every day, it happened that it was one day the lot of a hare to present himself to be eaten. The hare was sent off by the united animals, but on the way the wise creature reflected—

* Here he is called a *jhasha* which means "large fish."

† Cp. Hitopadeśa, Johnson's translation, Fable, IX, p. 61, Arabic, (Wolff., 46, Knatchbull, 117,) Symeon Seth, 18, John of Capua c., 5, b., German translation (Ulm edition) 1483, E., II, a., Spanish, XIII, 6, Firenzuola, 43, Doni, 62, Anvár-i-Suhaili, 124, Livre des Lumières, 99, Cabinet des Fées, XVII, 236, Baldo 4th Fable, Livre des Merveilles (in Edéléstand du Meril, Poésies Inédites 234), also Sukasaptati, 31. Benfey considers it to be Buddhistic in origin, referring to Memoires sur les contrées occidentales traduits du Sanscrit par Hiouen Thsang et du Chinois par Stan. Julien I, 361, Köppen Religion des Buddha, p. 94, Note I, (Benfey's Panchatantra, Vol. I, p. 179 and *ff.*)

"He is truly brave who does not become bewildered even in the time of calamity, so, now that Death stares me in the face, I will devise an expedient." Thus reflecting, the hare presented himself before the lion late. And when he arrived after his time, the lion said to him: "Hola! how is this that you have neglected to arrive at my dinner hour, or what worse penalty than death can I inflict on you, scoundrel?" When the lion said this, the hare bowed before him, and said: "It is not my fault, your Highness, I have not been my own master to-day, for another lion detained me on the road, and only let me go after a long interval." When the lion heard that, he lashed his tail, and his eyes became red with anger, and he said: "Who is that second lion? Shew him me." The hare said: "Let your Majesty come and see him." The lion consented and followed him. Thereupon the hare took him away to a distant well. "Here he lives, behold him," said the hare, and when thus addressed by the hare, the lion looked into the well, roaring all the while with anger. And seeing his own reflexion in the clear water, and hearing the echo of his own roar, thinking that there was a rival lion there roaring louder than himself,* he threw himself in a rage into the well, in order to kill him, and there the fool was drowned. And the hare, having himself escaped death by his wisdom, and having delivered all the animals from it, went and delighted them by telling his adventure.

"So you see that wisdom is the supreme power, not strength, since by virtue of it even a hare killed a lion. So I will effect my object by wisdom." When Damanaka said this, Karaṭaka remained silent.

Then Damanaka went and remained in the presence of the king Pingalaka, in a state of assumed depression. And when Pingalaka asked him the reason, he said to him in a confidential aside: "I will tell you, king, for if one knows anything, one ought not to conceal it. And one should speak too without being commanded to do so, if one desires the welfare of one's master. So hear this representation of mine, and do not suspect me. This bull Sanjívaka intends to kill you and gain possession of the kingdom, for in his position of minister he has come to the conclusion that you are timid; and longing to slay you, he is brandishing his two horns, his natural weapons, and he talks over the animals in the forest, encouraging them with speeches of this kind—'We will kill by some artifice this flesh-eating king of beasts, and then you can live in security under me, who am an eater of herbs only.' So think about this bull; as long as he is alive, there is no security for you." When Damanaka said this, Pingalaka answered, "What can that miserable herb-eating bull do

* Dr. Kern conjectures *abhigarjinam* but the Sanskṛit College MS. reads *matvá tatrátigarjitam iti sinham*, thinking that he was outroared there, however, the word *sinham* must be changed if this reading is to be adopted.

against me? But how can I kill a creature that has sought my protection, and to whom I have promised immunity from injury." When Damanaka heard this, he said—"Do not speak so. When a king makes another equal to himself, Fortune does not proceed as favourably as before.* The fickle goddess, if she places her feet at the same time upon two exalted persons, cannot keep her footing long, she will certainly abandon one of the two. And a king, who hates a good servant and honours a bad servant, is to be avoided by the wise, as a wicked patient by physicians. Where there is a speaker and a hearer of that advice, which in the beginning is disagreeable, but in the end is useful, there Fortune sets her foot. He, who does not hear the advice of the good, but listens to the advice of the bad, in a short time falls into calamity, and is afflicted. So what is the meaning of this love of yours for the bull, O king? And what does it matter that you gave him protection, or that he came as a suppliant, if he plots against your life? Moreover, if this bull remains always about your person, you will have worms produced in you by his excretions. And they will enter your body, which is covered with the scars of wounds from the tusks of infuriated elephants. Why should he not have chosen to kill you by craft? If a wicked person is wise enough not to do an injury† himself, it will happen by association with him, hear a story in proof of it."

*Story of the Louse and the Flea.*‡

In the bed of a certain king there long lived undiscovered a louse, that had crept in from somewhere or other, by name Mandavisarpiṇí. And suddenly a flea, named Ṭiṭṭibha, entered that bed, wafted there by the wind from some place or other. And when Mandavisarpiṇí saw him, she said, "Why have you invaded my home? go elsewhere." Ṭiṭṭibha answered, "I wish to drink the blood of a king, a luxury which I have never tasted before, so permit me to dwell here." Then, to please him, the louse said to him, "If this is the case, remain. But you must not bite the king, my friend, at unseasonable times, you must bite him gently when he is asleep." When Ṭiṭṭibha heard that, he consented and remained. But at night he bit the king hard when he was in bed, and then the king rose up, exclaiming, "I am bitten," then the wicked flea fled quickly, and the king's servants made a search in the bed, and finding the louse there, killed it.

* I prefer the reading *kas* of the Sanskrit College MS., and would render, "Whom can the king make his equal? Fortune does not proceed in that way."

† I read *dosham* for *dosho* with the Sanskrit College MS.

‡ Cp. the ninth in Benfey's translation, Vol. II, p. 71. Cp. also Kalilah and Dimnah, (Wolff. I, 59, Knatchbull, 126), Symeon Seth, p. 22, John of Capua d, 1, b, German translation (Ulm, 1483) E., V., a, Spanish translation XVI a, Firenzuola, 49, Doni, 75, (Benfey, Vol. I, p. 223).

"So Mandavisarpiṇí perished by associating with Ṭiṭṭibha. Accordingly your association with Sanjívaka will not be for your advantage; if you do not believe in what I say, you will soon yourself see him approach, brandishing his head, confiding in his horns, which are sharp as lances."

By these words the feelings of Pingalaka were changed towards the bull, and so Damanaka induced him to form in his heart the determination that the bull must be killed. And Damanaka, having ascertained the state of the lion's feelings, immediately went off of his own accord to Sanjívaka, and sat in his presence with a despondent air. The bull said to him, "Friend, why are you in this state? Are you in good health?" The jackal answered, "What can be healthy with a servant? Who is permanently dear to a king? What petitioner is not despised? Who is not subject to time?" When the jackal said this, the bull again said to him—"Why do you seem so despondent to-day, my friend, tell me?" Then Damanaka said—"Listen, I speak out of friendship. The lion Pingalaka has to-day become hostile to you. So unstable is his affection that, without regard for his friendship, he wishes to kill you and eat you, and I see that his evilly-disposed courtiers have instigated him to do it." The simple-minded bull, supposing, on account of the confidence he had previously reposed in the jackal, that this speech was true, and feeling despondent, said to him: "Alas a mean master, with mean retainers, though he be won over by faithful service, becomes estranged; in proof of it hear this story."

*Story of the Lion, the Panther, the Crow and the Jackal.**

There lived once in a certain forest a lion, named Madotkaṭa, and he had three followers, a panther, a crow, and a jackal. That lion once saw a camel, that had escaped from a caravan, entering his wood, a creature he was not familiar with before, of ridiculous appearance. That king of beasts said in astonishment, "What is this creature?" And the crow, who knew when it behoved him to speak, said, "It is a camel." Then the lion, out of curiosity, had the camel summoned, and giving him a promise of protection, he made him his courtier, and placed him about his person.

One day the lion was wounded in a fight with an elephant, and being out of health, made many fasts, though surrounded by those attendants who were in good health. Then the lion, being exhausted, roamed about

* Cp. Johnson's translation of the Hitopadeśa, Fable XI, p. 110. Benfey compares Kalilah and Dimnah (Wolff. 1, 78, Knatchbull 138), John of Capua, d., 3, Symeon Seth, p. 25, German translation (Ulm 1483) F. 1, 6, Spanish translation, XVII, 6 and *ff*, Firenzuola, 57, Doni 54, Anvár-i-Suhaili, 153, Livre des Lumières, 118, Cabinet des Fées, XVII, 294, (Benfey's Panchatantra, Vol. I, p. 230.) Cp. also Sagas from the Far East, Tale XIX. In śl. 145, I read *vairaktyam;* see Böhtlingk and Roth s. v. *vairatya.*

in search of food, but not finding any, secretly asked all his courtiers, except the camel, what was to be done. They said to him:—"Your Highness, we must give advice which is seasonable in our present calamity. What friendship can you have with a camel, and why do you not eat him? He is a grass-eating animal, and therefore meant to be devoured by us flesh-eaters. And why should not one be sacrificed to supply food to many? If your Highness should object, on the ground that you cannot slay one to whom you have granted protection, we will contrive a plot by which we shall induce the camel himself to offer you his own body." When they had said this, the crow, by the permission of the lion, after arranging the plot, went and said to that camel: "This master of ours is overpowered with hunger, and says nothing to us, so we intend to make him well-disposed to us by offering him our bodies, and you had better do the same, in order that he may be well-disposed towards you." When the crow said this to the camel, the simple-minded camel agreed to it, and came to the lion with the crow. Then the crow said, "King, eat me, for I am my own master." Then the lion said, "What is the use of eating such a small creature as you?" Thereupon the jackal said—"Eat me," and the lion rejected him in the same way. Then the panther said "Eat me," and yet the lion would not eat him; and at last the camel said "Eat me." So the lion, and the crow, and his fellows entrapped him by these deceitful offers, and taking him at his word, killed him, divided him into portions, and ate him.

"In the same way some treacherous person has instigated Pingalaka against me without cause. So now destiny must decide. For it is better to be the servant of a vulture-king with swans for courtiers, than to serve a swan as king, if his courtiers be vultures, much less a king of a worse character, with such courtiers.* " When the dishonest Damanaka heard Sanjívaka say that, he replied, "Everything is accomplished by resolution, listen—I will tell you a tale to prove this."

*Story of the pair of Ṭiṭṭibhas.*

There lived a certain cock *ṭiṭṭibha* on the shore of the sea with his hen. And the hen, being about to lay eggs, said to the cock: "Come, let us go away from this place, for if I lay eggs here, the sea may carry them off with its waves." When the cock-bird heard this speech of the hen's, he said to her—"The sea cannot contend with me." On hearing that, the hen said—"Do not talk so; what comparison is there between you

* Benfey (Panchatantra, Vol. I, p. 231) quotes the following passage from John of Capua's version, "Dicitur autem, melior omnium regum est qui aquilæ similatur in cujus circuitu sunt cadavera, pejor vero omnium est qui similatur cadaveri in cujus circuitu sunt aquilæ." It is wanting in De Sacy's edition of the Arabic version, and

and the sea? People must follow good advice, otherwise they will be ruined."

*Story of the Tortoise and the two Swans.** For there was in a certain lake a tortoise, named Kambugríva, and he had two swans for friends, Vikaṭa and Sankaṭa. Once on a time the lake was dried up by drought, and they wanted to go to another lake; so the tortoise said to them, "Take me also to the lake you are desirous of going to." When the two swans heard this, they said to their friend the tortoise—"The lake to which we wish to go is a tremendous distance off; but, if you wish to go there too, you must do what we tell you. You must take in your teeth a stick held by us, and while travelling through the air, you must remain perfectly silent, otherwise you will fall and be killed." The tortoise agreed, and took the stick in his teeth, and the two swans flew up into the air, holding the two ends of it. And gradually the two swans, carrying the tortoise, drew near that lake, and were seen by some men living in a town below; and the thoughtless tortoise heard them making a chattering, while they were discussing with one another, what the strange thing could be that the swans were carrying. So the tortoise asked the swans what the chattering below was about, and in so doing let go the stick from its mouth, and falling down to the earth, was there killed by the men.

"Thus you see that a person who lets go common sense will be ruined, like the tortoise that let go the stick." When the hen-bird said this, the cock-bird answered her, "This is true, my dear, but hear this story also."

*Story of the three Fish.* Of old time there were three fish in a lake near a river, one was called Anágatavidhátṛi, a second Pratyutpannamati and the third Yadbhavishya,†

in the old Greek translation. This looks as if the Hebrew version, from which John of Capua translates, was the best representation of the original Indian work.

* This corresponds to the 2nd Fable in the IVth book of the Hitopadeśa, Johnson's translation, page 99. Benfey considers that the fable of Æsop, which we find in Babrius, 115, is the oldest form of it. He supposes that it owes its present colouring to the Buddhists. It appears in the Arabic version (Wolff. I, 91, Knatchbull, 146), Symeon Seth, p. 28, John of Capua d., 5, b., German translation (Ulm., 1483) F., VIII, 6, Spanish translation, XIX a, Firenzuola, 65, Doni 93, Anvár-i-Suhaili, 159, Livre des Lumières, 124, Cabinet des Fées, XVII, 309. (Benfey's Panchatantra, Vol. I, pp. 239, 240). See also Weber, Indische Studien, III, 339. This story is found in the Avadánas translated from the Chinese by Stanislas Julien No. XIV, Vol. I pp. 71—73, (Liebrecht zur Volkskunde, p. 111.) It is the 3rd in La Fontaine's tenth book. The original source is probably the Kachchhapa Játaka; see Rhys Davids' Introduction to his Buddhist Birth stories, p. viii.

† *i. e.*, the provider for the future, the fish that possessed presence of mind, and the fatalist, who believed in *kismat*. This story is found in the Hitopadeśa, Book IV,

and they were companions. One day they heard some fishermen, who passed that way, saying to one another, "Surely there must be fish in this lake. Thereupon the prudent Anágatavidhátṛi, fearing to be killed by the fishermen, entered the current of the river and went to another place. But Pratyutpannamati remained where he was, without fear, saying to himself, "I will take the expedient course if any danger should arise." And Yadbhavishya remained there, saying to himself, "What must be, must be." Then those fishermen came and threw a net into that lake. But the cunning Pratyutpannamati, the moment he felt himself hauled up in the net, made himself rigid, and remained as if he were dead. The fishermen, who were killing the fish, did not kill him, thinking that he had died of himself, so he jumped into the current of the river, and went off somewhere else, as fast as he could. But Yadbhavishya, like a foolish fish, bounded and wriggled in the net, so the fishermen laid hold of him and killed him.

"So I too will adopt an expedient when the time arrives; I will not go away through fear of the sea." Having said this to his wife, the *ṭiṭṭibha* remained where he was, in his nest; and there the sea heard his boastful speech. Now, after some days, the hen-bird laid eggs, and the sea carried off the eggs with his waves, out of curiosity, saying to himself; "I should like to know what this *ṭiṭṭibha* will do to me." And the hen-bird, weeping, said to her husband; "The very calamity which I prophesied to you, has come upon us." Then that resolute *ṭiṭṭibha* said to his wife, "See, what I will do to that wicked sea!" So he called together all the birds, and mentioned the insult he had received, and went with them and called on the lord Garuḍa for protection. And the birds said to him: "Though thou art our protector, we have been insulted by the sea as if we were unprotected, in that it has carried away some of our eggs." Then Garuḍa was angry, and appealed to Vishṇu, who dried up the sea with the weapon of fire, and made it restore the eggs.*

Fable 11, Johnson's translation. Benfey has discovered it in the Mahábhárata, XII, (III, 538) v. 4889, and *ff*. He compares Wolff., I, 54, Knatchbull, 121, Symeon Seth, p. 20, John of Capua, c., 6, b., German translation (Ulm., 1483), E. III, a., Spanish, XV, b, Firenzuola, 47, Doni, 73, Anvár-i-Suhaili, 130, Livre des Lumières, 105, Cabinet des Fées, XVII, 250. (Benfey, Vol. I, pp. 241 and 242)

* For the story of the pair of *ṭiṭṭibha* birds, cp Hitopadeśa, Book II, fable X, Johnson's translation, p. 65. Benfey compares Wolff, I, 84, Knatchbull 145, Symeon Seth, 28, John of Capua d., 5, a., German translation (Ulm 1483) F., VII, a., Spanish XIX, a., Firenzuola, 63, Doni, 92, Anvár-i-Suhaili, 158, Livre des Lumières, 123, Cabinet des Fées, XVII, 307, (Benfey's Panchatantra, Vol. I, p. 235) Benfey adduces evidence in favour of its Buddhistic origin.

"So you must be wise in calamity and not let go resolution. But now a battle with Pingalaka is at hand for you. When he shall erect his tail, and arise with his four feet together, then you may know that he is about to strike you. And you must have your head ready tossed up, and must gore him in the stomach, and lay your enemy low, with all his entrails torn out."

After Damanaka had said this to the bull Sanjívaka, he went to Karaṭaka, and told him that he had succeeded in setting the two at variance,

Then Sanjívaka slowly approached Pingalaka, being desirous of finding out the mind of that king of beasts by his face and gestures. And he saw that the lion was prepared to fight, being evenly balanced on all four legs, and having erected his tail, and the lion saw that the bull had tossed up his head in fear. Then the lion sprang on the bull and struck him with his claws, the bull replied with his horns, and so their fight went on. And the virtuous Karaṭaka, seeing it, said to Damanaka—"Why have you brought calamity on our master to gain your own ends? Wealth obtained by oppression of subjects, friendship obtained by deceit, and a lady-love gained by violence, will not remain long. But enough; whoever says much to a person who despises good advice, incurs thereby misfortune, as Súchímukha from the ape."

*Story of the Monkeys, the Firefly, and the Bird.*

Once on a time, there were some monkeys wandering in a troop in a wood. In the cold weather they saw a firefly and thought it was real fire. So they placed grass and leaves upon it, and tried to warm themselves at it, and one of them fanned the firefly with his breath. A bird named Súchímukha, when he saw it, said to him, "This is not fire, this is a firefly, do not fatigue yourself." Though the monkey heard, he did not desist, and thereupon the bird came down from the tree, and earnestly dissuaded him, at which the ape was annoyed, and throwing a stone at Súchímukha, crushed him.

"So one ought not to admonish him, who will not act on good advice. Why then should I speak? you well know that you brought about this quarrel with a mischievous object, and that which is done with evil intentions cannot turn out well."

* The following story is the 17th in the 1st Book of the Panchatantra, Benfey's translation. He compares the Arabic version (Wolff, I, 91, Knatchbull, 150,) Symeon Seth, 31, John of Capua e., 1., German translation (Ulm 1483) G., IV., Spanish translation, XX, a., Firenzuola, 70, Doni, 98, Anvár-i-Suhaili, 170; Cabinet des Fées, XVII, 329. Symeon Seth has for the firefly λίθον στίλβοντα: the Turkish version in the Cabinet des Fées "Un morceau de crystal qui brillait." (Benfey's Panchatantra, Vol. I, pp. 269, 270).

*Story of Dharmabuddhi and Dushṭabuddhi.** For instance, there were long ago in a certain village two brothers, the sons of a merchant, Dharmabuddhi and Dushṭabuddhi by name. They left their father's house and went to another country to get wealth, and with great difficulty acquired two thousand gold *dínárs*. And with them they returned to their own city. And they buried those *dínárs* at the foot of a tree, with the exception of one hundred, which they divided between them in equal parts, and so they lived in their father's house.

But one day Dushṭabuddhi went by himself and dug up of his own accord those *dínárs*, which were buried at the foot of the tree, for he was vicious and extravagant.† And after one month only had passed, he said to Dharmabuddhi: "Come, my elder brother, let us divide those *dínárs*; I have expenses." When Dharmabuddhi heard that, he consented, and went and dug with him, where he had deposited the *dínárs*. And when they did not find any *dínárs* in the place where they had buried them, the treacherous Dushṭabuddhi said to Dharmabuddhi: "You have taken away the *dínárs*, so give me my half." But Dharmabuddhi answered: "I have not taken them, you must have taken them." So a quarrel arose, and Dushṭabuddhi hit Dharmabuddhi on the head with a stone, and dragged him into the king's court. There they both stated their case, and as the king's officers could not decide it, they were proceeding to detain them both for the trial by ordeal. Then Dushṭabuddhi said to the king's officers; "The tree, at the foot of which these *dínárs* were placed, will depose, as a witness, that they were taken away by this Dharmabuddhi. And they were exceedingly astonished, but said, "Well, we will ask it to-morrow." Then they let both Dharmabuddhi and Dushṭabuddhi go, after they had given bail, and they went separately to their house.

But Dushṭabuddhi told the whole matter to his father, and secretly giving him money, said; "Hide in the trunk of the tree and be my

* Benfey compares the Arabic version, (Wolff, I, 93, Knatchbull, 151,) Symeon Seth, 31, John of Capua, e., 2., German translation (Ulm 1483) G., VI, b., Spanish, XXI, a., Firenzuola, 73, Doni, 104, Anvár-i-Suhaili, 172, Livre des Lumières, 129, Cabinet des Fées, XVII, 333, Baldo, Fab. XIX, in Edéléstand du Méril. Benfey points out that that Somadeva agrees wholly or partly with the Arabic version in two points. The judges set the tree on fire (or apply smoke to it,) not Dharmabuddhi, (as in Panchatantra, Benfey, Vol. II, pp. 114 & *ff.*) Secondly, in the Panchatantra the father dies and the son is hanged, in De Sacy's Arabic and the old Greek version both remain alive, in Somadeva, and John of Capua, and the Anvár-i-Suhaili, the father dies and the son is punished. Here we have a fresh proof that the Hebrew version, from which John of Capua translated, is the truest representative of the oldest Arabic recension. (Benfey's Panchatantra, Vol. I, p. 275 and *ff.*)

† I read with the Sanskṛit College MS. *asadvyayí*.

witness." His father consented, so he took him and placed him at night in the capacious trunk of the tree, and returned home. And in the morning those two brothers went with the king's officers, and asked the tree, who took away those *dínárs*. And their father, who was hidden in the trunk of the tree, replied in a loud clear voice: "Dharmabuddhi took away the *dínárs*." When the king's officers heard this surprising utterance, they said; "Surely Dushṭabuddhi must have hidden some one in the trunk." So they introduced smoke into the trunk of the tree, which fumigated the father of Dushṭabuddhi so, that he fell out of the trunk on to the ground, and died. When the king's officers saw this, they understood the whole matter, and they compelled Dushṭabuddhi to give up the *dínárs* to Dharmabuddhi. And so they cut off the hands and cut out the tongue of Dushṭabuddhi, and banished him, and they honoured Dharmabuddhi as a man who deserved his name.*

"So you see that a deed done with an unrighteous mind is sure to bring calamity, therefore one should do it with a righteous mind, as the crane did to the snake."

*Story of the Crane, the Snake and the Mungoose.*†

Once on a time a snake came and ate the nestlings of a certain crane, as fast as they were born; that grieved the crane. So, by the advice of a crab, he went and strewed pieces of fish from the dwelling of a mungoose as far as the hole of the snake, and the mungoose came out, and following up the pieces of fish, eating as it went on, was led to the hole of the snake, which it saw and entered, and killed him and his offspring.

"So by a device one can succeed; now hear another story."

*Story of the mice that ate an iron balance.*‡

Once on a time there was a merchant's son, who had spent all his father's wealth, and had only an iron balance left to him. Now the

* *i. e.*, "Virtuously-minded." His brother's name means—"Evil-minded."

† Cp. Hitopadeśa, Johnson's translation, Fable, VIII, p. 60. Benfey appears not to be aware that this story is in Somadeva. It corresponds to the sixth in his 1st Book, Vol. II, p. 67. He thinks that Somadeva must have rejected it though it was in his copy. Benfey says it is of Buddhistic origin. It is found in the Arabic version (Wolff, p. 40, Knatchbull, p. 113) Symeon Seth, (Athenian edition, p. 16), John of Capua, c., 4, a., German translation, Ulm, 1483 D., IV. b., Spanish, XIII, 6, Firenzuola, 38, Doni, 57, Anvár-i-Suhaili, p. 116, Livre des Lumières, 91, Cabinet des Fées, XVII, 220. It is connected with the 20th of the 1st book in Benfey's translation, in fact it is another form of it. (Somadeva's fable seems to be a blending of the two Panchatantra stories). Cp. also Phædrus, I, 28, Aristophanes, Aves, 652. (Benfey's Panchatantra, Vol. I. pp. 167—170.)

‡ This corresponds to the 21st of the first book in Benfey's translation, Vol. II, p. 120. Cp Arabic version (Wolff, I, 98, Knatchbull, 156.), Symeon Seth, 33,

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balance was made of a thousand *palas* of iron; and depositing it in the care of a certain merchant, he went to another land. And when, on his return, he came to that merchant to demand back his balance, the merchant said to him: "It has been eaten by mice." He repeated, "It is quite true, the iron, of which it was composed, was particularly sweet, and so the mice ate it." This he said with an outward show of sorrow, laughing in his heart. Then the merchant's son asked him to give him some food, and he, being in a good temper, consented to give him some. Then the merchant's son went to bathe, taking with him the son of that merchant, who was a mere child, and whom he persuaded to come with him by giving him a dish of *ámalakas*. And after he had bathed, the wise merchant's son deposited the boy in the house of a friend, and returned alone to the house of that merchant. And the merchant said to him, "Where is that son of mine?" He replied, "A kite swooped down from the air and carried him off." The merchant in a rage said, "You have concealed my son," and so he took him into the king's judgment-hall; and there the merchant's son made the same statement. The officers of the court said, "This is impossible, how could a kite carry off a boy?" But the merchant's son answered; "In a country where a large balance of iron was eaten by mice, a kite might carry off an elephant, much more a boy."* When the officers heard that, they asked about it, out of curiosity, and made the merchant restore the balance to the owner, and he, for his part, restored the merchant's child.

"Thus, you see, persons of eminent ability attain their ends by an artifice. But you, by your reckless impetuosity, have brought our master into danger." When Damanaka heard this from Karaṭaka, he laughed and said—"Do not talk like this! What chance is there of a lion's not being victorious in a fight with a bull? There is a considerable difference between a lion, whose body is adorned with numerous scars of wounds from the tusks of infuriated elephants, and a tame ox, whose body has been pricked by the goad." While the jackals were carrying on this discussion, the

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John of Capua, e., 4, German translation (Ulm, 1483) H., II, b., Firenzuola, 82, Doni, 113, Anvár-i-Suhaili, 187, Livre des Lumières, 135, Cabinet des Fées, XVII, 353, Robert, Fables inédites, II, 193—196. (Benfey, I, 283). It is the 1st of the IXth Book of La Fontaine's Fables, Le depositaire infidèle.

* The argument reminds one of that in "Die Kluge Bauerntochter," (Grimm's Märchen, 94). The king adjudges a foal to the proprietor of some oxen, because it was found with his beasts. The real owner fishes in the road with a net. The king demands an explanation. He says, "It is just as easy for me to catch fish on dry land, as for two oxen to produce a foal." See also Das Märchen vom sprechendem Bauche, Kaden's Unter den Olivenbäumen, pp. 83, 84.

lion killed the bull Sanjívaka. When he was slain, Damanaka recovered his position of minister without a rival, and remained for a long time about the person of the king of beasts in perfect happiness.

Naraváhanadatta much enjoyed hearing from his prime minister Gomukha this wonderful story, which was full of statecraft, and characterized by consummate ability.

*Note to Chapter* 60. *The fables of Pilpay.*

Wilson in his collected works, (Vol. IV, p. 139) remarks that we have in the Kathá Sarit Ságara an earlier representative of the original collection of Indian fables, than even the Panchatantra, as it agrees better with the Kalílah and Dimnah than the Panchatantra does. The earliest Indian form of the Panchatantra appears to have been translated into Pehlevi in the time of the king of Persia, Khushru Naushírváns (between 531 and 572 A. D.); upon this the Arabic translation was based. It wa edited by Silvestre de Sacy under the title, "Calila et Dimna ou Fables de Bidpai," and has been translated into German by Wolff, and into English by Knatchbull There are many recensions of the Arabic translation as of the Panchatantra. (Benfey is of opinion that originally the latter work consisted of more than five sections.) The oldest translation of the Arabic version is the Greek one by Symeon Seth, which was made about 1080, A. D. (Benfey, Einleitung, p. 8, with note). The Latin translation of Possinus was made from this. Perhaps the most important translation of all is the Hebrew translation of Rabbi Joel. It must have been made about 1250. It has never been edited, with the exception of a small fragment, and is practically represented by the Latin translation of John of Capua, made between 1263 and 1278. Benfey considers that the first German translation was made from a MS. of this. The oldest German translation has no date. The second appeared at Ulm in 1483. Another version, probably not based upon any of these, is a poetical paraphrase, the Alter Aesopus of Baldo, edited by Edélèstand du Méril in his Poesies inédites du Moyen Age. There is a Spanish translation from the Arabic, perhaps through an unknown Latin version, which appeared about 1251. A portion has been published by Rodriguez De Castro. Possibly Raimond's Latin translation was based partly on this, and partly on the Latin translation of the Hebrew by John of Capua.

The Arabic version was translated into Persian by Nasr Allah in the 12th century. Upon it is based the Anvár-i-Sohaili of Husain Vaiz, which was written three centuries later. It has been translated into English by Eastwick. (Hertford 1854). (The above note is summarized from Benfey's Einleitung). See also Rhys Davids' Buddhist Birth Stories, Introduction, pp. xciii and xciv. He says that the Arabic version was made from the Syriac.

## CHAPTER LXI.

Then the minister Gomukha again said to Naravâhanadatta, in order to solace him while pining for S'aktiyaśas; "Prince, you have heard a tale of a wise person, now hear a tale about a fool."

*Story of the foolish merchant who made aloes-wood into charcoal.**

A certain rich merchant had a blockhead of a son. He, once on a time, went to the island of Kaṭâha to trade, and among his wares there was a great quantity of fragrant aloes-wood. And after he had sold the rest of his wares, he could not find any one to take the aloes-wood off his hands, for the people who live there are not acquainted with that article of commerce. Then, seeing people buying charcoal from the woodmen, the fool burnt his stock of aloes-wood and reduced it to charcoal. Then he sold it for the price which charcoal usually fetched, and returning home, boasted of his cleverness, and became a laughing-stock to everybody.

"I have told you of the man who burnt aloes-wood, now hear the tale of the cultivator of sesame."

*Story of the man who sowed roasted seed.*†

There was a certain villager who was a cultivator, and very nearly an idiot. He one day roasted some sesame-seeds, and, finding them nice to eat, he sowed a large number of roasted seeds, hoping that similar ones would come up. When they did not come up, on account of their having been roasted, he found that he had lost his substance, and people laughed at him.

"I have spoken of the sesame-cultivator, now hear about the man who threw fire into water."

*Story of the fool who mixed fire and water.*‡

There was a silly man, who, one night, having to perform a sacrifice next day, thus reflected :—"I require water and fire, for bathing, burning incense, and other purposes; so I will put them together, that I may quickly obtain them when I want them." Thus reflecting, he threw the fire into the pitcher of water, and then went to bed. And in the morning, when he came to look, the fire was extinct, and the water was spoiled. And when he saw the water blackened with charcoal, his face was blackened also, and the faces of the amused people were wreathed in smiles.

* This is No. 84 in Stanislas Julien's translation of the Avadánas.

† This is No. 67 in Stanislas Julien's translation of the Avadánas.

‡ This is No. 70 in Stanislas Julien's translation of the Avadánas.

"You have heard the story of the man who was famous on account of the pitcher of fire, now hear the story of the nose-engrafter."

*Story of the man who tried to improve his wife's nose.*

There lived in some place or other a foolish man of bewildered intellect. He, seeing that his wife was flat-nosed, and that his spiritual instructor was high-nosed, cut off the nose of the latter when he was asleep: and then he went and cut off his wife's nose, and stuck the nose of his spiritual instructor on her face, but it would not grow there. Thus he deprived both his wife and his spiritual guide of their noses.

"Now hear the story of the herdsman who lived in a forest."

*Story of the foolish herdsman.*

There lived in a forest a rich but silly herdsman. Many rogues conspired together and made friends with him. They said to him, "We have asked the daughter of a rich inhabitant of the town in marriage for you, and her father has promised to give her. When he heard that, he was pleased and gave them wealth, and after a few days they came again and said, "Your marriage has taken place." He was very much pleased at that, and gave them abundance of wealth. And after some more days they said to him: "A son has been born to you." He was in ecstasies at that, and he gave them all his wealth, like the fool that he was, and the next day he began to lament, saying, "I am longing to see my son." And when the herdsman began to cry, he incurred the ridicule of the people on account of his having been cheated by the rogues, as if he had acquired the stupidity of cattle from having so much to do with them.

"You have heard of the herdsman; now hear the story of the ornament-hanger."

*Story of the fool and the ornaments.**

A certain villager, while digging up the ground, found a splendid set of ornaments, which thieves had taken from the palace and placed there. He immediately took them and decorated his wife with them; he put the girdle on her head, and the necklace round her waist, and the anklets on her wrists, and the bracelets on her ears.

When the people heard of it, they laughed, and bruited it about. So the king came to hear of it, and took away from the villager the ornaments, which belonged to himself, but let the villager go unharmed, because he was as stupid as an animal.

*Story of the Fool and the Cotton.*†

I have told you, prince, of the ornament-finder, now hear the story of the cotton-grower. A certain blockhead went to the market to sell

* This is No. 57 in Stanislas Julien's translation of the Avadánas.

† This is No. 71 in the Avadánas.

cotton, but no one would buy it from him on the ground that it was not properly cleaned. In the meanwhile he saw in the *bazar* a goldsmith selling gold, which he had purified by heating it, and he saw it taken by a customer. When the stupid creature saw that, he threw the cotton into the fire in order to purify it, and when it was burnt up, the people laughed at him.

"You have heard, prince, this story of the cotton-grower, now hear the story of the men who cut down the palm-trees."

*Story of the Foolish Villagers who cut down the palm-trees.*

Some foolish villagers were summoned by the king's officers, and set to work to gather some dates in accordance with an order from the king's court.* They, perceiving that it was very easy to gather the dates of one date-palm that had tumbled down of itself, cut down all the date-palms in their village. And after they had laid them low, they gathered from them their whole crop of dates, and then they raised them up and planted them again, but they did not succeed in making them grow. And then, when they brought the dates, they were not rewarded, but on the contrary punished with a fine by the king, who had heard of the cutting down of the trees.†

"I have told you this joke about the dates, now I am going to tell you about the looking for treasure."

*Story of the Treasure-finder who was blinded.*

A certain king took to himself a treasure-finder. And the wicked minister of that king had both the eyes of the man, who was able to find the places where treasure was deposited, torn out, in order that he might not run away anywhere. The consequence was that, being blind, he was incapacitated from seeing the indications of treasure in the earth, whether he ran away or remained; and people, seeing that,‡ laughed at the silly minister.

"You have heard of the searching for treasure, now hear about the eating of salt."

*Story of the Fool and the Salt.*

There was once on a time an impenetrably stupid man living in a village.§ He was once taken home by a friend who lived in the city,

* The MS. in the Sanskrit college reads *rájakuládishṭakharjúránayanam*. This is No. 45 in the Avadánas translated by Stanislas Julien.

† The reading of the Sanskrit college MS. is *ádritánoparenate*, but probably the reading is *ádṛitá no, paṇena te* they were not honoured but on the contrary punished with a fine.

‡ I think *tad* should be *tam*. The story is No. 58 in the Avadánas.

§ The Sanskrit college MS. reads *gahvaragrámavásí*, but below *sa gahvaraḥ*. This story is No. 38 in the Avadánas.

and was regaled on curry and other food, made savoury by salt. And that blockhead asked, "What makes this food so savoury?" His friend told him that its relish was principally due to salt. He came to the conclusion that salt was the proper thing to eat, so he took a handful of crushed salt and threw it into his mouth, and ate it; the powdered salt whitened the lips and beard of the foolish fellow, and so the people laughed at him till his face became white also.

"You have heard, prince, the story of the devourer of salt, now hear the story of the man who had a milch-cow."

*Story of the Fool and his Milch-cow.**

There was once on a time a certain foolish villager, and he had one cow. And that cow gave him every day a hundred *palas* of milk. And once on a time it happened that a feast was approaching. So he thought; "I will take all the cow's milk at once on the feast-day, and so get very much." Accordingly the fool did not milk his cow for a whole month. And when the feast came, and he did begin to milk it, he found its milk had failed, but to the people this was an unfailing source of amusement.

"You have heard of the fool who had a milch-cow, now hear the story of these other two fools."

*Story of the Foolish Bald Man and the Fool who pelted him.*

There was a certain bald man with a head like a copper pot. Once on a time a young man, who, being hungry, had gathered wood-apples, as he was coming along his path, saw him sitting at the foot of a tree. In fun he hit him on the head with a wood-apple; the bald man took it patiently and said nothing to him. Then he hit his head with all the rest of the wood-apples that he had, throwing them at him one after another, and the bald man remained silent, even though the blood flowed. So the foolish young fellow had to go home hungry without his wood-apples, which he had broken to pieces in his useless and childish pastime of pelting the bald man; and the foolish bald man went home with his head streaming with blood, saying to himself; "Why should I not submit to being pelted with such delicious wood-apples?" And everybody there laughed, when they saw him with his head covered with blood, looking like the diadem with which he had been crowned king of fools.

"Thus you see, prince, that foolish persons become the objects of ridicule in the world, and do not succeed in their objects; but wise persons are honoured."

When Naraváhanadatta had heard from Gomukha these elegant and amusing anecdotes, he rose up and performed his day's duties. And when

* This story is No. 98 in the Avadánas.

night came on, the prince was anxious to hear some more stories, and at his request, Gomukha told this story about wise creatures.

*Story of the Crow and the King of the Pigeons, the Tortoise and the Deer.** There was in a certain forest region a great *S'almali* tree; and in it there lived a crow, named Laghupátin, who had made his dwelling there. One day, as he was in his nest, he saw below the tree a terrible-looking man arrive with a stick, net in hand. And while the crow looked down from the tree, he saw that the man spread out the net on the ground, and strewed there some rice, and then hid himself.

In the meanwhile the king of the pigeons, named Chitragríva, as he was roaming through the air, attended by hundreds of pigeons, came there, and seeing the grains of rice scattered on the ground, he alighted on the net out of desire for food, and got caught in the meshes with all his attendants. When Chitragríva saw that, he said to all his followers; "Take the net in your beaks, and fly up into the air as fast as you can." All the terrified pigeons said,—"So be it"—and taking the net, they flew up swiftly, and began to travel through the air. The fowler too rose up, and with eye fixed upwards, returned despondent. Then Chitragríva, being relieved from his fear, said to his followers; "Let us quickly go to my friend the mouse Hiraṇya, he will gnaw these meshes asunder and set us at liberty." With these words he went on with those pigeons, who were dragging the net along with them, and descended from the air at the entrance of a mouse's hole. And there the king of the pigeons called the mouse, saying,—"Hiraṇya, come out, I, Chitragríva, have arrived." And when the mouse heard through the entrance, and saw that his friend had come, he came out from that hole with a hundred openings. The mouse went up to him, and when he had heard what had taken place, proceeded with the utmost eagerness to gnaw asunder the meshes, that kept the pigeon-king and his retinue prisoners. And when he had gnawed the meshes asunder, Chitragríva took leave of him with kind words, and flew up into the air with his companions.

And when the crow, who had followed the pigeons, saw that, he came to the entrance of the hole, and said to the mouse who had re-entered it; "I am Laghupátin, a crow; seeing that you tender your friends dearly, I

* Benfey shews that this introduction is probably of Buddhistic origin. He quotes from Upham's Sacred and Historical books of Ceylon a story about some snipe, which escape in the same way, but owing to disunion are afterwards caught again. Cp. also Mahábhárata, V (II, 180) v. 2455 and *ff*, also Baldo Fab. X, in Edélestand du Méril Poesies Inédites, pp. 229, 230, La Fontaine, XII, 15. (Benfey, Vol. I, p. 304, and *ff*.) See the first book of the Hitopadeśa, (page 3, Johnson's translation) and the 2nd book of the Panchatantra (page 176, Benfey's translation). It is to be found in Rhys Davids' translation of the Játakas, which has just reached India, pp. 296—298.

choose you for my friend, as you are a creature capable of delivering from such calamities." When the mouse saw that crow from the inside of his hole, he said, "Depart! what friendship can there be between the eater and his prey?" Then the crow said,—"God forbid! If I were to eat you, my hunger might be satisfied for a moment, but if I make you my friend, my life will be always preserved by you." When the crow had said this, and more, and had taken an oath, and so inspired confidence in the mouse, the mouse came out, and the crow made friends with him. The mouse brought out pieces of flesh and grains of rice, and there they both remained eating together in great happiness.

And one day the crow said to his friend the mouse: "At a considerable distance from this place there is a river in the middle of a forest, and in it there lives a tortoise named Mantharaka, who is a friend of mine; for his sake I will go to that place where flesh and other food is easily obtained; it is difficult for me to obtain sustenance here, and I am in continual dread of the fowler." When the crow said this to him, the mouse answered,—"Then we will live together, take me there also; for I too have an annoyance here, and when we get there, I will explain the whole matter to you." When Hiraṇya said this, Laghupátin took him in his beak, and flew to the bank of that forest stream. And there he found his friend, the tortoise Mantharaka, who welcomed him, and he and the mouse sat with him. And after they had conversed a little, that crow told the tortoise the cause of his coming, together with the circumstance of his having made friends with Hiraṇya. Then the tortoise adopted the mouse, as his friend on an equal footing with the crow, and asked the cause of the annoyance which drove him from his native place. Then Hiraṇya gave this account of his experiences in the hearing of the crow and the tortoise.

*Story of the Mouse and the Hermit.**

I lived in a great hole near the city, and one night I stole a necklace from the palace, and laid it up in my hole. And by looking at that necklace I acquired strength,† and a number of mice attached themselves to me, as being able to steal food for them. In the meanwhile a hermit had made a cell near my hole, and he lived on a large stock of food, which he obtained by begging. Every evening he used to put the food, which remained over after he had eaten, in his beggar's porringer on an in-

* Cp. Wolff, I, 159, Knatchbull, 201, Symeon Seth, 47, John of Capua, g., 3, b., German translation (Ulm, 1483) M., IV, b., Spanish translation, XXXI, b., Doni, 18, Anvár-i-Suhaili, 273, Livre des Lumières, 211, Cabinet des Fées, XVII, 410, Hitopadeśa (Johnson) Fable V, p. 22. (Benfey, Vol. I, p. 316.)

† For *jata* we must read *játa*. Cp. for the power given by a treasure the 18th chapter of this work, see also Benfey, Vol. I, p. 320.

accessible peg, meaning to eat it the next day.* And, every night, when he was asleep, I entered by a hole, and jumping up, carried it off.

Once on a time, another hermit, a friend of his, came there, and after eating, conversed with him during the night. And I was at that time attempting to carry off the food, so the first hermit, who was listening, made the pot resound frequently by striking it with a piece of split cane. And the hermit, who was his guest, said, "Why do you interrupt our conversation to do this?" Whereupon the hermit to whom the cell belonged, answered him, "I have got an enemy here in the form of this mouse, who is always jumping up and carrying off this food of mine, though it is high up. I am trying to frighten him by moving the pot of food with a piece of cane." When he said this, the other hermit said to him, "In truth this covetousness is the bane of creatures, hear a story illustrative of this."

*Story of the Bráhman's wife and the sesame-seeds.*†

Once on a time, as I was wandering from one sacred bathing-place to another, I reached a town, and there I entered the house of a certain Bráhman to stay. And while I was there, the Bráhman said to his wife, "Cook today, as it is the change of the moon, a dish composed of milk, sesame, and rice, for the Bráhmans." She answered him, "How can a pauper, like you, afford this?" Then the Bráhman said to her, "My dear, though we should hoard, we should not direct our thoughts to excessive hoarding—hear this tale."

*Story of the greedy Jackal.*‡

In a certain forest a hunter, after he had been hunting, fixed an arrow in a self-acting bow,§ and after placing flesh on it, pursued a wild boar. He pierced the wild boar with a dart, but was mortally wounded by his tusks, and died; and a jackal beheld all this from a distance. So he came, but though he was hungry, he would not eat any of the abundant flesh of the hunter and the boar, wishing to hoard it up. But he went first to eat what had been placed on the bow, and that moment the arrow fixed in it flew up, and pierced him so that he died.

* The Sanskrit College MS. has *ullambya*, having hung it upon a peg.

† Cp. Wolff, I, 160, Knatchbull, 202, Symeon Seth, 48, John of Capua, g., 6, German translation (Ulm) M., IV, b., Anvár-i-Suhaili, 275, Livre des Lumières, 214, Cabinet des Fées, XVII, 412. (Benfey, Vol. I, p. 318.)

‡ Cp. Hitopadeśa, Fable VII, p. 30. Benfey compares Wolff, I, 162, Knatchbull, 203, Symeon Seth, 48, John of Capua, g, 6, German translation (Ulm, 1483) M., V, Spanish translation, XXXII, a, Doni, p. 20, Anvár-i-Suhaili, 275, Livre des Lumières, 216, Cabinet des Fées, XVII, 413, Camerarius, Fab. Æsop., 388, Lafontaine, VIII, 27, Lancereau, French translation of the Hitopadeśa, 222, Robert, Fables Inédites, II, 191. (Benfey, Vol. I, p. 320). Cp. also Sagas from the Far East, p. 189.

§ Perhaps we should read—*sáyake.*

"So you must not indulge in excessive hoarding." When the Bráhman said this, his wife consented, and placed some sesame-seeds in the sun. And while she went into the house, a dog tasted them and defiled them, so nobody would buy that dish of sesame-seeds and rice.*

"So, you see, covetousness does not give pleasure, it only causes annoyance to those who cherish it." When the hermit, who was a visitor, had said this, he went on to say; "If you have a spade, give it me, in order that I may take steps to put a stop to this annoyance caused by the mouse." Thereupon the hermit, to whom the cell belonged, gave the visitor a spade, and I, who saw it all from my place of concealment, entered my hole. Then the cunning hermit, who had come to visit the other, discovering the hole by which I entered, began to dig. And while I retired further and further in, he went on digging, until at last he reached the necklace and the rest of my stores. And he said to the hermit, who resided there, in my hearing, "It was by the power of this necklace that the mouse had such strength." So they took away all my wealth and placed the necklace on their necks, and then the master of the cell and the visitor went to sleep with light hearts. But when they were asleep, I came again to steal, and the resident hermit woke up and hit me with a stick on the head. That wounded me, but, as it chanced, did not kill me, and I returned to my hole. But after that, I had never strength to make the bound necessary for stealing the food. For wealth is youth to creatures, and the want of it produces old age; owing to the want of it, spirit, might, beauty, and enterprise fail. So all my retinue of mice, seeing that I had become intent on feeding myself only, left me. Servants leave a master who does not support them, bees a tree without flowers, swans a tank without water, in spite of long association.

"So I have been long in a state of despondency, but now, having obtained this Laghupátin for a friend, I have come here to visit you, noble tortoise." When Hiraṇya had said this, the tortoise Manthara answered—"This is a home to you; so do not be despondent, my friend. To a virtuous man no country is foreign; a man who is content cannot be unhappy; for the man of endurance calamity does not exist; there is nothing impossible to the enterprising." While the tortoise was saying this, a deer, named Chitránga, came to that wood from a great distance, having been terrified by the hunters. When they saw him, and observed that no hunter was pursuing him, the tortoise and his companions made friends with him, and he recovered his strength and spirits. And those four, the crow, the tortoise, the mouse, and the deer, long lived there happily as friends, engaged in reciprocal courtesies.

* Here Somadeva departs from the Panchatantra, (Benfey, Vol. I, p. 318.)

One day Chitránga was behind time, and Laghupátin flew to the top of a tree to look for him, and surveyed the whole wood. And he saw Chitránga on the bank of the river, entangled in the fatal noose, and then he came down and told this to the mouse and the tortoise. Then they deliberated together, and Laghupátin took up the mouse in his beak, and carried him to Chitránga. And the mouse Hiraṇya comforted the deer, who was distressed at being caught, and in a moment set him at liberty by gnawing his bonds asunder.* In the meanwhile the tortoise Manthara, who was devoted to his friends, came up the bank near them, having travelled along the bed of the river. At that very moment the hunter, who had set the noose, arrived from somewhere or other, and when the deer and the others escaped, caught and made prize of the tortoise. And he put it in a net, and went off, grieved at having lost the deer. In the meanwhile the friends saw what had taken place, and by the advice of the far-seeing mouse, the deer went a considerable distance off, and fell down as if he were dead.† And the crow stood upon his head, and pretended to peck his eyes. When the hunter saw that, he imagined that he had captured the deer, as it was dead, and he began to make for it, after putting down the tortoise on the bank of the river. When the mouse saw him making towards the deer, he came up, and gnawed a hole in the net which held the tortoise, so the tortoise was set at liberty, and he plunged into the river. And when the deer saw the hunter coming near, without the tortoise, he got up, and ran off, and the crow, for his part, flew up a tree. Then the hunter came back, and finding that the tortoise had escaped by the net's having been gnawed asunder, he returned home, lamenting that the tortoise had fled and could not be recovered.

Then the four friends came together again in high spirits, and the gratified deer addressed the three others as follows; "I am fortunate in having obtained you for friends, for you have to-day delivered me from death at the risk of your lives." In such words the deer praised the crow and the tortoise and the mouse, and they all lived together delighting in their mutual friendship.

Thus, you see, even animals attain their ends by wisdom, and they risk their lives sooner than abandon their friends in calamity. So full of

* As he does the lion in Babrius, 107.

† Benfey compares Grimm R. F. CCLXXXIV, Renart, br. 25, Grimm Kinder- und Hausmärchen, 58, (III, 100) Keller, Romans des sept Sages, CLII, Dyocletian, Einleitung, 48, Conde Lucanor, XLIII. (Benfey, Vol. I, p. 333). See also Lafontaine's Fables, XII, 15. This is perhaps the story which General Cunningham found represented on a bas-relief of the Bharhut Stúpa. (See General Cunningham's Stúpa of Bharhut, p. 67.) The origin of the story is no doubt the Birth-story of "The Cunning Deer," Rhys Davids' translation of the Játakas, pp. 221—223.

love is the attachment that subsists among friends; but attachment to women is not approved because it is open to jealousy; hear a story in proof of this.

*Story of the wife who falsely accused her husband of murdering a Bhilla.**

There lived once on a time in a certain town a jealous husband, who had for wife a beautiful woman, whom he loved exceedingly. But being suspicious he never left her alone, for he feared that she might be seduced even by men in pictures. However, one day he had to go to another country on unavoidable business, and he took his wife with him. And seeing that a forest inhabited by Bhillas lay in his way, he left his wife in the house of an old Bráhman villager, and proceeded on his journey. But, while she was there, she saw some Bhillas, who had come that way, and she eloped with a young Bhilla whom she saw. And she went with him to his village,† following her inclinations, having escaped from her jealous husband, as a river that has broken a dam.

In the meanwhile her husband finished his business, and returned, and asked the Bráhman villager for his wife, and the Bráhman answered him, "I do not know where she has gone; so much only I know, that some Bhillas came here: she must have been carried off by them. And their village is near here, go there quickly, you will find your wife there, without doubt." When the Bráhman told him this, he wept, and blamed his own folly, and went to that village of Bhillas, and there he saw his wife. When the wicked woman saw him, she approached him in fear and said, "It is not my fault, the Bhilla brought me here by force." Her husband, blind with love, said, "Come along, let us return home, before any one discovers us." But she said to him, "Now is the time when the Bhilla returns from hunting; when he returns he will certainly pursue you and me, and kill us both. So enter this cavern at present, and remain concealed. But at night we will kill him when he is asleep, and leave this place in perfect safety." When the wicked woman said this to him, he entered the cave; what room is there for discernment in the heart of one blinded with love?

The Bhilla returned at the close of the day, and that wicked woman shewed him her husband in the cave, whom his passion had enabled her to decoy there. And the Bhilla, who was a strong man, and cruel, dragged

* Benfey compares with this the fifth story in the 4th book of his Panchatantra, *Wie eine Frau liebe belohnt.* But the very story is found in Taranga 65, which was not published when Benfey wrote his book. For parallel stories see Liebrecht, Zur Volkskunde, p. 39 and *ff.* where he is treating of a tale in the Nugæ Curialium of Gualterus Mapes.

† The Sanskrit college MS. reads *pallím* for *patním.*

out the husband, and tied him firmly to a tree, in order that he might next day offer him to Bhaváni.

And he ate his dinner, and at night lay down to sleep by the side of the faithless wife, before the eyes of the husband. Then that jealous husband, who was tied to the tree, seeing him asleep, implored Bhaváni to help him in his need, praising her with hymns. She appeared and granted him a boon, so that he escaped from his bonds, and cut off the head of the Bhilla with his own sword. Then he woke up his wife, and said to her: "Come, I have killed this villain," and she rose up much grieved. And the faithless woman set out at night with her husband, but she secretly took with her the head of the Bhilla. And the next morning, when they reached a town, she shewed the head, and laying hands upon her husband, cried out, "This man has killed my husband." Then the city police took her with her husband before the king. And the jealous husband, being questioned, told the whole story. Then the king enquired into it, and finding that it was true, he ordered the ears and nose of that faithless wife to be cut off, and set her husband at liberty. And he went home freed from the demon of love for a wicked woman.

"This, prince, is how a woman behaves when over-jealously watched, for the jealousy of the husband teaches the wife to run after other men. So a wise man should guard his wife without shewing jealousy. And a man must by no means reveal a secret to a woman, if he desires prosperity. Hear a story shewing this."

*Story of the snake who told his secret to a woman.*

A certain snake,* out of fear of Garuḍa, fled to earth, and taking the form of a man, concealed himself in the house of a *hetæra*. And that *hetæra* used to take as payment five hundred elephants;† and the snake by his power gave her five hundred every day. And the lady importuned him to tell her how he acquired so many elephants every day, and who he was. And he, blinded with love, replied—"I am a snake hiding here from fear of Garuḍa, do not tell any one." But the *hetæra* privately told all this to the *kuṭṭiní*.

Now Garuḍa, searching through the world for the snake, came there in the form of a man, and he came to the *kuṭṭiní* and said; "I wish to remain to-day in your daughter's house, take my payment." And the *kuṭṭiní* said to him, "There is a snake living here, who gives us five hundred elephants every day. What do we care about one day's pay?" Then Garuḍa, finding out that the snake was living there, entered as a guest that

* Nága in the original—a fabulous serpent demon with a human face. Cp. Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales, p. 65. "He flies as a fiery snake into his mistress's bower, stamps with his foot on the ground and becomes a youthful gallant."

† Cp. Arrian's Indika, chapter xvii, McCrindle's translation.

*hetæra's* house. And there he saw the snake on the flat roof, and revealing himself in his real form, he swooped down, and killed him, and ate him.

"So a wise man should not recklessly tell secrets to women." Having said this, Gomukha told him another story of a simpleton.

*Story of the bald man and the hair-restorer.*

There was a bald man, with a head like a copper pot. And he, being a fool, was ashamed because, though a rich man in the world, he had no hair on his head. Then a rogue, who lived upon others, came to him and said, "There is a physician who knows a drug that will produce hair." When he heard it, he said;—"If you bring him to me, I will give wealth to you and to that physician also." When he said this, the rogue for a long time devoured his substance, and brought to that simpleton a doctor who was a rogue also. And after the doctor too had long lived at his expense, he one day removed his head-dress designedly, and shewed him his bald head. In spite of that, the blockhead, without considering, asked him for a drug which would produce hair, then the physician said to him,—"Since I am bald myself, how can I produce hair in others? It was in order to explain this to you, that I showed you my bald head. But out on you! you do not understand even now." With these words the physician went away.

"So you see, prince, rogues perpetually make sport of fools. You have heard the story of the simpleton and his hair, now hear that of the simpleton and the oil."

*Story of a foolish servant.*

A certain gentleman had a simpleton for a servant. His master sent him once to fetch oil from a merchant, and he received from him the oil in a vessel. And as he was returning, with the vessel in his hand, a friend of his said to him,—"Take care of this oil-vessel, it leaks at the bottom." When the blockhead heard this, he turned the vessel upside down to look at the bottom of it, and that made all the oil fall on the ground. When his master heard that, he turned out of his house that fool, who was the laughing-stock of the place.

"So it is better for a simpleton to rely upon his own sense, and not to take advice. You have heard about the simpleton and the oil, now hear the story of the simpleton and the bones."

*Story of the faithless wife who was present at her own S'ráddha.**

There was once a foolish man, and he had an unchaste wife. Once on a time, when her husband had gone away for some business to another country, she placed in charge of the house a confidential servant of hers, a truly unique maid, after giving her instructions as to what she was to do, and

* This story corresponds to No. XLIII, in the Avadánas.

went away alone to the house of her paramour, intent on enjoying herself without being interfered with. When the lady's husband returned, the maid, who had been well schooled beforehand, said with a voice choked with tears; "Your wife is dead and burnt." She then took him to the burning-ghaut, and shewed him the bones belonging to the pyre of some other person; the fool brought them home with tears, and after bathing at the sacred bathing-places, and strewing her bones there, he proceeded to perform her *śráddha*. And he made his wife's paramour the officiating Bráhman at the ceremony, as the maid brought him, saying that he was an excellent Bráhman. And every month his wife came with that Bráhman, splendidly dressed, and ate the sweetmeats. And then the maid said to him, "See, master, by virtue of her chastity your wife is enabled to return from the other world, and eat with the Bráhman." And the matchless fool believed most implicitly what she said.

"In this way people of simple dispositions are easily imposed upon by wicked women. You have heard about the simpleton and the bones; now hear the story of the Chaṇḍála maiden".

*Story of the ambitious Chaṇḍála maiden.*

There was once a simple but good-looking Chaṇḍála maiden. And she formed in her heart the determination to win for her bridegroom a universal monarch. Once on a time, she saw the supreme sovereign go out to make a progress round his city, and she proceeded to follow him, with the intention of making him her husband. At that moment a hermit came that way; and the king, though mounted on an elephant, bowed at his feet, and returned to his own palace. When she saw that, she thought that the hermit was a greater man even than the king, and abandoning him, she proceeded to follow the hermit. The hermit, as he was going along, beheld in front of him an empty temple of S'iva, and kneeling on the ground, he worshipped S'iva, and then departed. Then the Chaṇḍála maiden thought that S'iva was greater even than the hermit, and she left the hermit, and attached herself to the god, with the intention of marrying him. Immediately a dog entered, and going up on to the pedestal of the idol, lifted up his leg, and behaved after the manner of the dog tribe. Then the Chaṇḍála maiden thought that the dog was superior even to S'iva, and leaving the god, followed the departing dog, desiring to marry him. And the dog entered the house of a Chaṇḍála, and out of affection rolled at the feet of a young Chaṇḍála whom it knew. When she saw that, she concluded that the young Chaṇḍála was superior to the dog, and satisfied with her own caste, she chose him as her husband.

"So fools, after aspiring high, fall into their proper place. And now hear in a few words the tale of the foolish king."

*Story of the miserly king.*

There was a certain foolish king, who was niggardly, though he possessed an abundant treasure, and once on a time his ministers, who desired his prosperity, said to him: "King, charity here averts misery in the next life. So bestow wealth in charity; life and riches are perishable." When the king heard this, he said, "Then I will bestow wealth, when I am dead, and see myself reduced to a state of misery here. Then the ministers remained silent, laughing in their sleeves.

"So, you see, a fool never takes leave of his wealth, until his wealth takes leave of him. You have heard, prince, of the foolish king, now hear the story of the two friends, by way of an episode in these tales of fools."

*Story of Dhavalamukha, his trading friend, and his fighting friend.**

There was a king in Kanyákubja, named Chandrapíḍa. And he had a servant named Dhavalamukha. And he, whenever he came to his house, had eaten and drunk abroad. And one day his wife asked him,—"Where do you always eat and drink before you come home?" And Dhavalamukha answered her, "I always eat and drink with my friends before I come home, for I have two friends in the world. The one is called Kalyáṇavarman, who obliges me with food and other gifts, and the other is Vírabáhu, who would oblige me with the gift of his life." When his wife heard this, she said to Dhavalamukha, "Then shew me your two friends."

Then he went with her to the house of Kalyáṇavarman, and Kalyáṇavarman honoured him with a splendid entertainment. The next day he went with his wife to Vírabáhu, and he was gambling at the time, so he welcomed him and dismissed him. Then Dhavalamukha's wife, being full of curiosity, said to him: "Kalyáṇavarman entertained you splendidly, but Vírabáhu only gave you a welcome. So why do you think more highly of Vírabáhu than of the other?" When he heard that, he said, "Go and tell them both in succession this fabrication, that the king has suddenly become displeased with us, and you will find out for yourself." She agreed, and went to Kalyáṇavarman and told him that falsehood, and he answered: "Lady, I am a merchant's son, what can I do against the king?" When he gave her this answer, she went to Vírabáhu, and told him also that the king was angry with her husband; and the moment he

* This to a certain extent resembles the 129th story in the Gesta Romanorum, "Of Real Friendship." Douce says that the story is in Alphonsus. A story more closely resembling the story in the Gesta is current in Bengal, with this difference, that a goat does duty for the pig of the Gesta. A son tells his father he has three friends, the father says that he has only half a friend. Of course the half friend turns out worth all the three put together. The Bengali story was told me by Paṇḍit Syámá Charan Mukhopádhyáya. See also Liebrecht's Dunlop, p. 291, and note 371.

heard it, he came running with his shield and his sword. But Dhavalamukha induced him to return home, saying that the king's ministers had pacified his resentment. And he said to his wife: "This, my dear, is the difference between those two friends of mine." And she was quite satisfied.

"So you see that a friend, that shews his friendship by ceremonious entertainment only, is a different thing from a real friend; though oil and ghee both possess the property of oiliness,* oil is oil, and ghee is ghee." When Gomukha had told this story, he continued his tales of fools for the benefit of Naraváhanadatta.

*Story of the thirsty fool that did not drink.*

A certain foolish traveller, tormented by thirst, having with difficulty got through a wood, reached a river; however, he did not drink of it, but kept looking at the water. Some one said to him: "Why do you not drink water, though you are thirsty?" But the blockhead answered, "How could I drink so much water as this?" The other person ridiculed him, saying, "What! will the king punish you, if you drink it all up?" But still the foolish man did not drink the water.

"So you see that in this world fools will not even do a part of a task to the best of their power, if they are not able to complete it altogether. Now you have heard about the fool and the water, hear the story of the son-slayer."

*Story of the fool who killed his son.*

There was once a foolish man, who was poor and had many sons. When one of his sons died, he killed another, saying, How could this child go such a long journey alone? So he was banished by the people, as being a fool and a criminal.

"Thus a fool is as void of sense and discernment as an animal. You have heard of the son-killer, now hear the story of the fool and his brother."

*Story of the fool and his brother.*

A certain stupid fellow was talking in a crowd of men. Seeing a respectable man some way off, he said: "That man there is brother to me, so I shall inherit his property, but I am no relation to him, so I am not liable for his debts." When the fool said this, even the stones laughed at him.

"Thus fools shew folly, and people blinded by the thought of their own advantage behave in a very wonderful way. So you have heard the story of the fool and his brother, now hear the story of the man whose father followed a strict vow of chastity."

* A perpetually recurring pun! The word can either mean "oiliness" or "affection."

*Story of the Brahmachárin's son.*

A certain fool was engaged in relating his father's good qualities in the midst of his friends. And describing his father's superior excellence, he said: "My father has followed a strict vow of chastity from his youth, there is no man who can be compared with him." When his friends heard that, they said, "How did you come into the world?" He answered "Oh! I am a mind-born son of his;" whereupon the matchless fool was well laughed at by the people.*

"Thus foolish people make self-contradictory statements with regard to others. You have heard the story of the son of the man who observed a strict vow of chastity. Hear now the story of the astrologer."

*Story of the astrologer who killed his son.*

There was a certain astrologer wanting in discernment. He left his own country with his wife and son, because he could not earn a subsistence, and went to another country. There he made a deceitful display of his skill, in order to gain complimentary presents by a factitious reputation for ability. He embraced his son before the public and shed tears. When the people asked him why he did this, the wicked man said: "I know the past, the present, and the future, and that enables me to foresee that this child of mine will die in seven days from this time: this is why I am weeping." By these words he excited the wonder of the people, and when the seventh day arrived, he killed his son in the morning, as he lay asleep. When the people saw that his son was dead, they felt confidence in his skill, and honoured him with presents, and so he acquired wealth and returned leisurely to his own country.

"Thus foolish men, through desire of wealth, go so far as to kill their sons, in order to make a false display of prescience; the wise should not make friends with such. Now hear the story of the foolish man who was addicted to anger."

*Story of the violent man who justified his character.*

One day a man was relating to his friends, inside a house, the good qualities of a man, who was listening outside. Then a person present said: "It is true, my friend, that he possesses many good qualities, but he has two faults; he is violent and irascible." While he was saying this, the man, who was outside, overhearing him, entered hastily, and twisted his garment round his throat, and said: "You fool, what violence have I done, what anger have I been guilty of?" This he said in an abusive way, inflamed with the fire of anger. Then the others who were there laughed,

* Cp. what Sganarelle says in Le Mariage Forcé:

"*La raison. C'est que je ne me sens point propre pour le mariage, et que je veux imiter mon père et tous ceux de ma race, qui ne se sont jamais voulu marier.*"

and said to him, "Why should he speak? You have been good enough to give us ocular demonstration of your anger and your violence."

"So you see that fools do not know their own faults, though they are patent to all men. Now hear about the foolish king who made his daughter grow."

*Story of the foolish king who made his daughter grow.** A certain king had a handsome daughter born to him. On account of his great affection for her, he wished to make her grow, so he quickly summoned physicians, and said politely to them: "Make some preparation of salutary drugs, in order that my daughter may grow up quickly, and be married to a good husband." When the physicians heard this, they said, in order to get a living out of the silly king: "There is a medicine which will do this, but it can only be procured in a distant country, and while we are sending for it, we must shut up your daughter in concealment, for this is the treatment laid down for such cases." When they had said this, they placed his daughter in concealment there for many years, saying that they were engaged in bringing that medicine. And when she grew up to be a young woman, they shewed her to that king, telling him that she had been made to grow by the medicine; and he was pleased, and loaded them with heaps of wealth.

"In this way rogues by means of imposture live on foolish sovereigns. Now hear the story of a man who shewed his cleverness by recovering half a *paṇa*."

*Story of the man who recovered half a paṇa from his servant.†* There was once on a time a man living in a town, who was vain of his wisdom. And a certain villager, who had served him for a year, being dissatisfied with his salary, left him and went home. And when he had gone, the town-bred gentleman said to his wife,—"My dear, I hope you did not give him anything before he went?" She answered, "Half a *paṇa*." Then he spent ten *paṇas* in provisions for the journey, and overtook that servant on the bank of a river, and recovered from him that half *paṇa*. And when he related it as a proof of his skill in saving money, he became a public laughing-stock.

"Thus men, whose minds are blinded with wealth, fling away much to gain little. Now hear the story of the man who took notes of the spot."

*Story of the fool who took notes of a certain spot in the sea.‡* A certain foolish person, while travelling by sea, let a silver vessel

* This story bears a certain resemblance to the European stories of grammarians who undertake to educate asses or monkeys. (See Lévêque, Les Mythes et Légendes de l' Inde, p. 320.) La Fontaine's Charlatan is perhaps the best known.

† This story is No. LI in the Avadánas.

‡ See Felix Liebrecht, Orient und Occident, Vol. I, p. 135 on the Avadánas trans-

fall from his hand into the water. The fool took notes of the spot, observing the eddies and other signs in the water, and said to himself: "I will bring it up from the bottom, when I return." He reached the other side of the sea, and as he was re-crossing, he saw the eddies and other signs, and thinking he recognized the spot, he plunged into the water again and again to recover his silver vessel. When the others asked him what his object was, he told them, and got well laughed at and abused for his pains.

"Now hear the story of the king who wished to substitute other flesh for what he had taken away."

*Story of the king who replaced the flesh.**

A foolish king saw from his palace two men below. And seeing that one of them had taken flesh from the kitchen, he had five *palas* of flesh cut from his body. When the flesh had been cut away, the man groaned and fell on the earth, and the king, seeing him, was moved with compassion, and said to the warder: "His grief cannot be assuaged because five *palas* of flesh were cut from him, so give him more than five *palas* of flesh by way of compensation. The warder said: "When a man's head is cut off, does he live even if you give him a hundred heads?" Then he went outside and had his laugh out, and comforted the man from whom the flesh had been cut, and handed him over to the physicians.

"So you see, a silly king knows how to punish, but not how to shew favour. Hear this story of the silly woman who wanted another son."

*Story of the woman who wanted another son.*†

One day a woman with only one son, desiring another, applied to a wicked female ascetic belonging to a heretical sect. The ascetic told her that, if she killed her young son and offered him to the divinity, another son would certainly be born to her. When she was preparing to carry out this advice, another and a good old woman said to her in private: "Wicked woman, you are going to kill the son you have already, and wish to get another. Supposing a second is not born to you, what will you do?" So that good old woman dissuaded her from crime.

lated from the Chinese by Stanislas Julien, Paris, 1859 where this story is found (No. LXIX.) He compares a story of an Irishman who was hired by a Yarmouth Malster to assist in loading his ship. As the vessel was about to set sail, the Irishman cried out from the quay. "Captain, I lost your shovel overboard, but I cut a big notch on the rail-fence, round stern, just where it went down, so you will find it when you come back." Vol. II, p. 544, note. Liebrecht thinks he has read something similar in the 'Ἀστεῖα of Hierokles. See also Bartsch, Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg, vol. I, p. 349.

* See Liebrecht, Zur Volkskunde, pp. 119 and 120, also Benfey's Panchatantra. Vol. I, p. 391, Nachträge II, 543. This is No. CIII. in the Avadánas.

† This is No. XLIX in the Avadánas.

"So women, who associate with witches, fall into evil courses, but they are restrained and saved by the advice of the old. Now, prince, hear the story of the man who brought the *ámalaka* fruit."

*Story of the servant who tasted the fruit.**

A certain householder had a stupid servant. As the householder was fond of *ámalakas*, he said to his servant, "Go, and bring me some perfectly sweet *ámalakas* from the garden." The foolish fellow bit every one, to taste if it was sweet, and then brought them, and said; "Look, master, I tasted these and found them sweet, before bringing them." And his master, seeing that they were half eaten, sent them away in disgust and his stupid servant too.

"Thus a foolish person ruins his master's interests and then his own, and here by way of episode hear the story of the two brothers."

*Story of the two brothers Yajnasoma and Kírtisoma.*

There were two Bráhmans, brothers, in the city of Páṭaliputra; the elder was called Yajnasoma and the younger Kírtisoma. And those two young Bráhmans had much wealth derived from their father. Kírtisoma increased his share by business, but Yajnasoma exhausted his by enjoying and giving. Then, being reduced to poverty, he said to his wife; "My dear, how can I, who am reduced from riches to poverty, live among my relations? Let us go to some foreign country." She said,—"How can we go without money for the journey." Still her husband insisted, so she said to him: "If you really must go, then first go and ask your younger brother Kírtisoma for some money for the journey." So he went and asked his younger brother for his travelling expenses, but his younger brother's wife said to him: "How can we give even the smallest sum to this man who has wasted his substance. For every one who falls into poverty will sponge on us." When Kírtisoma heard this, he no longer felt inclined to give anything to his elder brother, though he loved him. Subjection to bad women is pernicious!

Then Yajnasoma went away silent, and told that to his wife, and set out with her, relying upon the help of Heaven only. When they reached the wood, it happened that, as he was going along, he was swallowed by a monstrous serpent. And when his wife saw it, she fell on the ground and lamented. And the serpent said with a human voice to the lady: "Why do you lament, my good woman?" The Bráhman lady answered the snake: "How can I help lamenting, mighty sir, when you have deprived me in this remote spot of my only means of obtaining alms?" When the serpent heard that, he brought out of his mouth a great vessel of gold and gave it

* This is No. XXXVII in the Avadánas.

her, saying, "Take this as a vessel in which to receive alms."* The good Bráhman lady said, "Who will give me alms in this vessel, for I am a woman?" The serpent said: "If any one refuses to give you alms in it, his head shall that moment burst into a hundred pieces. What I say is true." When the virtuous Bráhman lady heard that, she said to the serpent, "If this is so, then give me my husband in it by way of alms." The moment the good lady said this, the serpent brought her husband out of his mouth alive and unharmed. As soon as the serpent had done this, he became a man of heavenly appearance, and being pleased, he said to the joyful couple: "I am a king of the Vidyádharas, named Kánchanavega, and by the curse of Gautama I was reduced to the condition of a serpent. And it was appointed that my curse should end when I conversed with a good woman." When the king of the Vidyádharas had said this, he immediately filled the vessel with jewels, and delighted flew up into the sky. And the couple returned home with abundance of jewels. And there Yajnasoma lived in happiness having obtained inexhaustible wealth.

"Providence gives to every one in accordance with his or her character. Hear the story of the foolish man who asked for the barber."

*Story of the fool who wanted a barber.*

A certain inhabitant of Karṇáṭa pleased his king by his daring behaviour in battle. His sovereign was pleased, and promised to give him whatever he asked for, but the spiritless warrior chose the king's barber.

"Every man chooses what is good or bad according to the measure of his own intellect: now hear the story of the foolish man who asked for nothing at all."

*Story of the man who asked for nothing at all.*

A certain foolish man, as he was going along the road, was asked by a carter to do something to make his cart balance evenly. He said, "If I make it right, what will you give me?" The carter answered; "I will give you nothing at all." Then the fool put the cart even, and said, "Give me the nothing-at-all you promised." But the carter laughed at him. "So you see, king, fools are for ever becoming the object of the scorn and contempt and reproach of men, and fall into misfortune, while the good on the other hand are thought worthy of honour."

When the prince surrounded by his ministers, had heard at night these amusing stories from Gomukha, he was enabled to enjoy sleep, which refreshes the whole of the three worlds.

* In the original the husband is called a "vessel of alms," *i. e.*, "receiver of alms," but the pun cannot be retained in the translation without producing obscurity.

# CHAPTER LXII.

The next morning Naraváhanadatta got up, and went into the presence of the king of Vatsa his loving father. There he found Sinhavarman, the brother of the queen Padmávatí and the son of the king of Magadha, who had come there from his own house. The day passed in expressions of welcome, and friendly conversation, and after Naraváhanadatta had had dinner, he returned home. There the wise Gomukha told this story at night, in order to console him who was longing for the society of S'aktiyaśas.

*Story of the war between the crows and the owls.** There was in a certain place a great and shady banyan-tree, which seemed, with the voices of its birds, to summon travellers to repose. There a king of the crows, named Meghavarna, had established his home, and he had an enemy named Avamarda, king of the owls. The king of the owls surprised the king of the crows there at night, and after inflicting a defeat on him and killing many crows, departed. The next morning the king of the crows, after the usual compliments, said to his ministers Uḍḍívin, A'ḍívin, Saṇḍívin, Praḍívin, and Chirajívin: "That powerful enemy, who has thus defeated us, may get together a hundred thousand soldiers, and make another descent on us. So let some preventive measure be devised for this case." When Uḍḍívin heard this, he said; "King, with a powerful enemy, one must either retire to another country, or adopt conciliation." When A'ḍívin heard this, he said, "The danger is not immediate; let us consider the intentions of the adversary and our own power, and do the best we can." Then Saṇḍívin said, "King, death is preferable to submission to the foe, or retiring to another country. We must go and fight with that feeble enemy; a brave and enterprising king, who possesses allies, conquers his foes." Then Praḍívin said, "He is too powerful to be conquered in battle, but we must make a truce with him, and kill him when we get an opportunity." Then Chirajívin said, "What truce? Who will be ambassador? There is war

* See Benfey's Panchatantra, IIIrd book, page 213, Vol. II. Benfey points out that in the Mahábhárata, Drona's son, one of the few Kauravas that had survived the battle, was lying under a sacred fig-tree, on which crows were sleeping. Then he sees one owl come and kill many of the crows. This suggests to him the idea of attacking the camp of the Páṇḍavas. In the Arabic text the hostile birds are ravens and owls. So in the Greek and the Hebrew translation. John of Capua has "sturni," misunderstanding the Hebrew. (Benfey, Vol. I, 335). Rhys Davids states in his Buddhist Birth Stories (p. 292 note,) that the story of the lasting feud between the crows and the owls is told at length in Játaka, No. 270.

between the crows and the owls from time immemorial; who will go to them? This must be accomplished by policy; policy is said to be the very foundation of empires." When the king of the crows heard that, he said to Chirajívin,—"You are old; tell me if you know, what was originally the cause of the war between the crows and the owls. You shall state your policy afterwards." When Chirajívin heard this, he answered, "It is all due to an inconsiderate utterance. Have you never heard the story of the donkey?"

*Story of the ass in the panther's skin*.*

A certain washerman had a thin donkey; so, in order to make it fat, he used to cover it with the skin of a panther and let it loose to feed in his neighbour's corn. While it was eating the corn, people were afraid to drive it away, thinking that it was a panther. One day a cultivator, who had a bow in his hand, saw it. He thought it was a panther, and through fear bending down, and making himself humpbacked, he proceeded to creep away, with his body covered with a rug. When the donkey saw him going away in this style, he thought he was another donkey, and being primed with corn, he uttered aloud his own asinine bray. Then the cultivator came to the conclusion that it was a donkey, and returning, killed with an arrow the foolish animal, which had made an enemy with its own voice. "In the same way our feud with the crows is due to an inconsiderate utterance."

*How the crow dissuaded the birds from choosing the owl king.†*

For once upon a time the birds were without a king. They all assembled together, and bringing an umbrella and a chowrie, were proceeding to anoint the owl king of the birds. In the meanwhile a crow, flying in

* Benfey remarks that this fable was known to Plato; Cratylus, 411, A, (but the passage might refer to some story of Bacchus personating Hercules, as in the Ranæ,) and he concludes that the fable came from Greece to India. He compares Æsop, (Furia, 141, Coraes, 113,) Lucianus, Piscator, 32, Erasmus, "Asinus apud Cumanos," Robert, Fables Inédites, I, 360. (Benfey, Vol. I, p. 463.) I cannot find the fable in Phædrus or Babrius. The skin is that of a tiger in Benfey's translation, and also in Johnson's translation of the Hitopadeśa, p. 74 in the original (Johnson's edition). See also Liebrecht, Zur Volkskunde, p. 119. It is No. 189 in Fausböll's edition of the Játakas, and will be found translated in Rhys Davids' Introduction to his Buddhist Birth Stories, p. v.

† Benfey compares Grimm's Märchen, Vol. III, 246, where parallels to story No. 171 are given; Thousand and one Nights (Weil, III, 923). In a fable of Æsop's the birds choose a peacock king. (Æsop, Furia, 183, Coraes, 53). (Benfey, Vol. I, p. 347.) See also Liebrecht, Zur Volkskunde, p. 110, Weckenstedt's Wendische Märchen, p. 424, De Gubernatis, Zoological Mythology, Vol. II, p. 206. See also p. 246 for an apologue in which the owl prevents the crow's being made king. See also Rhys Davids' Buddhist Birth Stories, p. 292.

the air above, saw it, and said; "You fools, are there not other birds, cuckoos and so on, that you must make this cruel-eyed unpleasant-looking wicked bird king? Out on the inauspicious owl! You must elect a heroic king whose name will ensure prosperity. Listen now, I will tell you a tale.

*Story of the elephants and the hares.**

There is a great lake abounding in water, called Chandrasaras. And on its bank there lived a king of the hares, named S'ilímukha. Now, once on a time, a leader of a herd of elephants, named Chaturdanta, came there to drink water, because all the other reservoirs of water were dried up in the drought that prevailed. Then many of the hares, who were the subjects of that king, were trampled to death by Chaturdanta's herd, while entering the lake. When that monarch of the herd had departed, the hare-king S'ilímukha, being grieved, said to a hare named Vijaya in the presence of the others; "Now that that lord of elephants has tasted the water of this lake, he will come here again and again, and utterly destroy us all, so think of some expedient in this case. Go to him, and see if you have any artifice which will suit the purpose or not. For you know business and expedients, and are an ingenious orator. And in all cases in which you have been engaged the result has been fortunate." When despatched with these words, the hare was pleased, and went slowly on his way. And following up the track of the herd, he overtook that elephant-king and saw him, and being determined somehow or other to have an interview with the mighty beast, the wise hare climbed up to the top of a rock, and said to the elephant; "I am the ambassador of the moon, and this is what the god says to you by my mouth; 'I dwell in a cool lake named Chandrasaras;† there dwell hares whose king I am, and I love them well, and thence I am known to men as the cool-rayed and the hare-marked;‡ now thou hast defiled that lake and slain those hares of mine. If thou do that again, thou shalt receive thy due recompense from me.'" When the king of elephants heard this speech of the crafty hare's, he said in his terror; "I will never do so again: I must shew respect to the awful moon-god." The hare said,—"So come, my

* Cp. Hitopadeśa, 75, Wolff, I, 192; Knatchbull, 223, Symeon Seth, 58, John of Capua, h., 5, b., German translation (Ulm 1483) O., II, Spanish translation, XXXVI, a.; Doni, 36, Anvár-i-Suhaili, 315, Livre des Lumières, 246; Cabinet des Fées, XVII, 437. This fable is evidently of Indian origin. For the deceiving of the elephant with the reflexion of the moon, Benfey compares Disciplina Clericalis XXIV. (Benfey, Vol. I, pp. 348, 349.) See also De Gubernatis, Zoological Mythology, Vol. II, p. 76.

† *i. e.* moon-lake.

‡ Common epithets of the moon. The Hindus find a hare in the moon where we find a "man, his dog, and his bush."

friend, I pray, and we will shew him to you." After saying this, the hare led the king of elephants to the lake, and shewed him the reflection of the moon in the water. When the lord of the herd saw that, he bowed before it timidly at a distance, oppressed with awe, and never came there again. And S'ilímukha, the king of the hares, was present, and witnessed the whole transaction, and after honouring that hare, who went as an ambassador, he lived there in security.

When the crow had told this story, he went on to say to the birds, "This is the right sort of king, whose name alone ensures none of his subjects being injured. So why does this base owl, who cannot see in the day, deserve a throne? And a base creature is never to be trusted, hear this tale in proof of it."

*Story of the bird, the hare, and the cat.** Once on a time I lived in a certain tree, and below me in the same tree a bird, named Kapinjala, had made a nest and lived. One day he went away somewhere, and he did not return for many days. In the meanwhile a hare came and took possession of his nest. After some days Kapinjala returned, and an altercation arose between him and the hare, as both laid claim to the nest, exclaiming; "It is mine, not yours." Then they both set out in search of a qualified arbitrator. And I, out of curiosity, followed them unobserved, to see what would turn up. After they had gone a little way they saw on the bank of a lake a cat, who pretended to have taken a vow of abstinence from injury to all creatures, with his eyes half-closed in meditation. They said to one another; "Why should we not ask this holy

* This story is found in Wolff, I, 197, Knatchbull, 226, Symeon Seth, 60, John of Capua, h., 6, b, German translation (Ulm 1483) O., IV, 6, Spanish translation, 36, b, Doni, 38, Anvár-i-Suhaili, 322, Livre des Lumières, 251, Cabinet des Fées, XVII, 442, Baldo Fab. XX, in Edéléstand du Méril, Poesies Inédites, p. 249. Benfey finds three "moments" in the Fable; the first is, the hypocritical cat"; this conception he considers to be "allgemein menschlich" and compares Furia, 14, Coraes, 152, Furia, 15, Coraes, 6, Furia, 67, Coraes, 28, Robert, Fables Inédites, I, 216; also Mahábhárata V. (II, 283) 5421 and *ff*, where the cat manages to get herself taken to the river, to die, by the rats and mice, and there eats them. The second moment is the folly of litigiousness: here he compares a passage in Dubois's Panchatantra. The third is the object of contention, the nest, for which he compares Phædrus, I, 21. (Benfey, Vol. I, pp. 350-354). I should compare, for the 1st moment, Phædrus, Lib. II, Fabula, IV, (recognovit Lucianus Mueller) Aquila, Feles et Aper, La Fontaine, VII, 16. See also for the "hypocritical cat" Liebrecht, Zur Volkskunde, p. 121. The cat's tactics are much the same as those of the fox in Reineke Fuchs (Simrock, Deutsche Volksbücher, Vol. I, p. 138.) See also De Gubernatis, Zoological Mythology, Vol. II, p. 54. The story is No. CXXV in the Avadánas. From De Gubernatis, Zoological Mythology, pp. 227-228 it appears that *kapinjala* means a heath-cock, or a cuckoo. Here the word appears to be used as a proper name.

cat here to declare what is just?"—Then they approached the cat and said; "Reverend sir, hear our cause, for you are a holy ascetic." When the cat heard that, he said to them in a low voice,—"I am weak from self-mortification, so I cannot hear at a distance, pray, come near me. For a case wrongly decided brings temporal and eternal death." With these words the cat encouraged them to come just in front of him, and then the base creature killed at one spring both the hare and Kapinjala.

"So, you see, one cannot confide in villains whose actions are base. Accordingly you must not make this owl king, for he is a great villain." When the crow said this to the birds, they admitted the force of it, and gave up the idea of anointing the owl king, and dispersed in all directions. And the owl said to the crow; "Remember; from this day forth you and I are enemies. Now I take my leave of you." And he went away in a rage. But the crow, though he thought that he had spoken what was right, was for a moment despondent. Who is not grieved when he has involved himself in a dangerous quarrel by a mere speech?

"So you see that our feud with the owls arose from an inconsiderate utterance." Having said this to the king, Chirajívin continued, "The owls are numerous and strong, and you cannot conquer them. Numbers prevail in this world, hear an instance."

*Story of the Bráhman, the goat, and the rogues.**

A Bráhman had bought a goat, and was returning from a village with it on his shoulder, when he was seen on the way by many rogues, who wished to deprive him of the goat. And one of them came up to him, and pretending to be in a great state of excitement, said; "Bráhman, how come you to have this dog on your shoulder? Put it down." When the Bráhman heard that, he paid no attention to it, but went on his way. Then two more came up and said the very same thing to him. Then he began to doubt, and went along examining the goat carefully, when three other rascals came up to him and said: "How comes it that you carry a dog and a sacrificial thread at the same time? Surely you must be a hunter, not a Bráhman, and this

* This is the 3rd story in Benfey's translation of the third book of the Panchatantra. See Johnson's translation of the Hitopadeśa, p. 110, Wolff, I. 205, Knatchbull, 233, Symeon Seth, 62, John of Capua, i., I, b., German translation O., VI, 6, Spanish XXXVII. a., Doni, 42, Anvár-i-Suhaili, 331, Livre des Lumières, 254, Cabinet des Fées, XVII, 444. Benfey translates a reference to it in Pâṇini. He shews that there is an imitation of this story in the Gesta Romanorum, 132. In Forlini, Novel VIII, a peasant is persuaded that his kids are capons. Cp. also Straparola, I, 3; Loiseleur Deslongchamps, Essai, 47, 2, Liebrecht's translation of Dunlop, note 356, Lancereau on the Hitopadeśa, 252. (Benfey, Vol. I, pp. 355-357.) See also Till Eulenspiegel, c. 66, in Simrock's Deutsche Volksbücher, Vol. X, p. 452.

is the dog with the help of which you kill game." When the Bráhman heard that, he said: "Surely some demon has smitten my sight and bewildered me. Can all these men be under the influence of an optical delusion?" Thereupon the Bráhman flung down the goat, and after bathing, returned home, and the rogues took the goat and made a satisfactory meal off it.

After Chirajívin had told this tale, he said to the king of the crows: "So you see, king, numerous and powerful foes are hard to conquer. So you had better adopt, in this war with powerful foes, the following expedient, which I suggest. Pluck out some of my feathers,* and leave me under this tree, and go to that hill there, until I return, having accomplished my object. The king of the crows agreed, and plucked out some of his feathers, as if in anger, and placed him under the tree, and went off to the mountain with his followers: and Chirajívin remained lying flat under the tree which was his home.

Then the king of the owls, Avamarda, came there at night with his followers, and he did not see a single crow on the tree. At that moment Chirajívin uttered a feeble caw below, and the king of the owls, hearing it, came down, and saw him lying there. In his astonishment he asked him who he was, and why he was in that state. And Chirajívin answered, pretending that his voice was weak from pain; "I am Chirajívin, the minister of that king of the crows. And he wished to make an attack on you in accordance with the advice of his ministers. Then I rebuked those other ministers, and said to him, 'If you ask me for advice, and if I am valued by you, in that case you will not make war with the powerful king of the owls. But you will endeavour to propitiate him, if you have any regard for policy.' When the foolish king of the crows heard that, he exclaimed, 'This fellow is a partisan of my enemies,' and in his wrath, he and his followers pecked me, and reduced me to this state. And he flung me down under the tree, and went off somewhere or other with his followers." When Chirajívin had said this, he sighed, and turned his face to the ground. And then the king of the owls asked his ministers what they ought to do with Chirajívin. When his minister Díptanayana heard this, he said, "Good people spare even a thief, though ordinarily he ought not to be spared, if they find that he is a benefactor."

*Story of the old merchant and his young wife.*†

For once on a time there was a certain merchant in a certain town,

* Benfey compares this with the story of Zopyrus. He thinks that the Indians learned the story from the Greeks. See also Avadánas, No. V, Vol. I, p. 31.

† Benfey compares Wolff, I, 210, Knatchbull, 237, Symeon Seth, p. 64, John of Capua i., 2, German translation (Ulm., 1483) No. VIII, 6, Spanish translation,

who, though old, managed to marry by the help of his wealth a young girl of the merchant caste. And she was always averse to him on account of his old age, as the bee turns away from the forest-tree when the time of flowers is past.* And one night a thief got into his house, while the husband and wife were in bed; and, when the wife saw him, she was afraid, and turned round and embraced her husband. The merchant thought that a wonderful piece of good fortune, and while looking in all directions for the explanation, he saw the thief in a corner. The merchant said; "You have done me a benefit, so I will not have you killed by my servants." And so he spared his life and sent him away.

"So we ought to spare the life of this Chirajívin, as he is our benefactor." When the minister Díptanayana had said this, he remained silent. Then the king of the owls said to another minister, named Vakranása, "What ought we to do? Give me proper advice." Then Vakranása said, "He should be spared, for he knows the secrets of our foes. This quarrel between the enemies' king and his minister is for our advantage. Listen, and I will tell you a story which will illustrate it."

*Story of the Bráhman, the thief, and the Rákshasa.*†

A certain excellent Bráhman received two cows as a donation. A thief happened to see them, and began plotting how to carry them off. At that very time a Rákshasa was longing to eat that Bráhman. It happened that the thief and the Rákshasa, as they were going to his house at night to accomplish their objects, met, and telling one another their errands, went together. When the thief and the Rákshasa entered the Bráhman's dwelling, they began to wrangle. The thief said; "I will carry off the oxen first, for if you lay hold of the Bráhman first, and he wakes up, how can I get the yoke of oxen?" The Rákshasa said; "By no means! I will first carry off the Bráhman, otherwise he will wake up with the noise of the feet of the oxen, and my labour will all be in vain." While this was going on, the Bráhman woke up. Then he took his sword, and began to recite a charm for destroying Rákshasas, and the thief and the Rákshasa both fled.

"So the quarrel between those two, Chirajívin and the king of the

XXXVIII, a., Doni, 44, Anvár-i-Suhaili, 336, Livre des Lumières, 259, Cabinet des Fées, XVII, 449. (Benfey's Panchatantra, Vol. I, p. 366.) See also La Fontaine, IX, p. 15.

* Dr. Kern suggests *vyatíta-pushpa-kálatvád.* The Sanskrit College MS. has the reading of Dr. Brockhaus's text.

† Cp. Wolff, I, 212, Knatchbull, 238, Symeon Seth, p. 64, John of Capua i., 2, b., German translation (Ulm, 1483) P., I, b., Spanish translation, XXXVIII, a., Doni, 45, Anvár-i-Suhaili, 338, Livre des Lumières, 261, Cabinet des Fées, XVII, 451. (Benfey, Vol. I, p. 368.)

crows, will be to our advantage, as the quarrel between the thief and the Rákshasa was to the advantage of the Bráhman." When Vakranása said this, the king of the owls asked his minister Prákárakarṇa for his opinion, and he answered him; "This Chirajívin should be treated with compassion, as he is in distress, and has applied to us for protection: in old time S'ivi offered his flesh for the sake of one who sought his protection.* When the king of the owls heard this from Prákárakarṇa, he asked the advice of his minister Krúralochana, and he gave him the same answer.

Then the king of the owls asked a minister named Raktáksha, and he, being a discreet minister, said to him; "King, these ministers have done their best to ruin you by impolitic advice. Those, who know policy, place no confidence in the acts of a hereditary enemy. It is only a fool that, though he sees the fault, is satisfied with insincere flattery."

*Story of the carpenter and his wife.*†

For once on a time there was a carpenter, who had a wife whom he loved dearly; and the carpenter heard from his neighbours that she was in love with another man; so, wishing to test the fidelity of his wife, he said to her one day: "My dear, I am by command of the king going a long journey to-day, in order to do a job, so give me barley-meal and other things as provision for the journey. She obeyed and gave him provisions, and he went out of the house; and then secretly came back into it, and with a pupil of his hid himself under the bed. As for the wife, she summoned her paramour. And while she was sitting with him on the bed, the wicked woman happened to touch her husband with her foot, and found out that he was there. And a moment after, her paramour, being puzzled, asked her which she loved the best, himself or her husband. When she heard this, the artful and treacherous woman said to that lover of hers; "I love my husband best, for his sake I would surrender my life. As for this unfaithfulness of mine, it is natural to women; they would even eat dirt, if they had no noses."

When the carpenter heard this hypocritical speech of the adulteress, he came out from under the bed, and said to his pupil; "You have seen, you are my witness to this; though my wife has betaken herself to this lover, she is still so devoted to me; so I will carry her on my head." When the silly fellow had said this, he immediately took them both up, as

* See Chapter VII of this work.

† Benfey compares the Arabic version, Wolff, I, 214, Knatchbull, 240, Symeon Seth, 65, John of Capua i., 3, b., German translation (Ulm, 1483), P., II, b., Spanish translation, XXXVIII, b., Doni, 47, Anvár-i-Suhaili, 340, Livre des Lumières, 264; Cabinet des Fées, XVII, 453, cp. also Hitopadeśa, (Johnson's translation, p. 78). (Benfey, Vol. I, p. 371.)

they sat on the bed, upon his head, with the help of his pupil, and carried them about.

"So an undiscerning blockhead, though he sees a crime committed before his eyes, is satisfied with hypocritical flattery, and makes himself ridiculous. So you must not spare Chirajívin, who is a follower of your enemy, for, if not carefully watched, he might slay your Majesty in a moment, like a disease." When the king of the owls heard Raktáksha say this, he answered; "It was in trying to benefit us that the worthy creature was reduced to this state. So how can we do otherwise than spare his life? Besides, what harm can he do us unaided?" So the king of the owls rejected the advice of Raktáksha, and comforted that crow Chirajívin. Then Chirajívin said to the king of the owls, "What is the use to me of life, now that I am in this state? So have logs of wood brought me, in order that I may enter the fire. And I will ask the fire as a boon, that I may be born again as an owl, in order that I may wreak my vengeance upon this king of the crows." When he said this, Raktáksha laughed and said to him; "By the favour of our master you will be well enough off: what need is there of fire? Moreover you will never become an owl, as long as you have the nature of a crow. Every creature is such as he is made by the Creator."

*Story of the mouse that was turned into a maiden.**

For once on a time a hermit found a young mouse, which had escaped from the claws of a kite, and pitying it, made it by the might of his asceticism into a young maiden. And he brought her up in his hermitage; and, when he saw that she had grown up, wishing to give her to a powerful husband, he summoned the sun. And he said to the sun; "Marry this maiden, whom I wish to give in marriage to some mighty one." Then the sun answered, "The cloud is more powerful than I, he obscures me in a moment." When the hermit heard that, he dismissed the sun, and summoned the cloud, and made the same proposal to him. He replied, "The wind is more powerful than I: he drives me into any quarter of the heaven he pleases." When the hermit got this answer, he summoned the wind and made the same proposal to him. And the wind replied, "The mountains are stronger

* This story is found in the Arabic version, Wolff, I, 219, Knatchbull, 243, Symeon Seth, 68, John of Capua, i., 4, b., German translation (Ulm, 1483) P. IV, b., Spanish translation, XXXIX, a., Doni, 50, Anvár-i-Suhaili, 355, Livre des Lumières, 279, Cabinet des Fées, XVII, 466, La Fontaine, IX, 7, Polier, Mythologie des Indes, II, 571, Hitopadeśa, (similar in some respects) Johnson, p. 108, Mahábhárata, XII, (III, 515) v. 4254 and ff. Benfey compares also the story of the cat which was changed into a virgin, Babrius, 32. It is said to be found in Strattis (400 B. C.) (Benfey, Vol. I, pp. 373 and *ff.*) See also De Gubernatis, Zoological Mythology, Vol. II, p. 65.

than I, for I cannot move them." When the great hermit heard this, he summoned the Himálaya, and made the same proposal to him. That mountain answered him; "The mice are stronger than I am, for they dig holes in me."

Having thus got these answers in succession from those wise divinities, the great *rishi* summoned a forest mouse, and said to him, "Marry this maiden." Thereupon the mouse said, "Shew me how she is to be got into my hole." Then the hermit said, "It is better that she should return to her condition as a mouse." So he made her a mouse again, and gave her to that male mouse.

"So a creature returns to what it was, at the end of a long peregrination, accordingly you, Chirajívin, will never become an owl." When Raktáksha said this to Chirajívin, the latter reflected; "This king has not acted on the advice of this minister, who is skilled in policy. All these others are fools, so my object is gained." While he was thus reflecting, the king of the owls took Chirajívin with him to his own fortress, confiding in his own strength, disregarding the advice of Raktáksha. And Chirajívin, being about his person, and fed with pieces of meat and other delicacies by him, soon acquired as splendid a plumage as a peacock.* One day, Chirajívin said to the king of the owls; "King, I will go and encourage that king of the crows and bring him back to his dwelling, in order that you may attack him this night and slay him, and that I may make† some return for this favour of yours. But do you all fortify your door with grass and other things, and remain in the cave where your nests are, that they may not attack you by day." When, by saying this, Chirajívin had made the owls retire into their cave, and barricade the door and the approaches to the cave, with grass and leaves, he went back to his own king. And with him he returned, carrying a brand from a pyre, all ablaze, in his beak, and every one of the crows that followed him had a piece of wood hanging down from his beak. And the moment he arrived, he set on fire the door of the cave, in which were those owls, creatures that are blind by day, which had been barricaded with dry grass and other stuff.

And every crow, in the same way, threw down at the same time his piece of wood, and so kindled a fire and burnt the owls, king and and all.‡

* This reminds one of Babrius, Fabulæ LXXII.

† I follow the Sanskrit College MS. which reads *bhajámi* not *bhanjámi*.

‡ See Liebrecht's notes on the Avadánas, translated by Stanislas Julien, on page 110 of his "Zur Volkskunde." He adduces an English popular superstition. "The country people to their sorrow know the Cornish chough, called Pyrrhocorax, to be not only a thief, but an incendiary, and privately to set houses on fire as well as rob them of what they find profitable. It is very apt to catch up lighted sticks, so there are instances of houses being set on fire by its means." So a parrot sets a house on fire in a

And the king of the crows, having destroyed his enemies with the help of Chirajívin, was highly delighted, and returned with his tribe of crows to his own banyan-tree. Then Chirajívin told the story of how he lived among his enemies, to king Meghavarṇa, the king of the crows, and said to him; "Your enemy, king, had one good minister named Raktáksha; it is because he was infatuated by confidence, and did not act on that minister's advice, that I was allowed to remain uninjured. Because the villain did not act on his advice, thinking it was groundless, I was able to gain the confidence of the impolitic fool, and to deceive him. It was by a feigned semblance of submission that the snake entrapped and killed the frogs."

*Story of the snake and the frogs.**

A certain old snake, being unable to catch frogs easily on the bank of a lake, which was frequented by men, remained there motionless. And when he was there, the frogs asked him, keeping at a safe distance; "Tell us, worthy sir, why do you no longer eat frogs as of old?" When the snake was asked this question by the frogs, he answered, "While I was pursuing a frog, I one day bit a Bráhman's son in the finger by mistake, and he died. And his father by a curse made me a bearer of frogs. So how can I eat you now? On the contrary I will carry you on my back."

When the king of the frogs heard that, he was desirous of being carried, and putting aside fear, he came out of the water, and joyfully mounted on the back of the snake. Then the snake, having gained his good-will by carrying him about with his ministers, represented himself as exhausted, and said cunningly; "I cannot go a step further without food, so give me something to eat. How can a servant exist without subsistence?" When the frog-king, who was fond of being carried about, heard this, he said to him; "Eat a few of my followers then." So the snake ate all the frogs in succession, as he pleased, and the king of the frogs put up with it, being blinded with pride at being carried about by the snake.

"Thus a fool is deceived by a wise man who worms himself into his confidence. And in the same way I ingratiated myself with your enemies and brought about their ruin. So a king must be skilled in policy and

story by Arnauld of Carcassès (Liebrecht's translation of Dunlop's History of Fiction p. 203.) Benfey thinks that this idea originally came from Greece (Panchatantra, Vol. I, p. 383.) Cp. also Pliny's account of the "*incendiaria avis* in Kuhn's Herabkunft des Feuer's, p. 31.

* This story is found in Wolff, I, 226; Knatchbull, 250, Symeon Seth, 70, John of Capua, i., 6, German translation (Ulm, 1483) Q. I, Spanish translation, XL, b., Anvár-i-Suhaili, 364, Livre des Lumières, 283, Cabinet des Fées, XIII, 467, Hitopadeśa, Johnson's translation, p. 112. Benfey compares the western fable of the sick lion. This fable is told in the Kathá Sarit Ságara, X, 63, śl. 126, and *ff*, and will be found further on. (Benfey, Vol. I, p. 384.)

self-restrained; a fool is plundered by his servants and slain by his foes at will. And this goddess of prosperity, O king, is ever treacherous as gambling, fickle as a wave, intoxicating as wine. But she remains as persistently constant to a king, who is self-contained, well-advised, free from vice, and knows differences of character, as if she were tied with a rope. So you must now remain attentive to the words of the wise, and glad at the slaughter of your enemies, rule a realm free from opponents." When the minister Chirajívin said this to the crow-king Meghavarṇa, the latter loaded him with honours, and ruled as he recommended.

When Gomukha had said this, he went on to say to the son of the king of Vatsa; "So you see, king, that even animals are able to rule prosperously by means of discretion, but the indiscreet are always ruined and become the laughing-stock of the public."

*Story of the foolish servant.*

For instance a certain rich man had a foolish servant. He, while shampooing him, in his extreme folly gave him a slap on his body, (for he fancied in his conceit that he thoroughly understood the business while he really knew nothing about it,) and so broke his skin. Then he was dismissed by that master and sank into utter despair.

"The fact is a man who, while ignorant, thinks himself wise, and rushes impetuously at any business, is ruined; hear another story in proof of it."

*Story of the two brothers who divided all that they had.**

In Málava there were two Bráhman brothers, and the wealth they inherited from their father was left jointly between them. And while dividing that wealth, they quarrelled about one having too little and the other having too much, and they made a teacher learned in the Vedas arbitrator, and he said to them; "You must divide every single thing into two halves, in order that you may not quarrel about the inequality of the division." When the two fools heard this, they divided every single thing into two equal parts, house, beds, *et cetera;* in fact all their wealth, even the cattle. They had only one female slave; her also they cut in two. When the king heard of that, he punished them with the confiscation of all their property.

"So fools, following the advice of other fools, lose this world and the next. Accordingly a wise man should not serve fools: he should serve wise men. Discontent also does harm, for listen to this tale."

*The story of the mendicants who became emaciated from discontent.*

There were some wandering mendicants, who became fat by being satisfied with what they got by way of alms. Some friends saw this and began to remark to one another; "Well! these mendicants are fat

* This is No. XVII in the Avadánas.

enough, though they do live on what they get by begging." Then one of them said,—" I will shew you a strange sight. I will make these men thin, though they eat the same things as before." When he had said this, he proceeded to invite the mendicants for one day to his house, and gave them to eat the best possible food, containing all the six flavours.* And those foolish men, remembering the taste of it, no longer felt any appetite for the food they got as alms; so they became thin. So that man who had entertained them, when he saw these mendicants near, pointed them out to his friends, and said; "Formerly these men were sleek and fat, because they were satisfied with the food which they got as alms, now they have become thin, owing to disgust, being dissatisfied with their alms. Therefore a wise man, who desires happiness, should establish his mind in contentment; for dissatisfaction produces in both worlds intolerable and unceasing grief." When he had given his friends this lesson, they abandoned discontent, the source of crime; to whom is not association with the good improving? "Now king, hear of the fool and the gold."

*Story of the fool who saw gold in the water.*†

A certain young man went to a tank to drink water. There the fool saw in the water the reflection of a golden-crested bird, that was sitting on a tree.‡ This reflection was of a golden hue, and, thinking it was real gold, he entered the tank to get it, but he could not lay hold of it, as it kept appearing and disappearing in the moving water. But as often as he ascended the bank, he again saw it in the water, and again and again he entered the tank to lay hold of it, and still he got nothing. Then his father saw him and questioned him, and drove away the bird, and then, when he no longer saw the reflection in the water, explained to him the whole thing, and took the foolish fellow home.

"Thus foolish people, who do not reflect, are deceived by false suppositions, and become the source of laughter to their enemies, and of sorrow to their friends. Now hear another tale of some great fools."

*Story of the servants who kept rain off the trunks.*§

The camel of a certain merchant gave way under its load on a journey. He said to his servants, "I will go and buy another camel to carry the half of this camel's load. And you must remain here, and take particular care that, if it clouds over, the rain does not wet the leather of these trunks, which are full of clothes." With these words the merchant left the servants by the side of the camel, and went off, and suddenly a cloud came up and began to

* *i. e.* sweet, salt, acid, astringent, bitter, and pungent.

† This is No. XLVI in the Avadánas.

‡ *Naukaha* should be no doubt *'anokaha* on Dr. Brockhaus's system.

§ This is No. CIV in the Avadánas.

discharge rain. Then the fools said; "Our master told us to take care that the rain did not touch the leather of the trunks;" and after they had made this sage reflection, they dragged the clothes out of the trunks and wrapped them round the leather. The consequence was, that the rain spoiled the clothes. Then the merchant returned, and in a rage said to his servants; "You rascals! Talk of water! Why the whole stock of clothes is spoiled by the rain." And they answered him; "You told us to keep the rain off the leather of the trunks. What fault have we committed?" He answered; "I told you that, if the leather got wet, the clothes would be spoiled: I told it you in order to save the clothes, not the leather." Then he placed the load on another camel, and when he returned home, imposed a fine on his servants amounting to the whole of their wealth.

"Thus fools, with undiscerning hearts, turn things upside down, and ruin their own interests and those of other people, and give such absurd answers. Now hear in a few words the story of the fool and the cakes."

*Story of the fool and the cakes.**

A certain traveller bought eight cakes for a *paṇa;* and he ate six of them without being satisfied, but his hunger was satisfied by eating the seventh. Then the blockhead exclaimed; "I have been cheated; why did I not eat this cake, which has allayed the pangs of hunger, first of all? Why did I waste those others, why did I not store them up?" In these words he bewailed the fact that his hunger was only gradually satisfied, and the people laughed at him for his ignorance.

*Story of the servant who looked after the door.*†

A certain merchant said to his foolish servant; "Take care of the door of my shop, I am going home for a moment. After the merchant had said this, he went away, and the servant took the shop-door on his shoulder and went off to see an actor perform. And as he was returning, his master met him and gave him a scolding. And he answered, "I have taken care of this door as you told me."

"So a fool, who attends only to the words of an order and does not understand the meaning, causes detriment. Now hear the wonderful story of the buffalo and the simpletons."

*Story of the simpletons who ate the buffalo.*

Some villagers took a buffalo belonging to a certain man, and killed it in an enclosure outside the village, under a banyan-tree, and, dividing

* This is No. LXVI in the Avadánas.

† Cp. the 37th story in Sicilianische Märchen, part I. p. 249. Giusa's mother wished to go to the mass and she said to him "Giusa, if you go out, draw the door to after you." *(Ziehe die Thür hinter dir zu.)* Instead of shutting the door, Giusa took it off its hinges and carried it to his mother in the church. See Dr. Köhler's notes on the story.

it, ate it up. The proprietor of the buffalo went and complained to the king, and he had the villagers, who had eaten the buffalo, brought before him. And the proprietor of the buffalo said before the king, in their presence; "These foolish men took my buffalo under a banyan-tree near the tank, and killed it and ate it before my eyes." Whereupon an old fool among the villagers said, "There is no tank or banyan-tree in our village. He says what is not true: where did we kill his buffalo or eat it?"

When the proprietor of the buffalo heard this, he said; "What! is there not a banyan-tree and a tank on the east side of the village? Moreover, you ate my buffalo on the eighth day of the lunar month." When the proprietor of the buffalo said this, the old fool replied, "There is no east side or eighth day in our village." When the king heard this, he laughed, and said, to encourage the fool; "You are a truthful person, you never say anything false, so tell me the truth, did you eat that buffalo or did you not?" When the fool heard that, he said, "I was born three years after my father died, and he taught me skill in speaking. So I never say what is untrue, my sovereign; it is true that we ate his buffalo, but all the rest that he alleges is false." When the king heard this, he and his courtiers could not restrain their laughter; so the king restored the price of the buffalo to the plaintiff, and fined those villagers.

"So, fools, in the conceit of their folly, while they deny what need not be denied, reveal what it is their interest to suppress, in order to get themselves believed.

*Story of the fool who behaved like a Brahmany drake.*

A certain foolish man had an angry wife, who said to him; "To-morrow I shall go to my father's house, I am invited to a feast. So if you do not bring me a garland of blue lotuses from somewhere or other, you will cease to be my husband, and I shall cease to be your wife." Accordingly he went at night to the king's tank to fetch them. And when he entered it, the guards saw him, and cried out; "Who are you?" He said, "I am a Brahmany drake," but they took him prisoner; and in the morning he was brought before the king, and when questioned, he uttered in his presence the cry of that bird. Then the king himself summoned him and questioned him persistently, and when he told his story, being a merciful monarch, he let the wretched man go unpunished.

*Story of the physician who tried to cure a hunchback.*

And a certain Bráhman said to a foolish physician; "Drive in the hump on the back of my son who is deformed." When the physician heard that, he said; "Give me ten *paṇas*, I will give you ten times as many, if I do not succeed in this." Having thus made a bet, and having taken the ten *paṇas* from the Bráhman, the physician only tortured the hunchback with sweating and other remedies. But he was not able to remove the

hump; so he paid down the hundred *paṇas*; for who in this world would be able to make straight a hunchbacked man?

"So the boastful fashion of promising to accomplish impossibilities only makes a man ridiculous. Therefore a discreet person should not walk in these ways of fools." When the wise prince Naraváhanadatta had heard, at night, these tales of fools from his auspicious-mouthed minister, named Gomukha, he was exceedingly pleased with him.

And though he was pining for S'aktiyaśaṣ, yet, owing to the pleasure he derived from the stories that Gomukha told him, he was enabled to get to sleep, when he went to bed, and slept surrounded by his ministers who had grown up with him.

## CHAPTER LXIII.

The next morning Naraváhanadatta woke up, and thinking on his beloved S'aktiyaśas, became distracted. And thinking that the rest of the month, until he married her, was as long as an age, he could not find pleasure in anything, as his mind was longing for a new wife. When the king, his father, heard that from the mouth of Gomukha, out of love for him, he sent him his ministers, and Vasantaka was among them. Then, out of respect for them, the prince of Vatsa managed to recover his composure. And the discreet minister Gomukha said to Vasantaka; "Noble Vasantaka, tell some new and romantic tale to delight the mind of the crown-prince. Then the wise Vasantaka began to tell this tale.

*Story of Yaśodhara and Lakshmídhara and the two wives of the water-genius.*

There was a famous Bráhman in Málava, named S'rídhara. And twin sons, of like feature, were born to him. The eldest was named Yaśodhara, and his younger brother was Lakshmídhara. And when they grew up, the two brothers set out together for a foreign country to study, with the approval of their father. And as they were travelling along, they reached a great wilderness, without water, without the shade of trees, full of burning sand; and being fatigued with passing through it, and exhausted with heat and thirst, they reached in the evening a shady tree laden with fruit. And they saw, at a little distance from its foot, a lake with cold and clear water, perfumed with the fragrance of lotuses. They bathed in it, and refreshed themselves with drinking the cold water, and sitting down on a slab of rock, rested for a time. And when the sun set, they said their evening prayers, and through fear of wild beasts they climbed up the tree,

to spend the night there. And in the beginning of the night, many men rose out of the water of that tank below them, before their eyes. And one of them swept the ground, another painted it, and another strewed on it flowers of five colours. And another brought a golden couch and placed it there, and another spread on it a mattress with a coverlet. Another brought, and placed in a certain spot, under the tree, delicious food and drink, flowers and unguents. Then there arose from the surface of that lake a man wearing a sword, and adorned with heavenly ornaments, surpassing in beauty the god of Love.* When he had sat down on the couch, his attendants threw garlands round his neck, and anointed him with unguents, and then they all plunged again into the lake. Then he brought out of his mouth a lady of noble form and modest appearance, wearing auspicious garlands and ornaments, and a second, rich in celestial beauty, resplendent with magnificent robes and ornaments.† These were both his wives, but the second was the favourite. Then the first and good wife placed jewelled plates on the table, and handed food in two plates to her husband and her rival. When they had eaten, she also ate; and then her husband reclined on the couch with the rival wife, and went to sleep. And the first wife shampooed his feet, and the second remained awake on the couch.

When the Bráhman's sons who were in the tree, saw this, they said to one another, "Who can this be? Let us go down and ask the lady who is shampooing his feet, for all these are immortal beings." Then they got down and approached the first wife, and then the second saw Yaśodhara: then she rose up from the couch in her inordinate passion, while her husband was asleep, and approaching that handsome youth, said, "Be my lover." He answered, "Wicked woman, you are to me the wife of another, and I am to you a strange man. Then why do you speak thus?" She answered, "I have had a hundred lovers. Why are you afraid? If you do not believe it, look at these hundred rings,‡ for I have taken one ring from each of them." With these words she took the rings out of the corner of her garment, and shewed them to him. Then Yaśodhara said, "I do not care whether you have a hundred or a hundred thousand lovers, to me you are as a mother; I am not a person of that sort." When the wicked woman was

* For the superstition of water-spirits see Tylor's Primitive Culture, p. 191, and ff.

† Does this throw any light upon the expression in Swift's Polite Conversation, "She is as like her husband as if she were spit out of his mouth." (Liebrecht, Volkskunde, p. 495.)

‡ The fact of this incident being found in the Arabian Nights is mentioned by Wilson (Collected Works, Vol. IV, p. 146.) See Lane's Arabian Nights, Vol. I, p. 9. Lévêque (Les Mythes et les Légendes de l' Inde et de la Perse, p. 543) shews that Ariosto borrowed from the Arabian Nights.

repelled by him in this way, she woke up her husband in her wrath, and, pointing to Yaśodhara, said with tears, "This scoundrel, while you were asleep, used violence to me." When her husband heard this, he rose up and drew his sword. Then the first and virtuous wife embraced his feet, and said, "Do not commit a crime on false evidence. Hear what I have to say. This wicked woman, when she saw him, rose up from your side, and eagerly importuned him, and the virtuous man did not consent to her proposal." When he repelled her, saying, 'You are to me as a mother,' being unable to endure that, in her anger she woke you up, to make you kill him. And she has already before my eyes had a hundred lovers here on various nights, travellers who were reposing in this tree, and taken their rings from them. But I never told you, not wishing to give rise to unpleasantness. However, to-day I am necessarily compelled to reveal this secret, lest you should be guilty of a crime. Just look at the rings in the corner of her garment, if you do not believe it. And my wifely virtue is of such a kind that I cannot tell my husband what is untrue. In order that you may be convinced of my faithfulness, see this proof of my power." After saying this, she reduced that tree to ashes with an angry look, and restored it more magnificent than it was before with a look of kindness. When her husband saw that, he was at last satisfied and embraced her. And he sent that second wife, the adulteress, about her business, after cutting off her nose, and taking the rings from the corner of her garment.

He restrained his anger, when he beheld that student of the scripture, Yaśodhara, with his brother, and he said to him despondingly; "Out of jealousy I always keep these wives of mine in my heart. But still I have not been able to keep safe this wicked woman. Who can arrest the lightning? Who can guard a disloyal woman? As for a chaste woman, she is guarded by her own modesty alone, and being guarded by it, she guards* her husband in both worlds, as I have to-day been guarded by this woman, whose patience is more admirable even than her power of cursing. By her kindness I have got rid of an unfaithful wife, and avoided the awful crime of killing a virtuous Bráhman." When he had said this, he made Yaśodhara sit down, and said to him, "Tell me whence you come and whither you are going." Then Yaśodhara told him his history, and having gained his confidence, said to him out of curiosity, "Noble sir, if it is not a secret, tell me now, who you are, and why, though you possess such luxury, you dwell in the water." When the man who lived in the water heard this, he said, "Hear! I will tell you." And he began to tell his history in the following words.

* I follow the Sanskṛit College MS. which reads *rakshatyubhayalokataḥ*.

*Story of the water-genius in his previous birth.*

There is a region in the south of the Himálaya, called Káśmíra; which Providence seems to have created in order to prevent mortals from hankering after Heaven; where S'iva and Vishṇu, as self-existent deities, inhabit a hundred shrines, forgetting their happy homes in Kailása and S'vetadvípa; which is laved by the waters of the Vitastá, and full of heroes and sages, and proof against treacherous crimes and enemies, though powerful. There I was born in my former life, as an ordinary villager of the Bráhman caste, with two wives, and my name was Bhavas'arman. There I once struck up a friendship with some Buddhist mendicants, and undertook the vow, called the fast *Uposhaṇa*, prescribed in their scriptures. And when this vow was almost completed, one of my wives wickedly came and slept in my bed. And in the fourth watch of the night, bewildered with sleep, I broke my vow. But as it fell only a little short of completion, I have been born as a water-genius, and these two wives of mine have been born as my present wives here. That wicked woman was born as that unfaithful wife, the second as this faithful one. So great was the power of my vow, though it was rendered imperfect, that I remember my former birth, and enjoy such luxuries every night. If I had not rendered my vow imperfect, I should never have been born as what I am.

When he had told his story in these words, he honoured those two brothers as guests, with delicious food and heavenly garments. Then his faithful wife, having heard of her former life, knelt on the ground, and looking at the moon, uttered this prayer, "O guardians of the world, if I am in truth virtuous and devoted to my husband, may this husband of mine be at once delivered from the necessity of dwelling in the water and go to heaven." The moment she had said this, a chariot descended from heaven, and the husband and wife ascended it and went to heaven. Nothing in the three worlds is unattainable by really chaste women. And the two Bráhmans, when they saw that, were greatly astonished. And Yaśodhara and Lakshmídhara, after spending the rest of the night there, set out in the morning. And in the evening they reached the foot of a tree in a lonely wilderness. And while they were longing to get water, they heard this voice from the tree, "Wait a little, Bráhmans! I will entertain you to-day with a bath and food, for you are come to my house." Then the voice ceased, and there sprang up there a tank of water, and meats and drinks of every kind were provided on its bank. The two Bráhman youths said with astonishment to one another,—"What does this mean?" And after bathing in the tank, they ate and drank. Then they said the evening prayer and remained under the tree, and in the meanwhile a handsome man appeared from it. They saluted him, and he welcomed them, and he sat down. Thereupon the two Bráhman youths asked him who he was. Then the man said—

*Story of the Bráhman who became a Yaksha.*

Long ago I was a Bráhman in distress, and when I was in this condition, I happened to make friends with some Buddhist ascetics. But while I was performing the vow called *Uposhaṇa*, which they had taught me, a wicked man made me take food in the evening by force. That made my vow incomplete, so I was born as a Guhyaka; if I had only completed it, I should have been born as a god in heaven.

"So I have told you my story, but now do you two tell me, who you are, and why you have come to this desert." When Yaśodhara heard this, he told him their story. Thereupon the Yaksha went on to say; "If this is the case, I will by my own power bestow on you the sciences. Go home with a knowledge of them. What is the use of roaming about in foreign countries?" When he had said this, he bestowed on them the sciences, and by his power they immediately possessed them. Then the Yaksha said to them, "Now I entreat you to give me a fee as your instructor. You must perform, on my behalf, this *Uposhaṇa* vow, which involves the speaking of the truth, the observing of strict chastity, the circumambulating the images of the gods with the right side turned towards them, the eating only at the time when Buddhist mendicants do, restraint of the mind, and patience. You must perform this for one night, and bestow the fruit of it on me, in order that I may obtain that divinity, which is the proper fruit of my vow, when completely performed." When the Yaksha said this, they bowed before him and granted his request, and he disappeared in that very same tree.

And the two brothers, delighted at having accomplished their object without any toil, after they had passed the night, returned to their own home. There they told their adventures and delighted their parents, and performed that vow of fasting for the benefit of the Yaksha. Then that Yaksha, who taught them, appeared in a sky-chariot, and said to them; "Through your kindness I have ceased to be a Yaksha and have become a god. So now you must perform this vow for your own advantage, in order that at your death you may attain divinity. And in the meanwhile I give you a boon, by which you will have inexhaustible wealth." When the deity, who roamed about at will, had said this, he went to heaven in his chariot. Then the two brothers, Yaśodhara and Lakshmídhara, lived happily, having performed that vow, and having obtained wealth and knowledge.

"So you see that, if men are addicted to righteousness, and do not, even in emergencies, desert their principles, even the gods protect them, and cause them to attain their objects." Naraváhanadatta, while longing for his beloved S'aktiyaśas, was much delighted with this marvellous story told by Vasantaka; but having been summoned by his father at the dinner hour, he went to his palace with his ministers. There he took the requisite refreshment, and returned to his palace, with Go-

mukha and his other ministers. Then Gomukha, in order to amuse him, again said,—"Listen, prince, I will tell you another string of tales."

*Story of the monkey and the porpoise.**

There lived in a forest of *uḍumbaras*, on the shore of the sea, a king of monkeys, named Valímukha, who had strayed from his troop. While he was eating an *uḍumbara* fruit, it fell from his hand and was devoured by a porpoise that lived in the water of the sea. The porpoise, delighted at the taste of the fruit, uttered a melodious sound, which pleased the monkey so much, that he threw him many more fruits. And so the monkey went on throwing fruits,† and the porpoise went on making a melodious sound, until a friendship sprang up between them. So every day the porpoise spent the day in the water near the monkey, who remained on the bank, and in the evening he went home.

Then the wife of the porpoise came to learn the facts, and as she did not approve of the friendship between the monkey and her husband, which caused the latter to be absent all day, she pretended to be ill. Then the porpoise was afflicted, and asked his wife again and again what was the nature of her sickness, and what would cure it. Though he importuned her persistently, she would give no answer, but at last a female confidante of hers said to him: "Although you will not do it, and she does not wish you to do it, still I must speak. How can a wise person conceal sorrow from friends? A violent disease has seized your wife, of such a kind that it cannot be cured without soup made of the lotus-like heart of a monkey."‡ When the porpoise heard this from his wife's confidante, he reflected;—"Alas! how shall I obtain the lotus-like heart of a monkey? Is it right for me to plot treachery against the monkey, who is my friend? On the other hand how else can I cure my wife, whom I love more than my life?" When the porpoise had thus reflected, he said to his wife; "I will bring you a whole monkey, my dear, do not be unhappy." When he had said this, he went to his friend the monkey, and said to him, after he had got

* This is the beginning of the fourth book of the Panchatantra. Benfey does not seem to have been aware that it was to be found in Somadeva's work. It is also found, with the substitution of a boar for the porpoise, in the Sindibad-namah and thence found its way into the Seven Wise Masters, and other European collections. (Benfey's Panchatantra, Vol. I, p. 420.) See also Liebrecht, Zur Volkskunde, pp. 122, 123. For the version of the Seven Wise Masters see Simrock's Deutsche Volksbücher, Vol. XII, p. 139. It is also found in the Mahávastu Avadána, p. 138 of the Buddhist Literature of Nepal by Dr. Rájendra Lál Mitra, Rai Bahádúr. (I have been favoured with a sight of this work, while it is passing through the press.)

† The Sanskrit College MS. reads *cákshipan* where Brockhaus reads *ca kshipan*.

‡ In Bernhard Schmidt's Griechische Märchen, No. 5, the Lamnissa pretends that she is ill and can only be cured by eating a gold fish into which a bone of her rival had been turned. Perhaps we ought to read *sádyá* for *sádhyá* in śl. 108.

into conversation; "Up to this day you have never seen my home and my wife; so come, let us go and rest there one day. Friendship is but hollow, when friends do not go without ceremony and eat at one another's houses, and introduce their wives to one another." With these words the porpoise beguiled the monkey, and induced him to come down into the water, and took him on his back and set out. And as he was going along, the monkey saw that he was troubled and confused, and said, "My friend, you seem to be altered to-day." And when he went on persistently enquiring the reason, the stupid porpoise, thinking that the ape was in his power, said to him; "The fact is, my wife is ill, and she has been asking me for the heart of a monkey to be used as a remedy; that is why I am in low spirits to-day." When the wise monkey heard this speech of his, he reflected, "Ah! This is why the villain has brought me here! Alas! this fellow is overpowered by infatuation for a female, and is ready to plot treachery against his friend. Will not a person possessed by a demon eat his own flesh with his teeth?" After the monkey had thus reflected, he said to the porpoise; "If this is the case, why did you not inform me of this before, my friend? I will go and get my heart for your wife. For I have at present left it on the *uḍumbara*-tree on which I live.* When the silly porpoise heard this, he was sorry and he said; Then bring it, my friend, from the *uḍumbara*-tree." And thereupon the porpoise took him back to the shore of the sea. When he got there, he bounded up the bank, as if he had just escaped from the grasp of death, and climbing up to the top of the tree, said to that porpoise, "Off with you, you fool! Does any animal keep his heart outside his body? However, by this artifice I have saved my life, and I will not return to you. Have you not heard, my friend, the story of the ass?"

*Story of the sick lion, the jackal, and the ass.*†

There lived in a certain forest a lion, who had a jackal for a minister. A certain king, who had gone to hunt, once found him, and wounded him so

* For stories of external hearts see Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales, pp. 109—115, and the notes to Miss Stokes's XIth Tale.

† Benfey does not seem to have been aware of the existence of this story in Somadeva's work. It is found in the Sanskrit texts of the Panchatantra (being the 2nd of the fourth book in Benfey's translation) in the Arabic version, (Knatchbull, 264, Wolff I, 242,) Symeon Seth, 75, John of Capua, k., 2, b., German translation (Ulm 1483) Q., VII, Spanish translation, XLIV, a, Doni, 61, Anvár-i-Suhaili, 393, Cabinet des Fées, XVIII, 26; Baldo fab. XIII, in Edélèstand du Méril, p. 333; Benfey considers it to be founded on Babrius, 95. There the fox only eats the heart. Indeed there is no point in the remark that if he had *ears* he would not have come again. The animal is a stag in Babrius. It is deceived by an appeal to its ambition. In the Gesta Romanorum the animal is a boar, which returns to the garden of Trajan, after losing successively its two ears and tail. (Benfey's Panchatantra, Vol. I, p. 430

sorely with his weapons, that he with difficulty escaped to his den alive. When the king was gone, the lion still remained in the den, and his minister, the jackal, who lived on his leavings, being exhausted for want of food, said to him; "My lord, why do you not go out and seek for food to the best of your ability, for your own body is being famished as well as your attendants?" When the jackal said this to the lion, he answered; "My friend, I am exhausted with wounds, and I cannot roam about outside my den. If I could get the heart and ears of a donkey to eat, my wounds would heal, and I should recover my former health. So go and bring me a donkey quickly from somewhere or other." The jackal agreed to do so and sallied out. As he was wandering about, he found a washerman's ass in a solitary place, and he went up to him, and said in a friendly way; "Why are you so exhausted?" The donkey answered, "I am reduced by perpetually carrying this washerman's load." The jackal said, "Why do you endure all this toil? Come with me and I will take you to a forest as delightful as Heaven, where you may grow fat in the society of she-asses." When the donkey, who was longing for enjoyment, heard this, he went to the forest, in which that lion ranged, in the company of that jackal. And when the lion saw him, being weak from impaired vitality, he only gave him a blow with his paw behind, and the donkey, being wounded by the blow, was terrified and fled immediately, and did not come near the lion again, and the lion fell down confused and bewildered. And then the lion, not having accomplished his object, hastily returned to his den. Then the jackal, his minister, said to him reproachfully; "My lord, if you could not kill this miserable donkey, what chance is there of your killing deer and other animals?" Then the lion said to him, "If you know how, bring that donkey again. I will be ready and kill him."

When the lion had despatched the jackal with these words, he went to the donkey and said; "Why did you run away, sir? And the donkey answered, "I received a blow from some creature." Then the jackal laughed and said, "You must have experienced a delusion. There is no such creature there, for I, weak as I am, dwell there, in safety. So come along with me to that forest, where pleasure is without restraint."* When he said this, the donkey was deluded, and returned to the forest. And as soon as the lion saw him, he came out of his den, and springing on him from behind, tore him with his claws and killed him. And the lion, after he had

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and *ff.*) See also Weber's article in Indische Studien, Vol. III, p. 338. He considers that the fable came to India from Greece. Cp. also De Gubernatis, Zoological Mythology, Vol. I, p. 377.

* I have followed the Sanskrit College MS. in reading *nirbádhasukham*.

divided the donkey, placed the jackal to guard it, and being fatigued, went away to bathe. And in the meanwhile the deceitful jackal devoured the heart and ears of that donkey, to gratify his appetite. The lion, after bathing, came back, and perceiving the donkey in this condition, asked the jackal where its ears and heart were. The jackal answered him; "The creature never possessed ears or a heart,—otherwise how could he have returned when he had once escaped?" When the lion heard that, he believed it, and ate his flesh, and the jackal devoured what remained over.

When the ape had told this tale, he said again to the porpoise; "I will not come again, why should I behave like the jackass." When the porpoise heard this from the monkey, he returned home, grieving that he had through his folly failed to execute his wife's commission, while he had lost a friend. But his wife recovered her former tranquillity, on account of the termination of her husband's friendship with the ape. And the ape lived happily on the shore of the sea.

"So a wise person should place no confidence in a wicked person. How can he, who confides in a wicked person or a black cobra, enjoy prosperity?" When Gomukha had told this story, he again said to Naraváhanadatta, to amuse him; "Now hear in succession about the following ridiculous fools. Hear first about the fool who rewarded the minstrel."

*Story of the fool who gave a verbal reward to the musician.**

A certain musician once gave great pleasure to a rich man, by singing and playing before him. He thereupon called his treasurer, and said in the hearing of the musician, "Give this man two thousand *paṇas*." The treasurer said, "I will do so," and went out. Then the minstrel went and asked him for those *paṇas*. But the treasurer, who had an understanding with his master, refused to give them.

Then the musician came and asked the rich man for the *paṇas*, but he said; "What did you give me, that I should make you a return? You gave a short-lived pleasure to my ears by playing on the lyre, and I gave a short-lived pleasure to your ears by promising you money." When the musician heard that, he despaired of his payment, laughed, and went home.

"Would not that speech of the miser's make even a stone laugh? And now, prince, hear the story of the two foolish pupils."

* For parallels to this story compare Liebrecht Zur Volkskunde, p. 33, where he treats of the Avadánas, and the Japanese story in the Nachträge. In this a gentleman who had much enjoyed the smell of fried eels, pays for them by exhibiting his money to the owner of the cook-shop. See also p. 112 of the same work. M. Lévêque shews that Rabelais' story of Le Facquin et le Rostisseur exactly resembles this as told in the Avadánas. He thinks that La Fontaine in his fable of L'Hûitre et les Plaideurs is indebted to the story as told in Rabelais: (Les Mythes et les Légendes de l'Inde, pp. 547, 548.)

*Story of the teacher and his two jealous pupils.** A certain teacher had two pupils who were jealous of one another. And one of those pupils washed and anointed every day the right foot of his instructor, and the other did the same to the left foot. Now it happened that one day the pupil, whose business it was to anoint the right foot, had been sent to the village, so the teacher said to the second pupil, whose business it was to anoint the left foot,—"To-day you must wash and anoint my right foot also." When the foolish pupil received this order, he coolly said to his teacher; "I cannot anoint this foot that belongs to my rival." When he said this, the teacher insisted. Then that pupil, who was the very opposite of a good pupil, took hold of his teacher's foot in a passion, and exerting great force, broke it. Then the teacher uttered a cry of pain, and the other pupils came in and beat that wicked pupil, but he was rescued from them by that teacher, who felt sorry for him.

The next day, the other pupil came back from the village, and when he saw the injury that had been done to his teacher's foot, he asked the history of it, and then he was inflamed with rage, and he said, "Why should I not break the foot that belongs to that enemy of mine?" So he laid hold of the teacher's second leg, and broke it. Then the others began to beat that wicked pupil, but the teacher, both of whose legs were broken, in compassion begged him off too. Then those two pupils departed, laughed to scorn by the whole country, but their teacher, who deserved so much credit for his patient temper, gradually got well.

Thus foolish attendants, by quarrelling with one another, ruin their master's interests, and do not reap any advantage for themselves. Hear the story of the two-headed serpent.

*Story of the snake with two heads.*† A certain snake had two heads, one in the usual place and one in his

* There is a certain resemblance between this story and a joke in Philogelos, p. 16. (Ed. Eberhard, Berlin, 1869.) Scholasticus tells his boots not to creak, or he will break *their* legs.

† This corresponds to the 14th story in the 5th book of the Panchatantra, Benfey, Vol. II, p. 360. At any rate the leading idea is the same. See Benfey, Vol. I, p. 537. It has a certain resemblance to the fable of Menenius. There is a snake in Bengal with a knob at the end of his tail. Probably this gave rise to the legend of the double-headed serpent. Sir Thomas Browne devotes to the Amphisbæna Chapter XV of the third book of his Vulgar Errors, and craves leave to "doubt of this double-headed serpent," until he has "the advantage to behold, or iterated ocular testimony." See also Liebrecht zur Volkskunde, p. 120, where he treats of the Avadánas. The story is identical with that in our text. M. Lévêque shews that this story, as found in the Avadánas, forms the basis of one of La Fontaine's fables, VII, 17. La Fontaine took it from Plutarch's life of Agis.

tail. But the head, that he had in his tail, was blind, the head, that was in the usual place, was furnished with eyes. And there was a quarrel between them, each saying that it was the principal head. Now the serpent usually roamed about with his real head foremost. But once on a time the head in the tail caught hold of a piece of wood, and fastening firmly round it, prevented that snake from going on. The consequence was that the snake considered this head very powerful, as it had vanquished the head in front. And so the snake roamed about with his blind head foremost, and in a hole he fell into fire, owing to his not being able to see the way, and so he was burnt.*

*Story of the fool who was nearly choked with rice.*

"So those foolish people, many in number, who are quite at home in a small accomplishment, through their attachment to this unimportant accomplishment, are brought to ruin."

"Hear now about the fool who ate the grains of rice."

A certain foolish person came for the first time to his father-in-law's house, and there he saw some white grains of rice, which his mother-in-law had put down to be cooked, and he put a handful of them into his mouth, meaning to eat them. And his mother-in-law came in that very moment. Then the foolish man was so ashamed, that he could not swallow the grains of rice, nor bring them up. And his mother-in-law, seeing that his throat was swollen and distended, and that he was speechless, was afraid that he was ill, and summoned her husband. And he, when he saw his state, quickly brought the physician, and the physician, fearing that there was an internal tumour, seized the head of that fool and opened his jaw.† Then the grains of rice came out, and all those present laughed.

"Thus a fool does an unseemly act, and does not know how to conceal it."

*Story of the boys that milked the donkey.*‡

Certain foolish boys, having observed the process of milking in the case of cows, got a donkey, and having surrounded it, proceeded to milk it vigorously. One milked and another held the milk-pail, and there was great emulation among them, as to who should first drink the milk. And yet they did not obtain milk, though they laboured hard.

* This story is No. LIX in Sir G. Cornewall Lewis's edition of the Fables of Babrius, Part II. The only difference is that the tail, when in difficulties, entreats the head to deliver it.

† I read *hanum*, the conjecture of Dr. Kern.

‡ This story appears to have been known to Lucian. In his Demonax (28) he compares two unskilful disputants to a couple, one of whom is milking a goat, the other holding a sieve. So Aristophanes speaks of *ὄνου πόκαι* and *ὀρνίθων γάλα*. It must be admitted that some critics doubt Lucian's authorship of the Demonax.

"The fact is, prince, a fool, who spends his labour on a chimera, makes himself ridiculous."

*Story of the foolish boy that went to the village for nothing.*

There was a certain foolish son of a Bráhman, and his father said to him one evening, "My son, you must go to the village early to-morrow." Having heard this, he set out in the morning, without asking his father what he was to do, and went to the village without any object, and came back in the evening fatigued. He said to his father, "I have been to the village." "Yes, but you have not done any good by it," answered his father.

"So a fool, who acts without an object, becomes the laughing-stock of people generally; he suffers fatigue, but does not do any good." When the son of the king of Vatsa had heard from Gomukha, his chief minister, this series of tales, rich in instruction, and had declared that he was longing to obtain S'aktiyaśas, and had perceived that the night was far spent, he closed his eyes in sleep, and reposed surrounded by his ministers.

## CHAPTER LXIV.

Then, the next evening, as Naraváhanadatta was again in his private apartment, longing for union with his beloved, at his request Gomukha told the following series of tales to amuse him.

*Story of the Bráhman and the mungoose.**

There was in a certain village a Bráhman, named Devaśarman; and

* Benfey does not appear to have been aware that this story was to be found in Somadeva's work. It is found in his Panchatantra, Vol. II, p. 326. He refers to Wolff, II, 1; Knatchbull, 268; Symeon Seth, 76; John of Capua, k., 4; German translation, (Ulm, 1483) R., 2; Spanish translation, XLV. a; Doni, 66; Anvár-i-Suhaili, 404; Cabinet des Fées, XVIII, 22; Baldo fab. XVI, (in Edéléstand du Méril p. 240). Hitopadeśa, IV, 13, (Johnson's translation, page 116.) In Sandabar and Syntipas the animal is a dog. It appears that the word dog was also used in the Hebrew translation. John of Capua has *canis* for ichneumon in another passage, so perhaps he has it here. Benfey traces the story in Calumnia Novercalis C., 1; Historia Septem Sapientum, Bl. n.; Romans des Sept Sages, 1139; Dyocletian, Einleitung, 1212; Grässe, Gesta Romanorum II, 176; Keller, Romans, CLXXVIII; Le Grand d' Aussy, 1779, II, 303; Grimm's Märchen, 48. (Benfey, Vol. I, pp. 479—483.) To Englishmen the story suggests Llewellyn's faithful hound Gelert, from which the parish of Bethgelert in North Wales is named. This legend has been versified by the Hon'ble William Robert Spencer. It is found in the English Gesta, (see Bohn's Gesta Romanorum, introduction, page xliii.) The story (as found in the Seven Wise Masters) is admirably told in Simrock's Deutsche Volksbücher, Vol. XII, p. 135. See also Baring Gould's Curious Myths of the Middle Ages, 1st Series, p. 126.

he had a wife of equally high birth, named Yajnadattá. And she became pregnant, and in time gave birth to a son, and the Bráhman, though poor, thought he had obtained a treasure in him. And when she had given birth to the child, the Bráhman's wife went to the river to bathe, but Devaśarman remained in the house, taking care of his infant son. In the meanwhile a maid came from the womens' apartments of the palace to summon that Bráhman, who lived on presents received for performing inauguratory ceremonies. Then he, eager for a fee, went off to the palace, leaving a mungoose, which he had brought up from its birth, to guard his child. After he had gone, a snake suddenly came near the child, and the mungoose, seeing it, killed it out of love for his master. Then the mungoose saw Devaśarman returning at a distance, and delighted, ran out to meet him, all stained with the blood of the snake. And Devaśarman, when he saw its appearance, felt certain that it had killed his young child, and, in his agitation killed it with a stone. But when he went into the house, and saw the snake killed by the mungoose, and his boy alive, he repented of what he had done. And when his wife returned and heard what had happened, she reproached him, saying, "Why did you inconsiderately kill the mungoose, which had done you a good turn."

"Therefore a wise man, prince, should never do anything rashly. For a person who acts rashly is destroyed in both worlds. And one who does anything contrary to the prescribed method, obtains a result which is the opposite of that desired."

*Story of the fool that was his own doctor.*

For instance, there was a man suffering from flatulence. And once on a time the doctor gave him a medicine, to be used as a clyster, and said to him, "Go to your house, and bruise this, and wait till I come." The physician, after giving this order, delayed a little, and in the meanwhile the fool, having reduced the drug to powder, mixed it with water and drank it. That made him very ill, and when the doctor came, he had to give him an emetic, and with difficulty brought him round, when he was at the point of death. And he scolded his patient, saying to him, "A clyster is not meant to be drunk, but must be administered in the proper way. Why did you not wait for me?"

"So an action, useful in itself, if done contrary to rule, has bad effects. Therefore a wise man should do nothing contrary to rule. And the man, who acts without consideration, does what is wrong, and immediately incurs reproach."

*Story of the fool who mistook hermits for monkeys.*

For instance, there was in a certain place a foolish man. He was once going to a foreign country, accompanied by his son, and when the

caravan encamped in the forest, the boy entered the wood to amuse himself. There he was scratched by monkeys, and with difficulty escaped with life, and when his father asked him what had happened, the silly boy, not knowing what monkeys were, said; "I was scratched in this wood by some hairy creatures that live on fruits." When the father heard it, he drew his sword in a rage, and went to that wood. And seeing some ascetics with long matted hair, picking fruits there, he ran towards them, saying to himself, "These hairy rascals injured my son." But a certain traveller there prevented him from killing them, by saying; "I saw some monkeys scratch your son; do not kill the hermits." So by good luck he was saved from committing a crime, and returned to the caravan.

"So a wise man should never act without reflection. What is ever likely to go wrong with a man who reflects? But the thoughtless are always ruined and made the objects of public ridicule."

*Story of the fool who found a purse.*

For instance, a certain poor man, going on a journey, found a bag of gold, that had been dropped by the head of a caravan. The fool, the moment he found it, instead of going away, stood still where he was, and began to count the gold. In the meanwhile the merchant, who was on horseback, discovered his loss, and galloping back, he saw the bag of gold in the poor man's possession, and took it away from him. So he lost his wealth as soon as he got it, and went on his way sorrowful, with his face fixed on the ground.

"Fools lose wealth as soon as they get it."

*Story of the fool who looked for the moon.*

A certain foolish man, who wished to see the new moon, was told by a man who saw it, to look in the direction of his finger. He averted his eyes from the sky, and stood staring at his friend's finger, and so did not see the new moon, but saw the people laughing at him.

"Wisdom accomplishes the impossible, hear a story in proof of it."

*Story of the woman who escaped from the monkey and the cowherd.*

A certain woman set out alone to go to another village. And on the way a monkey suddenly came and tried to lay hold of her, but she avoided it by going to a tree and dodging round it. The foolish monkey threw its arms round the tree, and she laid hold of its arms with her hands, and pressed them against the tree.

The monkey, which was held tight, became furious, but at that moment the woman saw a cowherd coming that way, and said to him; "Sir, hold this ape by the arms a moment, until I can arrange my dress and hair, which are disordered." He said, "I will do so, if you promise to grant me your love," and she consented. And he held the monkey. Then she drew his dagger and killed the monkey, and said to the cowherd, "Come to a

lonely spot," and so took him a long distance. At last they fell in with some travellers, so she left him and went with them to the village that she wished to reach, having avoided outrage by her wisdom.

"So you see that wisdom is in this world the principal support of men; the man who is poor in wealth lives, but the man who is poor in intellect does not live. Now hear, prince, this romantic wonderful tale."

*Story of the two thieves, Ghaṭa and Karpara.** There were in a certain city two thieves, named Ghaṭa and Karpara. One night Karpara left Ghaṭa outside the palace, and breaking through the wall, entered the bedchamber of the princess. And the princess, who could not sleep, saw him there in a corner, and suddenly falling in love with him, called him to her. And she gave him wealth, and said to him; "I will give you much more if you come again." Then Karpara went out, and told Ghaṭa what had happened, and gave him the wealth, and having thus got hold of the king's property, sent him home. But he himself again entered the women's apartments of the palace; who, that is attracted by love and covetousness, thinks of death? There he remained with the princess, and bewildered with love and wine, he fell asleep, and did not observe that the night was at an end. And in the morning the guards of the women's apartments entered, and made him prisoner, and informed the king, and he in his anger ordered him to be put to death. While he was being led to the place of execution, his friend Ghaṭa came to look for him, as he had not returned in the course of the night. Then Karpara saw Ghaṭa, and made a sign to him that he was to carry off and take care of the princess. And he answered by a sign that he would do so. Then Karpara was led away by the executioners, and being at their mercy, was quickly hanged up upon a tree, and so executed.

Then Ghaṭa went home, sorrowing for his friend, and as soon as night arrived, he dug a mine and entered the apartment of the princess. Seeing her in fetters there alone, he went up to her and said; "I am the friend of Karpara, who was to-day put to death on account of you. And out of love

* Here, as Wilson remarked, (Collected Works, Vol IV, p. 149) we have the story of Rhampsinitus, Herodotus, II, 121. Dr. Rost compares Keller, Dyocletianus Leben, p. 55, Keller Li Romans des Sept Sages, p. cxciii, Liebrecht's translation of Dunlop's History of Fiction, pp. 197 and 264. Cp. also Sagas from the Far East, Tale XII; see also Dr. R. Köhler in Orient und Occident, Vol. II, p. 303. He gives many parallels to Campbell's Gaelic Story of "the Shifty lad," No. XVIII, d., Vol. I, p. 331, but is apparently not aware of the striking resemblance between the Gaelic story and that in the text. Whisky does in the Highland story the work of Dhattúra. See also Cox's Mythology of the Aryan Nations, I, p. 111 and *ff.* and Liebrecht zur Volkskunde, p. 34. A similar stratagem is described in Grössler's Sagen aus der Grafschaft Mansfeld, p. 219.

for him I am come here to carry you off, so come along, before your father does you an injury." Thereupon she consented joyfully, and he removed her bonds. Then he went out with her, who at once committed herself to his care, by the underground passage he had made, and returned to his own house.

And next morning the king heard that his own daughter had been carried off by some one, who had dug a secret mine, and that king thought to himself, "Undoubtedly that wicked man whom I punished has some audacious friend, who has carried off my daughter in this way." So he set his servants to watch the body of Karpara, and he said to them. "You must arrest any one who may come here lamenting, to burn the corpse and perform the other rites, and so I shall recover that wicked girl who has disgraced her family." When those guards had received this order from the king, they said, "We will do so," and remained continually watching the corpse of Karpara.

Then Ghaṭa made enquiries, and found out what was going on, and said to the princess; "My dear, my comrade Karpara was a very dear friend to me, and by means of him I gained you and all these valuable jewels; so until I have paid to him the debt of friendship, I cannot rest in peace. So I will go and see his corpse, and by a device of mine manage to lament over it, and I will in due course burn the body, and scatter the bones in a holy place. And do not be afraid, I am not reckless like Karpara." After he had said this to her, he immediately assumed the appearance of a Páśupata ascetic, and taking boiled rice and milk in a pot, he went near the corpse of Karpara, as if he were a person passing that way casually, and when he got near it, he slipped, and let fall from his hand and broke that pot of milk and rice, and began lamenting, "O Karpara full of sweetness,"* and so on. And the guards thought that he was grieving for his pot full of food, that he had got by begging. And immediately he went home and told that to the princess. And the next day he made a servant, dressed as a bride, go in front of him, and he had another behind him, carrying a vessel full of sweetmeats, in which the juice of the Dhattúra had been infused. And he himself assumed the appearance of a drunken villager, and so in the evening he came reeling along past those guards, who were watching the body of Karpara. They said to him, "Who are you, friend, and who is this lady, and where are you going?" Then the cunning fellow answered them with stuttering accents, "I am a villager; this is my wife; I am going

* Of course Karpara is the Sanskrit for pot. In fact the two friends' names might be represented in English by Pitcher and Pott. In modern Hindu funerals boiled rice is given to the dead. So I am informed by my friend Pandit Syáma Charan Mukhopádhyáya, to whom I am indebted for many kind hints.

to the house of my father-in-law; and I am taking for him this complimentary present of sweetmeats. But you have now become my friends by speaking to me, so I will take only half of the sweetmeats there; take the other half for yourselves." Saying this, he gave a sweetmeat to each of the guards. And they received them, laughing, and all of them partook of them. Accordingly Ghaṭa, having stupefied the guards with Dhattúra, at night brought fuel* and burnt the body of Karpara.

The next morning, after he had departed, the king hearing of it, removed those guards who had been stupefied, and placed others there, and said; "You must guard these bones, and you must arrest whoever attempts to take them away, and you must not accept food from any outsider." When the guards were thus instructed by the king, they remained on the lookout day and night, and Ghaṭa heard of it. Then he, being acquainted with the operation of a bewildering charm granted him by Durgá, made a wandering mendicant his friend, in order to make them repose confidence in him. And he went there with that wandering mendicant, who was muttering spells, and bewildered those guards, and recovered the bones of Karpara. And after throwing them into the Ganges, he came and related what he had done, and lived happily with the princess, accompanied by the mendicant. But the king, hearing that the bones had been carried off, and the men guarding them stupefied, thought that the whole exploit, beginning with the carrying off of his daughter, was the doing of a magician. And he had the following proclamation made in his city; "If that magician, who carried off my daughter, and performed the other exploits connected with that feat, will reveal himself, I will give him half my kingdom." When Ghaṭa heard this, he wished to reveal himself, but the princess dissuaded him, saying, "Do not do so, you cannot repose any confidence in this king, who treacherously puts people to death."† Then, for fear that, if he remained there, the truth might come out, he set out for another country with the princess and the mendicant.

And on the way the princess said secretly to the mendicant, "The other one of these thieves seduced me, and this one made me fall from my high rank. The other thief is dead, as for this, Ghaṭa, I do not love him, you are my darling." When she had said this, she united herself to the mendicant, and killed Ghaṭa in the dead of night. Then, as she was journeying along with that mendicant, the wicked woman fell in with a merchant on the way, whose name was Dhanadeva. So she said, "Who is this skull-

* I read *áhṛitendhanaḥ*. The Sanskrit College MS. seems to me to give *hṛitendhana*.

† So Frau Claradis in "Die Heimonskinder" advises her husband not to trust her father (Simrock's Deutsche Volksbücher,' Vol. II, p. 131.)

bearer? You are my darling," and she left that mendicant, while he was asleep, and went off with that merchant. And in the morning the mendicant woke up, and reflected, "There is no love in women, and no courtesy free from fickleness, for, after lulling me into security, the wicked woman has gone off, and robbed me too. However, I ought perhaps to consider myself lucky, that I have not been killed like Ghaṭa." After these reflections, the mendicant returned to his own country.

*Story of Devadatta's wife.*

And the princess, travelling on with the merchant, reached his country. And when Dhanadeva arrived there, he said to himself; "Why should I rashly introduce this unchaste woman into my house? So, as it was evening, he went into the house of an old woman in that place, with the princess. And at night he asked that old woman, who did not recognize him, "Mother, do you know any tidings about the family of Dhanadeva?" When the old woman heard that, she said, "What tidings is there except that his wife is always ready to take a new lover. For a basket, covered with leather, is let down every night from the window here, and whoever enters it, is drawn up into the house, and is dismissed in the same way at the end of the night. And the woman is always stupefied with drink, so that she is absolutely void of discernment. And this state of hers has become well-known in the whole city. And though her husband has been long away, he has not yet returned."

When Dhanadeva heard this speech of the old woman's, he went out that moment on some pretext, and repaired to his own house, being full of inward grief and uncertainty. And seeing a basket let down by the female servants with ropes, he entered it, and they pulled up him into the house. And his wife, who was stupefied with drink, embraced him most affectionately, without knowing who he was. But he was quite cast down at seeing her degradation. And thereupon she fell into a drunken sleep. And at the end of the night, the female servants let him down again quickly from the window, in the basket suspended with ropes. And the merchant reflected in his grief, "Enough of the folly of being a family man, for women in a house are a snare! It is always this story with them, so a life in the forest is much to be preferred." Having formed this resolve, Dhanadeva abandoned the princess into the bargain, and set out for a distant forest. And on the way he met, and struck up a friendship with, a young Bráhman, named Rudrasoma, who had lately returned from a long absence abroad. When he told him his story, the Bráhman became anxious about his own wife; and so he arrived in the company of that merchant at his own village in the evening.

*Story of the wife of the Bráhman Rudrasoma.*

And when he arrived there, he saw a cowherd, on the bank of the

river, near his house, singing with joy, like one beside himself. So he said to him in joke, "Cowherd, is any young woman in love with you, that you sing thus in your rapture, counting the world as stubble?" When the cowherd heard that, he laughed and said, "I have a great secret.* The head of this village, a Bráhman, named Rudrasoma, has been long away, and I visit his wife every night; her maid introduces me into the house dressed as a woman." When Rudrasoma heard this, he restrained his anger, and wishing to find out the truth, he said to the cowherd; "If such kindness is shewn to guests here, give me this dress of yours, and let me go there to-night: I feel great curiosity about it." The cowherd said, "Do so, take this black rug of mine, and this stick, and remain here until her maid comes. And she will take you for me, and will give you a female dress, and invite you to come, so go there boldly at night, and I will take repose this night." When the cowherd said this, the Bráhman Rudrasoma took from him the stick and the rug, and stood there, personating him. And the cowherd stood at a little distance, with that merchant Devadatta, and then the maid came. She walked silently up to him in the darkness, and wrapped him up in a woman's dress, and said to him, "Come along," and so took him off to his wife, thinking that he was the cowherd. When his wife saw Rudrasoma, she sprang up and embraced him, supposing that he was the cowherd, and then Rudrasoma thought to himself; "Alas! wicked women fall in love with a base man, if only he is near them, for this vicious wife of mine has fallen in love with a cowherd, merely because he is near at hand." Then he made some excuse with faltering voice, and went, disgusted in mind, to Dhanadeva. And after he had told his adventure in his own house, he said to that merchant; "I too will go with you to the forest; perish my family!" So Rudrasoma and the merchant Dhanadeva set out together for the forest.

*Story of the wife of S'asin.*

And on the way a friend of Dhanadeva's, named S'aśin, joined them. And in the course of conversation they told him their circumstances. And when S'aśin heard that, being a jealous man, and having just returned from a long absence in a foreign land, he became anxious about his wife, though he had locked her up in a cellar. And S'aśin, travelling along with them, came near his own house in the evening, and was desirous of entertaining them. But he saw there a man singing in an amorous mood, who had an evil smell, and whose hands and feet were eaten away with leprosy. And in his astonishment, he asked him; "Who are you, sir, that you are so cheerful?" And the leper said to him, "I am the god of love." S'aśin answered, "There can be no mistake about that. The splendour of your beauty is sufficient evidence for your being the god of love." There-

* The Sanskrit College MS. has *mama* for the *mayá* of Dr. Brockhaus.

upon the leper continued, "Listen, I will tell you something. A rogue here, named S'aśin, being jealous of his wife, locked her up in a cellar with one servant to attend on her, and went to a foreign land. But that wife of his happened to see me here, and immediately surrendered herself to me, her heart being drawn towards me by love. And I spend every night with her, for the maid takes me on her back and carries me in. So tell me if I am not the god of love. Who, that was the favoured lover of the beautiful wife of S'aśin, could care for other women?" When S'aśin heard this speech of the leper's, he suppressed his grief, intolerable as a hurricane, and wishing to discover the truth, he said to the leper, "In truth you are the god of love, so I have a boon to crave of your godship. I feel great curiosity about this lady from your description of her, so I will go there this very night disguised as yourself. Be propitious to your suppliant: you will lose but little, as you can attain this object every day." When S'aśin made this request, the leper said to him; "So be it! take this dress of mine and give me yours, and remain covering up your hands and feet with your clothes, as you see me do, until her maid comes, which will be as soon as it becomes dark. And she will mistake you for me, and put you on her back, and you must submit to go there in that fashion, for I always have to go in that way, having lost the use of my hands and feet from leprosy." Thereupon S'aśin put on the leper's dress and remained there, but the leper and S'aśin's two companions remained a little way off.

Then S'aśin's wife's maid came, and supposing that he was the leper, as he had his dress on, said, "Come along," and took him up on her back. And so she took him at night into that cellar to his wife, who was expecting her paramour the leper. Then S'aśin made out for certain that it was his wife, who was lamenting there in the darkness, by feeling her limbs, and he became an ascetic on the spot. And when she was asleep, he went out unobserved, and made his way to Dhanadeva and Rudrasoma. And he told them his experiences, and said in his grief, "Alas! women are like torrents that flow in a ravine, they are ever tending downwards, capricious, beautiful at a distance, prone to turbidness, and so they are as difficult to guard as such rivers are to drink, and thus my wife, though kept in a cellar, has run after a leper. So for me also the forest is the best thing. Out on family life!" And so he spent the night in the company of the merchant and the Bráhman, whose affliction was the same as his. And next morning they all set out together for the forest, and at evening they reached a tree by the roadside, with a tank at its foot. And after they had eaten and drunk, they ascended the tree to sleep, and while they were there, they saw a traveller come and lie down underneath the tree.

*Story of the snake-god and his wife.*

And soon they saw another man arise from the tank, and he brought

out of his mouth a couch and a lady. Then he lay down on the couch beside that wife of his, and went to sleep, and the moment she saw it, she went and embraced the traveller. And he asked her who they were, and she answered; "This is a snake-god, and I am his wife, a daughter of the snake race. Do not fear, I have had ninety-nine lovers among travellers, and you make the hundredth." But, while she was saying this, it happened that the snake-god woke up, and saw them. And he discharged fire from his mouth, and reduced them both to ashes.

When the snake-god had gone, the three friends said to one another, "If it is impossible to guard one's wife by enclosing her in one's own body, what chance is there of keeping her safe in a house? Out on them all!" So they spent the night in contentment, and next morning went on to the forest. There they became completely chastened in mind, with hearts quieted by practising the four meditations,* which were not interfered with by their friendship, and they became gentle to all creatures, and attained perfection in contemplation, which produces unequalled absolute beatification; and all three in due course destroyed the inborn darkness of their souls, and became liberated from the necessity of future births. But their wicked wives fell into a miserable state by the ripening of their own sin, and were soon ruined, losing both this and the next world.

"So attachment to women, the result of infatuation, produces misery to all men. But indifference to them produces in the discerning emancipation from the bonds of existence."

When the prince, who was longing for union with S'aktiyaśas, had patiently listened to this diverting tale, told by his minister Gomukha, he again went to sleep.

### *Note on the Story of Ghaṭa and Karpara.*

The portion of the story of "the Shifty lad," which so nearly resembles the story of Ghaṭa and Karpara, runs as follows: The shifty lad remarks to his master the wright, that he might get plenty from the king's store-house which was near at hand, if only he would break into it. The two eventually rob it together. "But the king's people missed the butter and cheese and the other things that had been taken out of the store-house, and they told the king how it had happened. The king took the advice of the Seanagal about the best way of catching the thieves, and the counsel that he gave them was, that they should set a hogshead of soft pitch under the hole where they were coming in. That was done, and the next day the shifty lad and his master went to break into the king's store-house."

* Mr. Gough has kindly pointed out to me a passage in the Sarvadarśana Sangraha which explains this. The following is Mr. Gough's translation of the passage; "We must consider this teaching as regards the four points of view. These are that

(1) Everything is momentary and momentary only:
(2) Everything is pain and pain only:
(3) Everything is individual and individual only:
(4) Everything is baseless and baseless only."

The consequence was that the wright was caught in the pitch. Thereupon the shifty lad cut off his head, which he carried home and buried in the garden. When the king's people came into the store-house, they found a body, without a head and they could not make out whose it was. By the advice of the Seanagal the king had the trunk carried about from town to town by the soldiers on the points of spears. They were directed to observe if any one cried out on seeing it. When they were going past the house of the wright, the wright's wife made a tortured scream, and swift the shifty lad cut himself with an adze, and he kept saying to the wright's wife, "It is not as bad as thou thinkest." He then tells the soldier that she is afraid of blood, and therefore the soldier supposed that he was the wright and she his wife. The king had the body hung up in an open place, and set soldiers to watch if any should attempt to take it away, or shew pity or grief for it. The shifty lad drives a horse past with a keg of whisky on each side, and pretends to be hiding it from the soldiers. They pursue him, capture the whisky, get dead drunk, and the shifty lad carries off and buries the wright's body. The king now lets loose a pig to dig up the body. The soldiers follow the pig, but the wright's widow entertains them. Meanwhile the shifty lad kills the pig and buries it. The soldiers are then ordered to live at free quarters among the people, and wherever they get pig's flesh, unless the people could explain how they came by it, to make a report to the king. But the shifty lad kills the soldiers who visit the widow, and persuades the people to kill all the others in their sleep. The Seanagal next advises the king to give a feast to all the people. Whoever dared to dance with the king's daughter would be the culprit. The shifty lad asks her to dance, she makes a black mark on him, but he puts a similar black mark on twenty others. The king now proclaims that, if the author of these clever tricks will reveal himself, he shall marry his daughter. All the men with marks on them contend for the honour. It is agreed that to whomsoever a child shall give an apple, the king is to give his daughter. The shifty lad goes into the room where they are all assembled, with a shaving and a drone, and the child gives him the apple. He marries the princess, but is killed by accident. Köhler (Orient und Occident, Vol. II, p. 303 and ff.) compares the story of Dolopathos quoted in Loiseleur II, 123, ed. Brunet, p. 183, a story of the Florentine Ser Giovanni, (Pecorone, IX, 1,) an old Netherland story in Haupt's Zeitschrift für Deutsches Alterthum 5, 385—404, called "The thief of Bruges," and a Tyrolese story in Zingerle, Kinder und Hausmärchen aus Süd-Deutschland, p. 300; also a French Romance of chivalry entitled, "The knight Berinus and his son Aigres of the Magnet mountain." There is also a story in the Seven Wise Masters (Ellis, specimens of early English metrical romances new ed. by Halliwell, London, 1848, p. 423) of a father and his son breaking into the treasure-house of the emperor Octavianus. Köhler also compares the story of Trophonius and his brother or father Agamedes (Scholiast to Aristophanes, Nubes, 508; Pausanias, IX, 37, 3.) This story will also be found in Simrock's Deutsche Volksbücher, Vol. XII, p. 148.

### *Addendum to Fasciculus VII.*

Add to note on p. 87—

A similar idea is found in the Hermotimus of Lucian, chapters 80 and 81. A philosopher is indignant with his pupil on account of his fees being eleven days in arrear. The uncle of the young man, who is standing by, being a rude and uncultured person, says to the philosopher—"My good man, pray let us hear no more complaints about the great injustice with which you conceive yourself to have been treated, for all it amounts to is, that we have bought words from you, and have up to the present time paid you in the same coin."

## CHAPTER LXV.

The next evening Gomukha told Naravâhanadatta this story to amuse him as before.

*Story of the ungrateful Wife.**

In a certain city there lived the son of a rich merchant, who was an incarnation of a portion of a Bodhisattva. His mother died, and his father became attached to another wife, so he sent him away; and the son went forth from his father's house with his wife to live in the forest. His younger brother also was banished by his father, and went with him, but as he was not of a chastened disposition, the elder brother parted company with him, and went in another direction. And as he was going along, he at last came to a great desert wilderness, without water, grass, or tree, scorched by the fierce rays of the sun, and his supplies were exhausted. And he travelled through it for seven days, and kept his wife, who was exhausted with hunger and thirst, alive, by giving her his own flesh and blood, and she drank the blood and ate the flesh. And on the eighth day he reached a mountain forest, resounding with the surging waters of a torrent, abounding in shady trees laden with fruit, and in delightful turf. There he refreshed his wife with water and fruits, and went down into the mountain-stream that was wreathed with waves, to take a bath. And there he saw a man with his two feet and his two hands cut off, being carried along by the current, in need of assistance. Though exhausted with his long fast, the brave man entered the river, and rescued this mutilated person. And the compassionate man landed him on the bank, and said; "Who did this to you, my brother?" Then the maimed man answered, "My enemies cut off my hands and feet, and threw me into the river, desiring to inflict on me a painful death. But you have

* This story is identical with the 5th in the 4th book of the Panchatantra in Benfey's translation, which he considers Buddhistic, and with which he compares the story of the Bhilla in chapter 61 of this work. He compares the story of Dhúminí in the Daśakumára Charita, page 150, Wilson's edition, which resembles this story more nearly even than the form in the Panchatantra. Also a story in Ardschi Bordschi, translated by himself in Ausland 1858, No. 36, pages 845, 846. (It will be found on page 305 of Sagas from the Far East.) He quotes a saying of Buddha from Spence Hardy's Eastern Monachism, page 166, cp. Köppen, Religion des Buddha, p. 374. This story is also found in the Forty Vazírs, a collection of Persian tales, (Behrnauer's translation, Leipzig, 1851, page 325.) It is also found in the Gesta Romanorum, c. 56. (But the resemblance is not very striking.) Cp. also Grimm's Kinder und Hausmärchen, No. 16. (Benfey's Panchatantra, Vol. I, pp. 436 and ff.)

saved me from the water." When the maimed man told him this, he bandaged his wounds, and gave him food, and then the noble fellow bathed and took food himself. Then this merchant's son, who was an incarnation of a Bodhisattva, remained in that wood with his wife, living on roots and fruits, and engaged in austerities.

One day, when he was away in search of fruits and roots, his wife fell in love with that maimed man, whose wounds were healed. And determining to kill her husband, the wicked woman devised a plot for doing so in concert with that mutilated man, and she pretended to be ill. And she pointed out a plant growing in the ravine, where it was difficult to descend, and the river hard to cross, and said to her husband; "I may live if you bring me that sovereign plant, for I am sure that the god indicated to me its position in a dream." He consented, and descended into the ravine to get the plant, by the help of a rope plaited of grass and fastened to a tree. But when he had got down, she unfastened the rope; so he fell into the river, and was swept away by it, as its current was strong. And he was carried an enormous distance by the river, and flung up on the bank near a certain city, for his merits preserved his life. Then he climbed up on to the firm ground, and rested under a tree, as he was fatigued by his immersion in the water, and thought over the wicked behaviour of his wife. Now it happened that at that time the king of that city had just died, and in that country there was an immemorial custom, that an auspicious elephant was driven about by the citizens, and any man, that he took up with his trunk and placed on his back, was anointed king.* The elephant, wandering about, came near the merchant's son, and, as if he were Providence pleased with his self-control, took him up, and put him on his back. Then the merchant's son, who was an incarnation of a portion of a Bodhisattva, was immediately taken to the city and anointed king by the people. When he had obtained the crown, he did not associate with charming women of coquettish behaviour, but held converse with the virtues of compassion, cheerfulness and patience.

And his wife wandered about hither and thither, carrying that maimed man, who was her paramour, on her back,† without fear of her husband, whom she supposed to have been swept away by the river. And she begged from village to village, and city to city, saying, "This husband of mine has had his hands and feet cut off by his enemies; I am a devoted wife and support him by begging, so give me alms. At last she reached the town in which that husband of hers was king. She begged there in

* In La Fontaine's Fables X, 14, a man gains a kingdom by carrying an elephant.

† In the story of Satyamanjarí, a tale extracted by Professor Nilmani Mookerjee from the Kathá Kośa, a collection of Jaina stories, the heroine carries her leprous husband on her back.

the same way, and, as she was honoured by the citizens as a devoted wife the fame of her virtue reached the ears of the king. And the king had her summoned, with the maimed man on her back, and, when she came near, he recognized her and said; "Are you that devoted wife?" And the wicked woman, not recognizing her husband, when surrounded by the splendour of the kingly office, said, "I am that devoted wife, your Majesty." Then that incarnation of a Bodhisattva laughed, and said; "I too have had practical experience of your wifely devotion. How comes it that, though I your own husband, who possess hands and feet, could not tame you, even by giving you my own flesh and blood, which you kept feeding on like an ogress in human form, this maimed fellow, though defective in his limbs, has been able to tame you and make you his beast of burden? Did you carry on your back your innocent husband, whom you threw into the river? It is owing to that deed that you have to carry and support this maimed man." When her husband in these words revealed her past conduct, she recognized him, and fainting from fear, became like a painted or dead woman. The ministers in their curiosity said, "Tell us, king, what this means." Then the king told them the whole story. And the ministers, when they heard that she had conspired against her husband's life, cut off her nose and ears, and branded her, and banished her from the country with the maimed man. And in this matter Fate shewed a becoming combination, for it united a woman without nose and ears with a man without hands and feet, and a man who was an incarnation of a portion of a Bodhisattva, with the splendour of royalty.

"Thus the way of woman's heart, which is a thing full of hate, indiscriminating, prone to the base, is difficult to fathom. And thus good fortune comes spontaneous and unexpected, as if pleased with them, to those of noble soul, who do not swerve from virtue and who conquer anger." When the minister Gomukha had told this tale, he proceeded to relate the following story.

*Story of the grateful animals and the ungrateful woman.**

There was a certain man of noble soul, who was an incarnation of a portion of a Bodhisattva, whose heart was melted by compassion only, who

* This story is found, with the substitution of a man for a woman, on p. 128 of Benfey's Panchatantra, Vol. II; he tells us that it is also found in the 17th chapter of Silvestre de Sacy's Kalila o Dimna (Wolff's Translation II, 99; Knatchbull, 346,) in the 11th section of Symeon Seth's Greek version, 14th chapter of John of Capua; German translation Ulm, 1483 Y., 5; Anvár-i-Suhaili, p. 596 Cabinet des Fées, XVIII, 189. It is imitated by Baldo, 18th fable, (Poesies Inédites du Moyen Age by Edéléstand du Meril, p. 244.) Benfey pronounces it Buddhistic in origin, though apparently not acquainted with its form in the Kathá Sarit Ságara. Cp. Rasaváhiní, chap. 3. (Spiegel's Anecdota Palica). It is also found in the Karma S'ataka. Cp. also Matthæus Paris,

had built a hut in a forest and lived there, performing austerities. He, while living there, by his power rescued living beings in distress and Piśáchas, and others he gratified by presents of water and jewels. One day, as he was roaming about in the wood to assist others, he saw a great well and looked into it. And a woman, who was in it, said to him in a loud voice; "Noble sir, here are four of us; myself a woman, a lion, and a golden-crested bird, and a snake, fallen into this well in the night; so take us out; have mercy upon us." When he heard this, he said, "Granted that you three fell in because the darkness made it impossible for you to see your way, but how did the bird fall in?" The woman answered him, "It fell in by being caught in a fowler's net." Then the ascetic tried to lift them out by the supernatural power of his asceticism, but he could not; on the contrary, his power was gone. He reflected, "Surely this woman is a sinner, and owing to my having conversed with her, my power is gone from me. So I will use other means in this case." Then he plaited a rope of grass, and so drew them all four up out of the well, and they praised him. And in his astonishment he said to the lion, the bird, and the snake; "Tell me, how come you to have articulate voice, and what is your history?" Then the lion said, "We have articulate speech and we remember our former births, and we are mutual enemies; hear our stories in turns." So the lion began to tell his own story as follows:

*The lion's story.*

There is a splendid city on the Himálayas, called Vaidúryaśṛinga; and in it there is a prince of the Vidyádharas named Padmaveśa, and to him a son was born named Vajravega. That Vajravega, while he dwelt in the world of the Vidyádharas, being a vain-glorious person, quarrelled with any body and every body, confiding in his courage. His father ordered him to desist, but he paid no attention to his command. Then his father cursed him, saying, "Fall into the world of mortals." Then his arrogance

Hist. Maj. London, 1571, pp. 240-242, where it is told of Richard Cœur de Lion; Gesta Romanorum, c. 119; Gower, Confessio Amantis, Book V; E. Meier Schwäbische Volksmärchen. (Benfey's Panchatantra, Vol. I, p. 192 and ff.) Cp. also for the gratitude of the animals the IVth story in Campbell's Tales of the West Highlands. The animals are a dog, an otter and a falcon, p. 74 and ff. The Mongolian form of the story is to be found in Sagas from the Far East, Tale XIII. See also the XIIth and XXIInd of Miss Stokes's Indian Fairy Tales. There is a striking illustration of the gratitude of animals in Grimm's No. 62, and in Bartsch's Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg, Vol I, p. 483. De Gubernatis in a note to p. 129 of Vol. II, of his Zoological Mythology, mentions a story of grateful animals in Afanassief. The hero finds some wolves fighting for a bone, some bees fighting for honey, and some shrimps fighting for a carcase; he makes a just division, and the grateful wolves, bees, and shrimps help him in need. See also p. 157 of the same volume. No. 25 in the Pentamerone of Basile belongs to the same cycle.

was extinguished, and his knowledge left him, and smitten with the curse he wept, and asked his father to name a time when it should end. Then his father Padmavega thought a little, and said immediately; "You shall become a Bráhman's son on the earth, and display this arrogance once more, and by your father's curse you shall become a lion and fall into a well. And a man of noble character, out of compassion, shall draw you out, and when you have recompensed him in his calamity, you shall be delivered from this curse." This was the termination of the curse which his father appointed for him.

Then Vajravega was born in Málava as Devaghosha, the son of Harighosha a Bráhman. And in that birth also he fought with many, confiding in his heroism, and his father said to him, "Do not go on in this way quarrelling with every body." But he would not obey his father's orders, so his father cursed him—"Become immediately a foolish lion, over-confident in its strength." In consequence of this speech of his father's, Devaghosha, that incarnation of a Vidyádhara, was again born as a lion in this forest.

"Know that I am that lion. I was wandering about here at night, and as chance would have it, I fell into this well; and you, noble sir, have drawn me up out of it. So now I will depart, and, if you should fall into any difficulty, remember me; I will do you a good turn and so get released from my curse." After the lion had said this he went away, and the golden-crested bird, being questioned by that Bodhisattva, told his tale.

*The golden-crested bird's story.*

There is on the Himálayas a king of the Vidyádharas, named Vajradanshṭra. His queen gave birth to five daughters in succession. And then the king propitiated S'iva with austerities and obtained a son, named Rajatadanshṭra, whom he valued more than life. His father, out of affection, bestowed the knowledge of the sciences upon him when he was still a child, and he grew up, a feast to the eyes of his relations.

One day he saw his eldest sister, by name Somaprabhá, playing upon a *pinjara*. In his childishness he kept begging for the *pinjara*, saying, "Give it me, I too want to play on it." And when she would not give it him, in his flightiness he seized the *pinjara*, and flew up to heaven with it in the form of a bird. Then his sister cursed him, saying;—"Since you have taken my *pinjara* from me by force, and flown away with it, you shall become a bird with a golden crest." When Rajatadanshṭra heard this, he fell at his sister's feet, and entreated her to fix a time for his curse to end, and she said, "When, foolish boy, you fall, in your bird-form, into a blind well, and a certain merciful person draws you out, and you do him a service in return, then you shall be released from this curse." When she had said this to her brother, he was born as a bird with a golden crest.

"I am that same golden-crested bird, that fell into this pit in the night, and have now been drawn out by you, so now I will depart. Remember me when you fall into calamity, for by doing you a service in return I shall be released from my curse." When the bird had said this, he departed. Then the snake, being questioned by that Bodhisattva, told his story to that great-souled one.

*The snake's story.*

Formerly I was the son of a hermit in the hermitage of Kaśyapa. And I had a companion there who was also the son of a hermit. And one day my friend went down into the lake to bathe, and I remained on the bank. And while I was there, I saw a serpent come with three heads. And, in order to terrify that friend of mine in fun, I fixed the serpent immoveable on the bank, opposite to where he was, by the power of a spell. My friend got through his bathing in a moment, and came to the bank, and unexpectedly seeing that great serpent there, he was terrified and fainted. After some time I brought my friend round again, but he, finding out by meditation that I had terrified him in this way, became angry, and cursed me, saying, "Go and become a similar great snake with three crests." Then I entreated him to fix an end to my curse, and he said,—"When, in your serpent condition, you fall into a well, and at a critical moment do a service to the man who pulls you out, then you shall be freed from your curse."

"After he had said this, he departed, and I became a serpent, and now you have drawn me out of the well; so now I will depart. And when you think of me I will come; and by doing you a service I shall be released from my curse."

When the snake had said this, he departed, and the woman told her story.

*The woman's story.*

I am the wife of a young Kshatriya in the king's employ, a man in the bloom of youth, brave, generous, handsome, and high-minded. Nevertheless I was wicked enough to enter into an intrigue with another man. When my husband found it out, he determined to punish me. And I heard of this from my confidante, and that moment I fled, and entered this wood at night, and fell into this well, and was dragged out by you.

"And thanks to your kindness I will now go and maintain myself somewhere. May a day come when I shall be able to requite your goodness."

When the sinful woman had said this to the Bodhisattva, she went to the town of a king named Gotravardhana. She obtained an interview with him, and remained among his attendants, in the capacity of maid to the king's principal queen. But because that Bodhisattva talked with that woman, he lost his power, and could not procure fruits and roots and things of that kind. Then, being exhausted with hunger and thirst, he first

thought of the lion. And, when he thought of him, he came and fed him with the flesh of deer,* and in a short time he restored him to his former health with their flesh; and then the lion said, "My curse is at an end, I will depart." When he had said this, the Bodhisattva gave him leave to depart, and the lion became a Vidyádhara and went to his own place.

Then that incarnation of a portion of a Bodhisattva, being again exhausted by want of food, thought upon that golden-crested bird, and he came, when thought of by him. And when he told the bird of his sufferings, the bird went and brought a casket full of jewels and gave it him, and said, "This wealth will support you for ever, and so my curse has come to an end, now I depart; may you enjoy happiness!" When he had said this, he became a young Vidyádhara prince, and went through the air to his own world, and received the kingdom from his father. And the Bodhisattva, as he was wandering about to sell the jewels, reached that city, where the woman was living whom he had rescued from the well. And he deposited those jewels in an out-of-the-way house belonging to an old Bráhman woman, and went to the market, and on the way he saw coming towards him the very woman whom he had saved from the well, and the woman saw him. And the two fell into a conversation, and in the course of it the woman told him of her position about the person of the queen. And she asked him about his own adventures: so the confiding man told her how the golden-crested bird had given him the jewels. And he took her and shewed her the jewels in the house of the old woman, and the wicked woman went and told her mistress the queen of it. Now it happened that the golden-crested bird had managed artfully to steal this casket of jewels from the interior of the queen's palace, before her eyes. And when the queen heard from the mouth of that woman, who knew the facts, that the casket had arrived in the city, she informed the king. And the king had the Bodhisattva pointed out by that wicked woman, and brought by his servants as a prisoner from that house with the ornaments. And after he had asked him the circumstances, though he believed his account, he not only took the ornaments from him, but he put him in prison.

Then the Bodhisattva, terrified at being put in prison, thought upon the snake, who was an incarnation of the hermit's son, and the snake came to him. And when the snake had seen him, and enquired what his need was, he said to the good man, "I will go and coil round the king from his

* In Giles's Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio, a tiger, who has killed the son of an old woman, feeds her henceforth, and appears as a mourner at her funeral. The story in the text bears a faint resemblance to that of Androclus, (Aulus Gellius. V, 14). See also Liebrecht's Dunlop, p. 111, with the note at the end of the Volume.

head to his feet.* And I will not let him go until I am told to do so by you. And you must say here, in the prison, 'I will deliver the king from the serpent.' And when you come and give me the order, I will let the king go. And when I let him go, he will give you half his kingdom." After he had said this, the snake went and coiled round the king, and placed his three hoods on his head. And the people began to cry out, "Alas! the king is bitten by a snake." Then the Bodhisattva said, "I will deliver the king from this snake." And the king's servants, having heard this, informed him. Thereupon the king, who was in the grasp of the snake, had the Bodhisattva summoned, and said to him, "If you deliver me from this snake, I will give you half my kingdom, and these my ministers are your guarantees that I will keep my promise." When his ministers heard this, they said,—"Certainly," and then the Bodhisattva said to that snake, "Let the king go at once." Then the snake let the king go, and the king gave half his kingdom to that Bodhisattva, and thus he became prosperous in a moment. And the serpent, as its curse was at an end, became a young hermit, and he told his story in the presence of the court and went back to his hermitage.

"Thus you see that good fortune certainly befalls those of good dispositions. And transgression brings suffering even upon the great. And the mind of women cannot be relied upon, it is not touched even by such a service as rescue from death; so what other benefit can move them?" When Gomukha had told this tale, he said to the king of Vatsa, "Listen, I will tell you some more stories of fools."

*Story of the Buddhist monk who was bitten by a dog.*

There was in a certain Buddhist monastery a Buddhist monk of dull intellect. One day, as he was walking in the high road, he was bitten by a dog on the knee. And when he had been thus bitten, he returned to his monastery, and thus reflected,—"Every body, one after another, will ask me, 'What has happened to your knee?' And what a time it will take me to inform them all one by one! So I will make use of an artifice to let them all know at once." Having thus reflected, he quickly went to the top of the monastery, and taking the stick with which the gong was struck, he sounded the gong. And the mendicant monks, hearing it, came together in astonishment, and said to him, "Why do you without cause sound the gong at the wrong time?" He answered the mendicants, at the same time shewing them his knee, "The fact is, a dog has bitten my knee, so I called you together, thinking that it would take a long time for me to tell

*Cp. the 46th story in Sicilianische Märchen gesammelt von Laura von Gonzenbach, where a snake coils round the throat of a king, and will not let him go, till he promises to marry a girl, whom he had violated.

each of you separately such a long story: so hear it all of you now, and look at my knee." Then all the mendicants laughed till their sides ached, and said, "What a great fuss he has made about a very small matter!"

"You have heard of the foolish Buddhist monk, now hear of the foolish *Ṭakka.*"

*Story of the man who submitted to be burnt alive sooner than share his food with a guest.*

There lived somewhere a rich but foolish *Ṭakka,** who was a miser. And he and his wife were always eating barley-meal without salt. And he never learned to know the taste of any other food. Once Providence instigated him to say to his wife, "I have conceived a desire for a milk-pudding: cook me one to-day." His wife said, "I will," and set about cooking the pudding, and the *Ṭakka* remained in doors concealed, taking to his bed, for fear some one should see him and drop in on him as a guest.

In the meanwhile a friend of his, a *Ṭakka* who was fond of mischief, came there, and asked his wife where her husband was. And she, without giving an answer, went in to her husband, and told him of the arrival of his friend. And he, lying on the bed, said to her; "Sit down here, and remain weeping and clinging to my feet, and say to my friend, My husband is dead.'† When he is gone, we will eat this pudding happily together." When he gave her this order, she began to weep, and the friend came in, and said to her, "What is the matter?" She said to him "Look, my husband is dead." But he reflected, "I saw her a moment ago happy enough cooking a pudding. How comes it that her husband is now dead, though he has had no illness? The two things are incompatible. No doubt the two have invented this fiction because they saw I had come as a guest. So I will not go." Thereupon the mischievous fellow sat down, and began crying out, "Alas my friend! Alas, my friend!" Then his relations, hearing the lamentation, came in and prepared to take that silly *Ṭakka* to the burning-place, for he still continued to counterfeit

* The Petersburg lexicographers explain *ṭakka* as *Geizhals, Filz;* but say that the word *ṭhaka* in Marathi means a rogue, cheat. The word *kadarya* also means niggardly, miserly. General Cunningham (Ancient Geography of India, p. 152) says that the Ṭakkas were once the undisputed lords of the Panjáb, and still subsist as a numerous agricultural race in the lower hills between the Jhelum and the Rávi.

† So in the Russian story of "The Miser," (Ralston's Russian Folk-tales, p. 47,) Marko the Rich says to his wife, in order to avoid the payment of a copeck; "Harkye wife! I'll strip myself naked, and lie down under the holy pictures. Cover me up with a cloth, and sit down and cry, just as you would over a corpse. When the moujik comes for his money, tell him I died this morning." Ralston conjectures that the story came originally from the East.

death. But his wife came to him and whispered in his ear, "Jump up, before these relations take you off to the pyre and burn you." But the foolish man answered his wife in a whisper, "No! that will never do, for this cunning *Ṭakka* wishes to eat my pudding. I cannot get up, for it was on his arrival that I died. For to people like me the contemplation of one's possessions is dearer than life." Then that wicked friend and his relations carried him out, but he remained immoveable, even while he was being burned, and kept silence till he died. So the foolish man sacrificed his life but saved his pudding, and others enjoyed at ease the wealth he had acquired with much toil.

"You have heard the story of the miser, now hear the story of the foolish pupils and the cat."

*Story of the foolish teacher, the foolish pupils, and the cat.*

In Ujjayiní there lived in a convent a foolish teacher. And he could not sleep, because mice troubled him at night. And wearied with this infliction, he told the whole story to a friend. The friend, who was a Bráhman, said to that teacher, "You must set up a cat, it will eat the mice." The teacher said, "What sort of creature is a cat? Where can one be found? I never came across one." When the teacher said this, the friend replied, "Its eyes are like glass, its colour is a brownish grey, it has a hairy skin on its back, and it wanders about in roads. So, my friend, you must quickly discover a cat by these signs and have one brought. After his friend had said this, he went home. Then that foolish teacher said to his pupils, "You have been present and heard all the distinguishing marks of a cat. So look about for a cat, such as you have heard described, in the roads here." Accordingly the pupils went and searched hither and thither, but they did not find a cat anywhere.

Then at last they saw a Bráhman boy coming from the opening of a road, his eyes were like glass, his colour brownish grey, and he wore on his back a hairy antelope-skin. And when they saw him they said, "Here we have got the cat according to the description." So they seized him, and took him to their teacher. Their teacher also observed that he had got the characteristics mentioned by his friend; so he placed him in the convent at night. And the silly boy himself believed that he was a cat, when he heard the description that those fools gave of the animal. Now it happened that the silly boy was a pupil of that Bráhman, who out of friendship gave that teacher the description of the cat. And that Bráhman came in the morning, and, seeing the boy in the convent, said to those fools, "Who brought this fellow here?" The teacher and his foolish pupils answered, "We brought him here as a cat, according to the description which we heard from you." Then the Bráhman laughed and said, "There is considerable difference between a stupid human being, and a cat,

which is an animal with four feet and a tail." When the foolish fellows heard this, they let the boy go and said, "So let us go and search again for a cat such as has been now described to us." And the people laughed at those fools.

"Ignorance makes every one ridiculous. You have heard of the fools and their cat, now hear the story of another set of fools."

*Story of the fools and the bull of S'iva.*

There was in a certain convent, full of fools, a man who was the greatest fool of the lot. He once heard in a treatise on law, which was being read out, that a man, who has a tank made, gains a great reward in the next world. Then, as he had a large fortune, he had made a large tank full of water, at no great distance from his own convent. One day this prince of fools went to take a look at that tank of his, and perceived that the sand had been scratched up by some creature. The next day too he came, and saw that the bank had been torn up in another part of that tank, and being quite astonished, he said to himself, "I will watch here to-morrow the whole day, beginning in the early morning, and I will find out what creature it is that does this." After he had formed this resolution, he came there early next morning, and watched, until at last he saw a bull descend from heaven and plough up the bank with its horns. He thought, "This is a heavenly bull, so why should I not go to heaven with it?" And he went up to the bull, and with both his hands laid hold of the tail behind. Then the holy bull lifted up with the utmost force the foolish man, who was clinging to its tail, and carried him in a moment to its home in Kailása. There the foolish man lived for some time in great comfort, feasting on heavenly dainties, sweetmeats, and other things which he obtained. And seeing that the bull kept going and returning, that king of fools, bewildered by destiny, thought, "I will go down clinging to the tail of the bull and see my friends, and after I have told them this wonderful tale, I will return in the same way." Having formed this resolution, the fool went and clung to the tail of the bull one day when it was setting out, and so returned to the surface of the earth.

When he returned to the convent, the other blockheads, who were there, embraced him, and asked him where he had been, and he told them. Then all those foolish men, having heard the tale of his adventures, made this petition to him; "Be kind and take us also there, enable us also to feast on sweetmeats." He consented, and told them his plan for doing it, and the next day he led them to the border of the tank and the bull came there. And the principal fool seized the tail of the bull with his two hands, and another took hold of his feet, and a third in turn took hold of his. So, when they had formed a chain by clinging on to one another's feet, the bull flew rapidly up into the air. And while the bull was going along, with all the fools

clinging to his tail, it happened that one of the fools said to the principal fool; "Tell us now, to satisfy our curiosity; how large were those sweetmeats which you ate, of which a never-failing supply can be obtained in heaven?" Then the leader had his attention diverted from the business in hand, and quickly joined his hands together like the cup of a lotus, and exclaimed in answer, "So big." But in so doing he let go the tail of the bull. And accordingly he and all those others fell from heaven, and were killed, and the bull returned to Kailása; but the people, who saw it, were much amused.*

"Fools do themselves an injury by asking questions and giving answers without reflection. You have heard about the fools who flew through the air; hear about this other fool."

*Story of the fool who asked his way to the village.*

A certain fool, while going to another village, forgot the way. And when he asked his way, the people said to him; "Take the path that goes up by the tree on the bank of the river."

Then the fool went and got on the trunk of that tree, and said to himself, "The men told me that my way lay up the trunk of this tree." And as he went on climbing up it, the bough at the end bent with his weight, and it was all he could do to avoid falling by clinging to it.

While he was clinging to it, there came that way an elephant, that had been drinking water, with his driver on his back. When the fool, who was clinging to the tree, saw him, he said with humble voice to that elephant-driver, "Great Sir, take me down." And the elephant-driver let go the elephant-hook, and laid hold of the man by the feet with both his hands, to take him down from the tree. In the meanwhile the elephant went on, and the elephant-driver found himself clinging to the feet of that fool, who was clinging to the end of the tree. Then the fool said urgently to the elephant-driver, "Sing something quickly, if you know anything, in order that the people may hear, and come here at once to take us down. Otherwise we shall fall, and the river will carry us away." When the elephant-driver had been thus appealed to by him, he sang so sweetly that the fool was much pleased. And in his desire to applaud him properly, he forgot what he was about, and let go his hold of the tree, and prepared to clap him with both his hands. Immediately he and the elephant-driver fell into the river and were drowned, for association with fools brings prosperity to no man.

* This resembles the conclusion of the story of the turtle Kambugrîva and the swans Vikaṭa and Sankaṭa, Book X, chap. 60, śl. 169, see also Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales, p. 292. A similar story is told in Bartsch's Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg, Vol. I, p. 349, of the people of Teterow. They adopted the same manœuvre to get a stone out of a well. The man at the top then let go, in order to spit on his hands.

After Gomukha had told this story, he went on to tell that of Hiraṇyáksha.

*Story of Hiraṇyáksha and Mṛigánkalekhá.* There is in the lap of the Himálayas a country called Kaśmíra, which is the very crest-jewel of the earth, the home of sciences and virtue. In it there was a town, named Hiraṇyapura, and there reigned in it a king, named Kanakáksha. And there was born to that king, owing to his having propitiated S'iva, a son, named Hiraṇyáksha, by his wife Ratnaprabhá. The prince was one day playing at ball, and he purposely managed to strike with the ball a female ascetic who came that way. That female ascetic possessing supernatural powers, who had overcome the passion of anger, laughed and said to Hiraṇyáksha, without altering the expression of her face,* "If your youth and other qualities make you so insolent, what will you become if you obtain Mṛigánkalekhá for a wife."† When the prince heard that, he propitiated the female ascetic and said to her; "Who is this Mṛigánkalekhá? tell me, reverend madam." Then she said to him, "There is a glorious king of the Vidyádharas on the Himálayas, named S'aśitejas. He has a beautiful daughter, named Mṛigánkalekhá, whose loveliness keeps the princes of the Vidyádharas awake at night. And she will be a fitting wife for you, and you will be a suitable husband for her." When the female ascetic, who possessed supernatural power, said this to Hiraṇyáksha, he replied, "Tell me, reverend mother, how she is to be obtained." Thereupon she said, "I will go and find out how she is affected towards you, by talking about you. And then I will come and take you there. And you will find me to-morrow in the temple of the god here, named Amareśa, for I come here every day to worship him." After the female ascetic had said this, she went through the air by her supernatural power to the Himálayas, to visit that Mṛigánkalekhá. Then she praised to her so artfully the good qualities of Hiraṇyáksha, that the celestial maiden became very much in love with him, and said to her, "If, reverend mother, I cannot manage to obtain a husband of this kind, of what use to me is this my purposeless life?" So the emotion of love was produced in Mṛigánkalekhá, and she spent the day in talking about him, and passed the night with that female ascetic. In the meanwhile Hiraṇyáksha spent the day in thinking of her, and with difficulty slept at night, but towards the end of the night Párvatí said to him in a dream, "Thou art a Vidyádhara, become a mortal by the curse

* I follow Dr. Kern's conjecture *avikṛitánaná*.

† In the Sicilianische Märchen, No. 14, a prince throws a stone at an old woman's pitcher and breaks it. She exclaims in her anger, "May you wander through the world until you find the beautiful Nzentola!" Nos. 12 and 13 begin in a similar way. A parallel will be found in Dr. Köhler's notes to No. 12. He compares the commencement of the Pentamerone of Basile.

of a hermit, and thou shalt be delivered from it by the touch of the hand of this female ascetic, and then thou shalt quickly marry this Mṛigánkalekhá. Do not be anxious about it, for she was thy wife in a former state." Having said this, the goddess disappeared from his sight. And in the morning the prince woke and rose up, and performed the auspicious ceremonies of bathing and so on. Then he went and adored Amareśa and stood in his presence, since it was there that the female ascetic had appointed him a rendezvous.

In the meanwhile Mṛigánkalekhá fell asleep with difficulty in her own palace, and Párvatí said to her in a dream, "Do not grieve, the curse of Hiraṇyáksha is at an end, and he will again become a Vidyádhara by the touch of the hand of the female ascetic, and thou shalt have him once more for a husband." When the goddess had said this, she disappeared, and in the morning Mṛigánkalekhá woke up and told the female ascetic her dream. And the holy ascetic returned to the earth, and said to Hiraṇyáksha, who was in the *temenos* of Amareśa, "Come to the world of Vidyádharas." When she said this, he bent before her, and she took him up in her arms, and flew up with him to heaven. Then Hiraṇyáksha's curse came to an end, and he became a prince of the Vidyádharas, and he remembered his former birth, and said to the female ascetic, Know that I was a king of the Vidyádharas named Amṛitatejas in a city named Vajrakúta. And long ago I was cursed by a hermit, angry because I had treated him with neglect, and I was doomed to live in the world of mortals until touched by your hand. And my wife, who then abandoned the body because I had been cursed, has now been born again as Mṛigánkalekhá, and so has before been loved by me. And now I will go with you and obtain her once more, for I have been purified by the touch of your hand, and my curse is at an end." So said Amṛitatejas, the Vidyádhara prince, as he travelled through the air with that female ascetic to the Himálayas. There he saw Mṛigánkalekhá in a garden, and she saw him coming, as he had been described by the female ascetic. Wonderful to say, these lovers first entered one another's minds by the ears, and now they entered them by the eyes, without ever having gone out again.

Then that outspoken female ascetic said to Mṛigánkalekhá, "Tell this to your father with a view to your marriage." She instantly went, with a face downcast from modesty, and informed her father of all through her confidante. And it happened that her father also had been told how to act by Párvatí in a dream, so he received Amṛitatejas into his palace with all due honour. And he bestowed Mṛigánkalekhá on him with the prescribed ceremonies, and after he was married, he went to the city of Vajrakúṭa. There he got back his kingdom as well as his wife, and he had his father Kanakáksha brought there, by means of the holy female ascetic, as he was

a mortal, and he gratified him with heavenly enjoyments and sent him back again to earth, and long enjoyed his prosperity with Mṛigánkalekhá.

"So you see that the destiny fixed for any creature in this world, by works in a former birth, falls as it were before his feet, and he attains it with ease, though apparently unattainable." When Naraváhanadatta heard this tale of Gomukha's, he was enabled to sleep that night, though pining for S'aktiyaśas.

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## CHAPTER LXVI.

The next night Gomukha told the following story to Naraváhanadatta to amuse him.

In the holy place of S'iva, called Dhaneśvara, there lived long ago a great hermit, who was waited upon by many pupils. He once said to his pupils, "If any one of you has seen or heard in his life a strange occurrence of any kind, let him relate it. When the hermit said this, a pupil said to him, "Listen, I will tell a strange story which I once heard."

*Story of the mendicant who travelled from Kaśmíra to Páṭaliputra.*

There is in Kaśmíra a famous holy place, sacred to S'iva, called Vijaya. In it there lived a certain mendicant, who was proud of his knowledge. He worshipped S'iva, and prayed—"May I be always victorious in controversy,"—and thereupon he set out for Páṭaliputra to exhibit his skill in dispute. And on the way he passed forests, rivers, and mountains, and having reached a certain forest, he became tired, and rested under a tree. And immediately he saw, as he was refreshing himself in the cool breeze of the tank, a student of religion, who had come there dusty with a long journey, with his staff and water-pot in his hand. When he sat down, the wandering mendicant asked him whence he came and whither he was going. The student of religion answered, "I come from that seat of learning Páṭaliputra, and I am going to Kaśmíra to conquer the Pandits there in discussion. When the mendicant heard this speech of the religious student's, he thought, "If I cannot conquer this one man who has left Páṭaliputra, how shall I manage to go and overcome the many who remain there?"

So reflecting, he began to reproach that religious student, "Tell me, religious student, what is the meaning of this inconsistent conduct on your part? How comes it that you are at the same time a religious student, eager for liberation, and a man afflicted with the madness of disputatious-

ness? Do you seek to be delivered from the world by binding yourself with the conceit of controversy? You are quenching heat with fire, and removing the feeling of cold with snow; you are trying to cross the sea on a boat of stone; you are striving to put out a fire by fanning it. The virtue of Bráhmans is patience, that of Kshatriyas is the rescue of the distressed; the characteristic quality of one who desires liberation is quietism; disputatiousness is said to be the characteristic of Rákshasas. Therefore a man who desires liberation must be of a quiet temperament, putting away the pain arising from alternations of opposites, fearing the hindrances of the world. So cut down with the axe of quietism this tree of mundane existence, and do not water it with the water of controversial conceit." When he said this to the religious student, he was pleased, and bowed humbly before him, and saying, "Be you my spiritual guide,"—he departed by the way that he came. And the mendicant remained, laughing, where he was, at the foot of the tree, and then he heard from within it the conversation of a Yaksha, who was joking with his wife.* And while the mendicant was listening, the Yaksha in sport struck his wife with a garland of flowers, and she, like a cunning female, pretended that she was dead, and immediately her attendants raised a cry of grief. And after a long time she opened her eyes, as if her life had returned to her. Then the Yaksha her husband said to her; "What have you seen?" Then she told the following invented story; "When you struck me with the garland, I saw a black man come, with a noose in his hand, with flaming eyes, tall, with upstanding hair, terrible, darkening the whole horizon with his shadow. The ruffian took me to the abode of Yama, but his officers there turned him back, and made him let me go." When the Yakshiṇí said this, the Yaksha laughed, and said to her, "O dear! women cannot be free from deception in any thing that they do. Who ever died from being struck with flowers? Who ever returned from the house of Yama? You silly woman, you have imitated the tricks of the women of Paṭaliputra."

*Story of the wife of king Sinhákshа, and the wives of his principal courtiers.*

For in that city there is a king named Sinháksha: and his wife, taking with her the wives of his minister, commander-in-chief, chaplain, and physician, went once on the thirteenth day of the white fortnight to make a pilgrimage to the shrine of Sarasvatí, the protecting deity of that land. There they, queen and all, met on the way sick persons, hump-

* Cp. the Yaksha to whom Phalabhúti prays in Ch. XX. The belief in tree-spirits is shewn by Tylor in his Primitive Culture to exist in many parts of the world. (See the Index in his second volume.) Grimm in his Teutonic Mythology (p. 70 and ff) gives an account of the tree-worship which prevailed amongst the ancient Germans. See also an interesting article by Mr. Wallhouse in the Indian Antiquary for June 1880.

backed, blind, and lame, and were thus implored by them, "Give medicine to us wretched diseased men, in order that we may be delivered from our infirmity; have mercy upon the distressed. For this world is wavering as a wave of the sea, transient as a flash of lightning, and its beauty is short-lived like that of a religious festival. So in this unreal world the only real thing is mercy to the wretched, and charity to the poor; it is only the virtuous person that can be said truly to live. What is the use of giving to the rich or the comfortable?* What does the cold moon profit a shivering man, or what is the use of a cloud when winter has arrived? So rescue us miserable creatures from the affliction of sickness."

When the queen and the other ladies had been thus supplicated by these diseased persons, they said to one another; "These poor afflicted men say what is true, and to the point, so we must endeavour to restore them to health even at the cost of all our substance." Then they worshipped the goddess, and each took one of those sick people to her own house, and, urging on their husbands, they had them treated with the potent drugs of Mahádeví, and they never left off watching them. And from being always with them, they fell in love with them, and became so attached to them that they thought of nothing else in the world. And their minds, bewildered with love, never reflected what a difference there was between these wretched sick men and their own husbands, the king and his chief courtiers.

Then their husbands remarked that they had on them the marks of scratches and bites, due to their surprising intimacy with these invalids. And the king, the commander-in-chief, the minister, the chaplain, and the physician talked of this to one another without reserve, but not without anxiety. Then the king said to the others, "You keep quiet at present; I will question my wife dexterously." So he dismissed them, and went to his private apartments, and assuming an expression of affectionate anxiety, he said to his wife, "Who bit you on the lower lip? Who scratched you on the breast? If you tell me the truth, it will be well with you, but not otherwise." When the queen was thus questioned by the king, she told him a fictitious tale, saying, "Ill-fated that I am, I must tell this wonder, though it ought not to be revealed. Every night a man, with a discus and club, comes out of the painted wall, and does this to me, and disappears into it in the morning. And though you, my husband, are alive, he reduces to this state my body, which not even the sun or moon has ever beheld." When the foolish king heard this story of hers, told with much semblance of grief, he believed it, and thought that it was all a trick played by Vishṇu. And he told it to the minister and his other servants, and they, like blockheads,

* The Sanskrit College reads *anena* for *aśanena*. Dr. Kern wishes to read *suhitasyápy aśanena kim*. This would still leave a superfluity of syllables in the line.

also believed that their wives had been visited by Vishṇu, and held their tongues.

"In this way wicked and cunning females, of bad character, by concurring in one impossible story, deceive silly people, but I am not such a fool as to be taken in." The Yaksha by saying this covered his wife with confusion. And the mendicant at the foot of the tree heard it all. Then the mendicant folded his hands, and said to that Yaksha, "Reverend sir, I have arrived at your hermitage, and now I throw myself on your protection. So pardon my sin in overhearing what you have been saying." By thus speaking the truth he gained the good will of the Yaksha. And the Yaksha said to him, "I am a Yaksha, Sarvasthánagaváta by name, and I am pleased with you. So choose a boon." Then the mendicant said to the Yaksha; "Let this be my boon that you will not be angry with this wife of yours." Then the Yaksha said, "I am exceedingly pleased with you. This boon is already granted, so choose another." Then the mendicant said, "Then this is my second petition, that from this day forward you and your wife will look upon me as a son." When the Yaksha heard this, he immediately became visible to him with his wife, and said, "I consent, my son, we regard you as our own child. And owing to our favour you shall never suffer calamity. And you shall be invincible in disputation, altercation, and gambling." When the Yaksha had said this, he disappeared, and the mendicant worshipped him, and after spending the night there, he went on to Páṭaliputra. Then he announced to king Sinháksha, by the mouth of the doorkeeper, that he was a disputant come from Kaśmíra. And the king permitted him to enter the hall of assembly, and there he tauntingly challenged the learned men to dispute with him. And after he had conquered them all by virtue of the boon of the Yaksha, he again taunted them in the presence of the king in these words: "I ask you to explain this. What is the meaning of this statement, 'A man with a discus and mace comes out of the painted wall, and bites my lower lip, and scratches my chest, and then disappears in the wall again.' Give me an answer." When the learned men heard his riddle, as they did not know the real reference, they gave no answer, but looked at one another's faces. Then the king Sinháksha himself said to him, "Explain to us yourself the meaning of what you said." Thereupon the mendicant told the king of the deceitful behaviour of his wife, which he had heard about from the Yaksha. And he said to the king, "So a man should never become attached to women, which will only result in his knowing wickedness." The king was delighted with the mendicant, and wished to give him his kingdom. But the mendicant, who was ardently attached to his own native land, would not take it. Then the king honoured him with a rich present of jewels. The mendicant took the jewels and returned to his native land of Kaśmíra, and there by the favour of the Yaksha he lived in great comfort.

When Gomukha had said this, he remarked, "So strange are these actions of bad women, and the dispensations of Providence, and the conduct of mankind. Now hear this story of another woman who killed eleven.

*Story of the woman who had eleven husbands.*

There was in Málava a certain householder, who lived in a village. He had born to him a daughter, who had two or three elder brothers. Now, as soon as she was born her mother died, and a few days after one of of the man's sons died. And then his brother was gored by an ox and died of it. So the householder named his daughter, "Three-slayer," because owing to the birth of this ill-omened girl three had met their death.

In course of time she grew up, and then the son of a rich man, who lived in that village, asked her in marriage, and her father gave her to him with the usual rejoicings. She lived for some time with that husband, but he soon died. In a few days the fickle woman took another husband. And the second husband met his death in a short time. Then, led astray by her youthful feelings, she took a third husband. And the third husband of this husband-slayer died like the others. In this way she lost ten husbands in succession. So she got affixed to her by way of ridicule the name of "Ten-slayer." Then her father was ashamed and would not let her take another husband, and she remained in her father's house avoided by people. But one day a handsome young traveller entered it, and was allowed by her father to stop as his guest for a night. When Ten-slayer saw him, she fell in love with him, and when he looked at that charming young woman, he too was captivated. Then Love robbed her of her modesty, and she said to her father, "I choose this traveller as one husband more; if he dies I will then take a vow." She said this in the hearing of the traveller, but her father answered her, "Do not think of such a thing, it is too disgraceful; you have lost ten husbands, and if this one dies too, people will laugh consumedly. When the traveller heard this, he abandoned all reserve, and said, "No chance of my dying, I have lost ten wives one after another. So we are on a par; I swear that it is so by the touch of the feet of S'iva." When the traveller said this, every body was astonished. And the villagers assembled, and with one consent gave permission to Ten-slayer to marry the traveller, and she took him for her husband. And she lived some time with him, but at last he was seized with an ague and died. Then she was called "Eleven-slayer," and even the stones could not help laughing at her: so she betook herself in despondency to the bank of the Ganges and lived the life of an ascetic.

*The story of the man, who, thanks to Durgá, had always one ox.*

When Gomukha had told this amusing story, he went on to say—"Hear also the story of the man who subsisted on one ox."

There was a certain poor householder in a certain village; and the only wealth he had in his house was one ox. He was so mean-spirited that, though his family was on the point of perishing for want of food, and he himself had to fast, he could not make up his mind to part with that ox. But he went to the shrine of Durgá in the Vindhya hills, and throwing himself down on a bed of *darbha*-grass, he performed asceticism without taking food, in order that he might obtain wealth. The goddess said to him in a dream, "Rise up; your wealth shall always consist of one ox, and by selling it you shall live in perpetual comfort." So the next morning he woke, and got up, took some food, and returned to his house. But even then he had not strength of mind to sell that ox, for he thought that, if he sold it, he would have nothing left in the world, and be unable to live. Then, as, thin with fasting, he told his dream with reference to the command of the goddess, a certain intelligent friend said to him, "The goddess told you that you should always have one ox, and that you should live by selling it, so why did you not, foolish man, obey the command of the goddess? So, sell this ox, and support your family. When you have sold this one, you will get another, and then another." The villager, on receiving this suggestion from his friend, did so. And he received ox after ox, and lived in perpetual comfort by selling them.

"So you see, Destiny produces fruit for every man according to his resolution. So a man should be resolute; good fortune does not select for favour a man wanting in resolution. Hear now this story of the cunning rogue who passed himself off as a minister."

*Story of the rogue who managed to acquire wealth by speaking to the king.**

There was a certain king in a city in the Dekkan. In that city there was a rogue who lived by imposing upon others. And one day he said to himself, being too ambitious to be satisfied with small gains; "Of what use to me is this petty rascality, which only provides me with subsistence? Why should I not do a stroke of business which would bring me great prosperity?" Having thus reflected, he dressed himself splendidly as a merchant, and went to the palace-gate and accosted the warder. And he introduced him into the king's presence, and he offered a complimentary gift, and said to the king, "I wish to speak with your Majesty in private." The king was imposed upon by his dress, and much influenced in his favour by the present, so he granted him a private interview, and then the rogue said to him, "Will your Majesty have the goodness every day, in the hall of assembly, to take me aside for a moment in the sight of all, and speak to me

* So in the Novellæ Morlini, No. 4, a merchant, who is deeply involved, gives a large sum of money to the king for the privilege of riding by his side through the town. Henceforth his creditors cease their importunities. (Liebrecht's Dunlop, p. 494.)

in private? And as an acknowledgment of that favour I will give your Majesty every day five hundred *dínárs*, and I do not ask for any gift in return." When the king heard that, he thought to himself, "What harm can it do? What does he take away from me? On the contrary he is to give me *dínárs* every day. What disgrace is there in carrying on a conversation with a great merchant?" So the king consented, and did as he requested, and the rogue gave the king the *dínárs* as he had promised, and the people thought that he had obtained the position of a Cabinet Minister.

Now one day the rogue, while he was talking with the king, kept looking again and again at the face of one official with a significant expression. And after he came out, that official asked him why he had looked at his face so, and the rogue was ready with this fiction; "The king is angry because he supposes that you have been plundering his realm. This is why I looked at your face, but I will appease his anger." When the sham minister said this, the official went home in a state of anxiety, and sent him a thousand gold pieces. And the next day the rogue talked in the same way with the king, and then he came out and said to the official, who came towards him; "I appeased the king's anger against you with some judicious words. Cheer up; I will now stand by you in all emergencies." Thus he artfully made him his friend, and then dismissed him, and then the official waited upon him with all kinds of presents.

Thus gradually this dexterous rogue, by means of his continual conversations with the king, and by many artifices, extracted from the officials, the subordinate monarchs, the Rajputs, and the servants, so much wealth, that he amassed altogether fifty millions of gold pieces. Then the scoundrelly sham minister said in secret to the king, "Though I have given you every day five hundred *dínárs*, nevertheless, by the favour of your Highness, I have amassed fifty millions of gold pieces. So have the goodness to accept of this gold. What have I to do with it?" Then he told the king his whole stratagem. But it was with difficulty that the king could be induced to take half the money. Then he gave him the post of a Cabinet Minister, and the rogue, having obtained riches and position, kept complimenting the people with entertainments.

"Thus a wise man obtains great wealth without committing a very great crime, and when he has gained the advantage, he atones for his fault in the same way as a man who digs a well." Then Gomukha went on to say to the prince; "Listen now to this one story, though you are excited about your approaching marriage."

*Story of Ratnarekhá and Lakshmísena.*

There lived in a city, named Ratnákara, a king, named Buddhiprabha, who was a very lion to the infuriated elephant-herd of his enemies,

And there was born to him by his queen, named Ratnarekhá, a daughter, named Hemaprabhá, the most beautiful woman in the whole world. And since she was a Vidyádharí, that had fallen to earth by a curse, she was fond of amusing herself by swinging, on account of the pleasure that she felt in recalling the impressions of her roaming through the air in her former existence. Her father forbade her, being afraid that she would fall, but she did not desist, so her father was angry and gave her a slap. The princess was angry at receiving so great an indignity, and wishing to retire to the forest, she went to a garden outside the city, on the pretence of amusing herself. She made her servants drunk with wine, and roaming on, she entered a dense tree-jungle, and got out of their sight. And she went alone to a distant forest, and there she built herself a hut, and remained feeding on roots and fruits, engaged in the adoration of S'iva. As for her father, he found out that she had fled to some place or other, and made search for her, but did not find her. Then he fell into great grief. And after some time the king's grief abated a little, so he went out hunting to distract his mind. And, as it happened, that king Buddhiprabha went to that distant forest, in which his daughter Hemaprabhá was engaged in ascetic practices. There the king saw her hut, and he went into it, and unexpectedly beheld there his own daughter emaciated with ascetic practices. And she, when she saw him, rose up at once and embraced his feet, and her father embraced her with tears and seated her on his lap. And seeing one another again after so long a separation, they wept so that even the eyes of the deer in the forest gushed with tears. Then the king at last comforted his daughter, and said to her, "Why did you abandon, my daughter, the happiness of a palace, and act thus? So come back to your mother, and give up this forest." When her father said this to her, Hemaprabhá answered him, "I have been commanded by the god to act thus. What choice have I in the matter? So I will not return to the palace to indulge in pleasure, and I will not abandon the joys of asceticism." When the king discovered from this speech of hers that she would not abandon her intention, he had a palace made for her in that very forest. And when he returned to his capital, he sent her every day cooked food and wealth, for the entertainment of her guests. And Hemaprabhá remained in the forest, honouring her guests with wealth and jewels, while she lived herself on roots and fruits.

Now one day there came to the hermitage of that princess a female mendicant, who was roaming about, having observed a vow of chastity from her earliest youth. This lady, who had been a mendicant from her childhood, was honoured by Hemaprabhá, and when asked by her the reason why she took the vow, she answered, "Once, when I was a girl, I was shampooing my father's feet, and my eyes closed in sleep, and I let my hands drop.

Then my father gave me a kick, and said, 'Why do you go to sleep?' And I was so angry at that that I left his house and became a mendicant." Then Hemaprabhá was so delighted with the female mendicant, on account of the resemblance of her character to her own, that she made her share her forest life. And one morning she said to that friend; "My friend, I remember that I crossed in my dreams a broad river, then I mounted a white elephant, after that I ascended a mountain, and there I saw in a hermitage the holy god S'iva. And having obtained a lyre, I sang and played on it before him, and then I saw a man of celestial appearance approach. When I saw him, I flew up into the sky with you, and when I had seen so much, I awoke, and lo! the night was at an end." When the friend heard this, she said to Hemaprabhá, "Undoubtedly, auspicious girl, you must be some heavenly being born on earth in consequence of a curse; and this dream means that your curse is nearly at an end." When the princess heard this speech of her friend's, she received it with joy.

And when the sun, the lamp of the world, had mounted high in the heaven, there came there a certain prince on horseback. When he saw Hemaprabhá dressed as an ascetic, he dismounted from his horse, and conceiving admiration for her, he went and saluted her respectfully. She, for her part, entertained him, and made him take a seat, and feeling love for him, said, "Who are you, noble sir?" Then the prince said, "Noble lady, there is a king of auspicious name, called Pratápasena. He was once going through a course of asceticism to propitiate S'iva, with the view of obtaining a son. And that merciful god appeared to him, and said, 'Thou shalt obtain one son, who shall be an incarnation of a Vidyádhara, and he, when his curse is at an end, shall return to his own world. And thou shalt have a second son, who shall continue thy race and uphold thy realm.' When S'iva said this to him, he rose up in high spirits, and took food. Then he had one son born to him, named Lakshmísena, and in course of time a second, named S'úrasena. Know, lovely one, that I am that same Lakshmísena, and that to-day when I went out to hunt, my horse, swift as the wind, ran away with me and brought me here." Then he asked her history, and she told it him, and thereupon she remembered her former birth, and was very much elated, and said to him, "Now that I have seen you, I have remembered my birth and the sciences which I knew as a Vidyádharí,* for I and this friend of mine here are both Vidyádharís, that have been sent down to earth by a curse. And you were my husband, and your minister was the husband of this friend of mine. And now that curse of me and of my friend has lost its power. We shall all meet again in the world of Vidyádharas." Then she and her friend assumed divine forms and flew up to

* I follow the Sanskṛit College MS. which reads *vidyábhiḥ saha saṃsmṛitá.*

heaven, and went to their own world. But Lakshmísena stood for a moment lost in wonder, and then his minister arrived tracking his course. While the prince was telling the whole story to him, king Buddhiprabha arrived, anxious to see his daughter. When he could not see his daughter, but found Lakshmísena there, he asked for news of her, and Lakshmísena told him what had happened. Then Buddhiprabha was cast down, but Lakshmísena and his minister remembered their former existence, their curse having spent its force, and they went to their own world through the air. He recovered his wife Hemaprabhá, and returned with her, and then taking leave of Buddhiprabha, he went to his own town. And he went with his minister, who had recovered his wife, and told their adventures to his father Pratápasena, who bestowed on him his kingdom as his successor by right of birth. But he gave it to his younger brother S'úrasena, and returned to his own city in the country of the Vidyádharas. There Lakshmísena, united with his consort Hemaprabhá, and assisted by his minister, long enjoyed the delights of sovereignty over the Vidyádharas.

By hearing these stories told one after another by Gomukha, Naraváhanadatta, though he was excited about his approaching marriage with his new wife S'aktiyaśas, spent that night as if it were a moment. In this way the prince whiled away the days, until the day of his marriage arrived, when, as he was in the presence of his father the king of Vatsa, he suddenly saw the army of the Vidyádharas descend from heaven, gleaming like gold. And he saw, in the midst of them, Sphaṭikayaśas the king of the Vidyádharas, who had come out of love, holding the hand of his dear daughter, whom he wished to bestow on the prince, and he joyfully went towards him, and saluted him by the title of father-in-law, after his father had first entertained him with the *arghya* and other usual ceremonies. And the king of the Vidyádharas stated the object of his coming, and immediately created a display of heavenly magnificence becoming his high position, and by the might of his supernatural power loaded the prince with jewels, and then bestowed on him in due form his daughter previously promised to him. And Naraváhanadatta, having obtained that S'aktiyaśas, the daughter of the king of the Vidyádharas, was resplendent as the lotus after collecting the rays of the sun. Then Sphaṭikayaśas departed, and the son of the king of Vatsa remained in the city of Kauśámbí, with his eyes fixed on the face of S'aktiyaśas, as the bee clings to the lotus.

# BOOK XI.

## CHAPTER LXVII.

Honour to the elephant-headed god who averts all hindrances, who is the cause of every success, who ferries us over the sea of difficulties.

Thus Naraváhanadatta obtained S'aktiyaśas, and besides he had those wives he married before, Ratnaprabhá and others, and his consort the head wife Madanamanchuká, and with them and his friends he led a happy life at the court of his father in Kauśámbí.

*Story of the race between the elephant and the horses.*

And one day, when he was in the garden, two brothers, who were princes, and who had come from a foreign land, suddenly paid him a visit. He received them cordially, and they bowed before him, and one of them said to him; "We are the sons by different mothers of a king in the city of Vaiśákha. My name is Ruchiradeva and the name of this brother of mine is Potraka. I have a swift female elephant, and he has two horses. And a dispute has arisen between us about them; I say that the elephant is the fleetest, he maintains that his horses are both fleeter. I have agreed that if I lose the race, I am to surrender the elephant, but if he loses, he is to give me both his horses. Now no one but you is fit to be a judge of their relative speed, so come to my house, my lord, and preside over this trial. Accede to our request. For you are the wishing-tree that grants all petitions, and we have come from afar to petition you about this matter."

When the prince received this invitation from Ruchiradeva, he consented out of good nature, and out of the interest he took in the elephant and the horses. He set out in a chariot drawn by swift horses, which the brothers had brought, and he reached with them that city of Vaiśákha. When he entered that splendid city, the ladies, bewildered and excited, beheld him with eyes the lashes of which were turned up, and made these comments on him; "Who can this be! Can it be the god of Love new-created from his ashes without Rati? Or a second moon roaming through the heaven without a spot on its surface? Or an arrow of desire made by

the Creator, in the form of a man, for the sudden complete overthrow of the female heart." Then the king beheld the all-lovely temple of the god of Love, whose worship had been established there by men of old time. He entered and worshipped that god, the source of supreme felicity, and rested for a moment, and shook off the fatigue of the journey. Then he entered as a friend the house of Ruchiradeva, which was near that temple, and was honoured by being made to walk in front of him. He was delighted at the sight of that magnificent palace, full of splendid horses and elephants, which was in a state of rejoicing on account of his visit. There he was entertained with various hospitalities by Ruchiradeva, and there he beheld his sister of splendid beauty. His mind and his eyes were so captivated by her glorious beauty, that he forgot all about his absence from home and his separation from his family. She too threw lovingly upon him her expanded eye, which resembled a garland of full-blown blue lotuses, and so chose him as her husband.* Her name was Jayendrasená, and he thought so much upon her that the goddess of sleep did not take possession of him at night, much less did other females.†

The next day Potraka brought that pair of horses equal to the wind in swiftness; but Ruchiradeva, who was skilled in all the secrets of the art of driving, himself mounted the female elephant, and partly by the animal's natural speed, partly by his dexterity in urging it on, beat them in the race. When Ruchiradeva had beaten those two splendid horses, the son of the king of Vatsa entered the palace, and at that very moment arrived a messenger from his father. The messenger, when he saw the prince, fell at his feet, and said; "The king, hearing from your retinue that you have come here, has sent me to you with this message. 'How comes it that you have gone so far from the garden without letting me know? I am impatient for your return, so abandon the diversion that occupies your attention, and return quickly.'" When he heard this message from his father's messenger, Naraváhanadatta, who was also intent on obtaining the object of his flame, was in a state of perplexity.

And at that very moment a merchant, in a great state of delight, came, bowing at a distance, and praised that prince, saying, "Victory to thee, O thou god of love without the flowery bow! Victory to thee, O Lord, the future emperor of the Vidyádharas! Wast thou not seen to be charming as a boy, and when growing up, the terror of thy foes? So surely the gods shall behold thee like Vishṇu, striding victorious over the heaven, conquering Bali." With these and other praises the great merchant magnified the

* An allusion to the custom of choosing a husband in the Svayamvara ceremony, by throwing a garland on the neck of the favoured suitor.

† Dr. Kern would read *ásata*.

prince; then having been honoured by him, he proceeded at his request to tell the story of his life.

*Story of the merchant and his wife Velá.*

There is a city called Lampá, the crown of the earth; in it there was a rich merchant named Kusumasára. I, prince of Vatsa, am the son of that merchant, who lives and moves in religion, and I was gained by the propitiation of S'iva. Once on a time I went with my friends to witness a procession of idols, and I saw other rich men giving to beggars. Then I formed the design of acquiring wealth to give away, as I was not satisfied with the vast fortune accumulated by my father. So I embarked in a ship, laden with many jewels, to go across the sea to another country. And my ship, impelled by a favorable wind, as if by fate, reached that island in a few days. There the king found out that I was an unknown man dealing in valuable jewels, and out of avarice he threw me into prison. While I was remaining in that prison, which resembled hell, on account of its being full of howling criminals, suffering from hunger and thirst, like wicked ghosts, a merchant, named Mahídhara, a resident in that town, who knew my family, went and interceded with the king on my behalf, and said; "King, this is the son of a great merchant, who lives in the city of Lampá, and, as he is innocent, it is not creditable to your majesty to keep him in prison." On his making representations of this kind, the king ordered me to be released from prison, and summoned me into his presence, and honoured me with a courteous reception. So, by the favour of the king and the support of that merchant, I remained there doing a splendid business.

One day I saw, at a spring festival in a garden, a handsome girl, the daughter of a merchant named S'ikhara. I was quite carried off my feet by her, who was like a wave of the sea of Love's insolence, and when I found out who she was, I demanded her in marriage from her father. Her father reflected for a moment, and at last said to me; "I cannot give her to you myself, there is a reason for my not doing so. But I will send her to her grandfather by the mother's side, in the island of Ceylon; go there and ask for her again, and marry her. And I will send her there with such instructions that your suit will certainly be accepted." When S'ikhara had said this, and had paid me the usual courtesies, he dismissed me to my own house. And the next day he put the maiden on board ship, with her attendants, and sent her to the island of Ceylon, across the sea.

I was preparing with the utmost eagerness to go there, when this rumour, which was terrible as a lightning-stroke, was spread abroad where I was; "The ship, in which the daughter of S'ikhara started, has gone to pieces in the open sea, and not a soul has been saved out of it." That report altogether broke down my self-command, and being anxious about the

ship, I suddenly fell into a hopeless sea of despondency. So I, though comforted by my elders, made up my mind to throw away my property and prospects, and I determined to go to that island to ascertain the truth. Then, though patronized by the king and loaded with all manner of wealth, I embarked in a ship on the sea and set out. Then a terrible pirate, in the form of a cloud, suddenly arose against me as I was pursuing my course, and discharged at me pattering drops of rain, like showers of arrows. The contrary wind, which it brought with it, tossed my ship to and fro like powerful destiny, and at last broke it up. My attendants and my wealth were whelmed in the sea, but I myself, when I fell into the water, laid hold of a large spar.* By the help of this, which seemed like an arm suddenly extended to me by the Creator, I managed to reach the shore of the sea, being slowly drifted there by the wind. I climbed up upon it in great affliction, exclaiming against destiny, and suddenly I found a little gold which had been left by accident in an out-of-the-way part of the shore. I sold it in a neighbouring village, and bought with it food and other necessaries, and after purchasing a couple of garments, I gradually began to get over to a certain extent the fatigue produced by my immersion in the sea.

Then I wandered about, not knowing my way, separated from my beloved, and I saw the ground full of *lingas* of S'iva formed of sand. And daughters of hermits were wandering about among them. And in one place I saw a maiden engaged in worshipping a *linga*, who was beautiful, although dressed in the garb of a dweller in the forest. I began to think, "This girl is wonderfully like my beloved. Can she be my beloved herself? But how comes it, that I am so lucky as to find her here?" And while these thoughts were passing in my mind, my right eye throbbed frequently, as if with joy,† and told me that it was no other than

* Compare Book III of the novel of Achilles Tatius, c. 5.

† Cp. Eumathius' novel of Hysminias and Hysmine, Book IX, ch. 4.

*Επὶ δὴ τούτοις πᾶσιν ὀφθαλμὸς ἥλατό μου ὁ δεξιὸς, καὶ ἦν μοι τὸ σημεῖον ἀγαθὸν, καὶ τὸ προμάντευμα δεξιώτατον.*

See also Theocritus III, 37.

*ἅλλεται ὀφθαλμός μευ ὁ δεξιός· ἆρα γ' ἰδησῶ*
*αὐτάν;*

Where Fritsche quotes Plaut. Pseudol. 1. 1. 105. Brand in his Popular Antiquities, Vol. III, p. 172, quotes the above passage from Theocritus, and a very apposite one from Dr. Nathaniel Home's Demonologie—"If their ears tingle, they say they have some enemies abroad that doe or are about to speake evill of them: so, *if their right eye itcheth*, then it betokens joyful laughter."

Bartsch in his Sagen, Märchen, und Gebraüche aus Mecklenburg, says, "Throbbing in the right eye betokens joy, in the left, tears." In Norway throbbing in the right ear is a good sign, in the left a bad sign (Liebrecht, Zur Volkskunde, p. 327.) Forcellini

she. And I said to her, "Fair one, you are fitted to dwell in a palace, how comes it that you are here in the forest?" But she gave me no answer. Then, through fear of being cursed by a hermit, I stood concealed by a bower of creepers, looking at her with an eye that could not have enough. And after she had performed her worship, she went slowly away from the spot, as if thinking over something, and frequently turned round to look at me with loving eye. When she had gone out of sight, the whole horizon seemed to be obscured with darkness as I looked at it, and I was in a strange state of perturbation like the Brahmany drake at night.

And immediately I beheld the daughter of the hermit Mátanga, who appeared unexpectedly. She was in brightness like the sun, subject to a vow of chastity from her earliest youth, with body emaciated by penance, she possessed divine insight, and was of auspicious countenance like Resignation incarnate. She said to me, "Chandrasára, call up all your patience and listen. There is a great merchant in another island named S'ikhara. When a lovely girl was born to him, he was told by a mendicant, his friend, who possessed supernatural insight, and whose name was Jinarakshita,* 'You must not give away this maiden yourself, for she has another mother. You would commit a crime in giving her away yourself, such is the righteous prescription of the law.' Since the mendicant had told him this, the merchant wished to give his daughter, when she was of marriageable age, and you asked her hand, to you, by the agency of her maternal grandfather. Then she was sent off on a voyage to her maternal grandfather in the island of Ceylon, but the vessel was wrecked, and she fell into the sea. And as she was fated not to die, a great wave brought her here like destiny, and flung her up upon the shore. Just at that time my father, the hermit Mátanga, came to the sea to bathe with his disciples, and saw her almost dead. He, being of compassionate nature, brought her round, and took her to his hermitage, and entrusted her to me saying—'Yamuná, you must cherish this girl.' And because he found her on the shore (*velá*) of the sea, he called the girl, who was beloved by all the hermits, Velá. And though I have renounced the world by a vow of perpetual chastity, it still impedes my soul, on account of my affection for her, in the form of love and tenderness for offspring. And my mind is grieved, Chandrasára, as often as I look upon her, unmarried, though in the bloom of youth and beauty. Moreover she was your wife in a former life. So knowing, my son, by the power of my meditation that you had come here, I have come to meet you. Now follow me and marry that Velá,

s. v. Salisatores quotes from Isidor. VIII, 9. Salisatores vocati sunt, qui dum eis membrorum quæcunque partes salierint, aliquid sibi exinde prosperum, seu triste significare prædicunt.

* *i. e.*, under the protection of a Buddha.

whom I will bestow on you. Let the sufferings, which you have both endured, produce fruits of happiness."

Speaking thus, the saintly woman refreshed me with her voice as with cloudless rain, and then she took me to the hermitage of her father, the great hermit Mátanga. And at her request the hermit bestowed on me that Velá, like the happiness of the kingdom of the imagination incarnate in bodily form. But one day, as I was living happily with Velá, I commenced a splashing match with her in the water of a tank. And I and Velá, not seeing the hermit Mátanga, who had come there to bathe, sprinkled him inopportunely with some of the water which we threw. That annoyed him, and he denounced a curse on me and my wife, saying, "You shall be separated, you wicked couple." Then Velá clung to his knees, and asked him with plaintive voice to appoint a period for the duration of our curse, and he, after thinking, fixed its end as follows, "When thou shalt behold at a distance Naraváhanadatta the future mighty emperor of the Vidyádharas, who shall beat with a swift elephant a pair of fleet horses, then thy curse shall be at an end, and thou shalt be re-united with thy wife." When the *rishi* Mátanga had said this, he performed the ceremony of bathing and other ceremonies, and went to S'vetadvípa through the air, to visit the shrine of Vishṇu. And Yamuná said to me and my wife—"I give you now that shoe covered with valuable jewels, which a Vidyádhara long ago obtained, when it had slipped off from S'iva's foot, and which I seized in childish sport." Thereupon Yamuná also went to S'vetadvípa. Then I having obtained my beloved, and being disgusted with dwelling in the forest, through fear of being separated from my wife, felt a desire to return to my own country. And setting out for my native land, I reached the shore of the sea; and finding a trading vessel, I put my wife on board, and was preparing to go on board myself, when the wind, conspiring with the hermit's curse, carried off that ship to a distance. When the ship carried off my wife before my eyes, my whole nature was stunned by the shock, and distraction seemed to have found an opening in me, and broke into me and robbed me of consciousness. Then an ascetic came that way, and seeing me insensible, he compassionately brought me round and took me to his hermitage. There he asked me the whole story, and when he found out that it was the consequence of a curse, and that the curse was to end, he animated me with resolution to bear up. Then I found an excellent friend, a merchant, who had escaped from his ship that had foundered in the sea, and I set out with him in search of my beloved. And supported by the hope of the termination of the curse, I wandered through many lands and lasted out many days, until I finally reached this city of Vaiśákha, and heard that you, the jewel of the noble family of the king of Vatsa, had come here. Then I saw you from a distance beat that pair of swift horses with

the female elephant, and the weight of the curse fell from me, and I felt my heart lightened.* And immediately I saw that dear Velá coming to meet me, whom the good merchants had brought in their ship. Then I was re-united with my wife, who had with her the jewels bestowed by Yamuná, and having by your favour crossed the ocean of separation, I came here, prince of Vatsa, to pay you my respects, and I will now set out cheerfully for my native land with my wife.

When that excellent merchant Chandrasára, who had accomplished his object, had gone, after prostrating himself before the prince, and telling his story, Ruchiradeva, pleased at beholding the greatness of his guest, was still more obsequious to him. And in addition to the elephant and the pair of horses, he gave his sister, making the duty of hospitality an excuse for doing so, to the prince who was captivated by her beauty. She was a good match for the prince, and her brother had long desired to bestow her upon him in marriage. Naraváhanadatta then took leave of Ruchiradeva, and with his new wife, the elephant, and the two horses, returned to the city of Kauśámbí. And he remained there, gladdening his father with his presence, living happily with her and his other wives, of whom Madanamanchuká was the chief.

* So Malegis in Die Heimonskinder represents that his blind brother will be freed from his affliction when he comes to a place where the horse Bayard is being ridden. (Simrock's Deutsche Volksbücher, Vol. II, p. 96.)

# BOOK XII.

## CHAPTER LXVIII.

May Ganeśa protect you, who, when he sports, throws up his trunk, round which plays a continual swarm of bees, like a triumphal pillar covered with letters, erected on account of the overthrow of obstacles!

We worship S'iva, who, though free from the hue of passion, abounds in colours, the skilful painter who is ever producing new and wonderful creations. Victorious are the arrows of the god of love, for, when they descend, though they are made of flowers, the thunderbolt and other weapons are blunted in the hands of those who bear them.

So the son of the king of Vatsa remained in Kauśámbí, having obtained wife after wife. But though he had so many wives, he ever cherished the head queen Madanamanchuká more than his own life, as Kṛishṇa cherishes Rukminí. But one night he saw in a dream that a heavenly maiden came and carried him off. And when he awoke, he found himself on a slab of the *tárkshya* gem, on the plateau of a great hill, a place full of shady trees. And he saw that maiden near him, illuminating the wood, though it was night,* like a herb used by the god of love for bewildering the world. He thought that she had brought him there, and he perceived that modesty made her conceal her real feelings; so the cunning prince pretended to be asleep, and in order to test her, he said, as if talking in his sleep, "Where are you, my dear Madanamanchuká? Come and embrace me." When she heard it, she profited by his suggestion, and assumed the form of his wife, and embraced him without the restraint of modesty. Then he opened his eyes, and beholding her in the form of his wife, he said, "O how intelligent you are!" and smiling threw his arms round her neck. Then she dismissed all shame, and exhibiting herself in her real shape, she

* See note in Vol. I, p. 121. So Balder is said to be so fair of countenance and bright that he shines of himself. (Grimm's Teutonic Mythology, translated by Stallybrass, p. 222.) In Tennyson's Vivien we find

"A maid so smooth, so white, so wonderful,
They said a light came from her when she moved."

said—"Receive, my husband, this maiden, who chooses you for her own." And when she said that, he married her by the Gándharva form of marriage.

But next morning he said to her, by way of an artifice to discover her lineage, about which he felt curious; "Listen, my dear, I will tell you a wonderful story."

*Story of the jackal that was turned into an elephant.*

There lived in a certain wood of ascetics a hermit, named Brahmasiddhi, who possessed by meditation supernatural power, and near his hermitage there was an old female jackal dwelling in a cave. One day it was going out to find food, having been unable to find any for some time on account of bad weather, when a male elephant, furious on account of its separation from its female, rushed towards it to kill it. When the hermit saw that, being compassionate as well as endowed with magical power, he turned the female jackal into a female elephant, by way of a kindness, to please both. Then the male elephant, beholding a female, ceased to be furious, and became attached to her, and so she escaped death. Then, as he was roaming about with the jackal transformed into a female elephant, he entered a tank full of the mud produced by the autumn rains, to crop a lotus. He sank in the mud there, and could not move, but remained motionless, like a mountain that has fallen owing to its wings having been cut off by the thunderbolt. When the female elephant, that was before a jackal, saw the male in this distress, she went off that moment and followed another male elephant. Then it happened that the elephant's own mate, that he had lost, came that way in search of her spouse. The noble creature, seeing her husband sinking in the mud, entered the mud of the tank in order to join him. At that moment the hermit Brahmasiddhi came that way with his disciples, and was moved with pity when he saw that pair. And he bestowed by his power great strength on his disciples, and made them extricate the male and female from the mud. Then the hermit went away, and that couple of elephants, having been delivered both from separation and death, roamed where they would.

"So you see, my dear, that even animals, if they are of a noble strain, do not desert a lord or friend in calamity, but rescue him from it. But as for those which are of low origin, they are of fickle nature, and their hearts are never moved by noble feelings or affection." When the prince of Vatsa said this, the heavenly maiden said to him—"It is so, there can be no doubt about this. But I know what your real object is in telling me this tale: so in return, my husband, hear this tale from me."

*Story of Vámadatta and his wicked wife.*

There was an excellent Bráhman in Kányakubja, named S'úradatta, possessor of a hundred villages, respected by the king Báhuśakti. And he

had a devoted wife, named Vasumatí, and by her he begot a handsome son, named Vámadatta. Vámadatta, the darling of his father, was instructed in all the sciences, and soon married a wife, of the name of S'aśiprabhá. In course of time his father went to heaven, and his wife followed him,* and the son undertook with his wife the duties of a householder. But without his knowledge his wife was addicted to following her lusts, and by some chance or other she became a witch possessed of magical powers.†

One day, when the Bráhman was in the king's camp, engaged in his service, his paternal uncle came and said to him in secret, "Nephew, our family is disgraced, for I have seen your wife in the company of your cowherd. When Vámadatta heard this, he left his uncle in the camp in his stead, and went, with his sword for his only companion, back to his own house. He went into the flower-garden and remained there in concealment, and in the night the cowherd came there. And immediately his wife came eagerly to meet her paramour, with all kinds of food in her hand. After he had eaten, she went off to bed with him, and then Vámadatta rushed upon them with uplifted sword, exclaiming, "Wretches, where are you going?" When he said that, his wife rose up and said, "Away fool," and threw some dust in his face. Then Vámadatta was immediately changed from a man into a buffalo, but in his new condition he still retained his memory. Then his wicked wife put him among the buffaloes, and made the herdsman beat him with sticks.‡

And the cruel woman immediately sold him in his helpless bestial condition to a trader, who required a buffalo. The trader put a load upon the man, who found his transformation to a buffalo a sore trial, and took him to a village near the Ganges. He reflected, "A wife of very bad character that enters unsuspected the house of a confiding man, is never likely to bring him prosperity, any more than a snake which gets into the female apartments." While full of these thoughts, he was sorrowful, with tears gushing from his eyes, moreover he was reduced to skin and bone by the fatigue of carrying burdens, and in this state he was beheld by a certain white witch. She knew by her magic power the whole transaction, and sprinkling him with some charmed water, she released him from his buffalo condition. And when he had returned to human form, she took him to her own house, and gave him her virgin daughter named Kántimatí. And she

* This probably means that she was burnt with his corpse.

† Böhtlingk and Roth read *śákinísiddhisaṃvará*.

‡ We have had many transformations of this kind and shall have many more. A very amusing story of a transformation is found in Campbell's Highland Tales, Vol. II, p. 60 which may be compared with this. The biter is bit as in our text, and in the story of Sidi Noman in the Arabian Nights, which closely resembles this.

gave him some charmed mustard-seeds, and said to him; "Sprinkle your wicked former wife with these, and turn her into a mare." Then Vámadatta, taking with him his new wife, went with the charmed mustard-seeds to his own house. Then he killed the herdsman, and with the mustard-seeds he turned* his former wife into a mare, and tied her up in the stable. And in order to revenge himself, he made it a rule to give her every day seven blows with a stick, before he took any food.†

One day, while he was living there in this way with Kántimatí, a guest came to his house. The guest had just sat down to his meal, when suddenly Vámadatta got up and rushed quickly out of the room without eating anything, because he recollected that he had not beaten his wicked wife with a stick that day. And after he had given his wife, in the form of a mare, the appointed number of blows, he came in with his mind easy, and took his food. Then the guest, being astonished, asked him, out of curiosity, where he had gone in such a hurry, leaving his food. Thereupon Vámadatta told him his whole story from the beginning, and his guest said to him, "What is the use of this persistent revenge? Petition that mother-in-law of yours, who first released you from your animal condition, and gain some advantage for yourself." When the guest gave this advice to Vámadatta, he approved it, and the next morning dismissed him with the usual attentions.

Then that witch, his mother-in-law, suddenly paid him a visit, and he supplicated her persistently to grant him a boon. The powerful witch instructed him and his wife in the method of gaining the life-prolonging charm, with the proper initiatory rites.‡ So he went to the mountain of S'rí and set about obtaining that charm, and the charm, when obtained, appeared to him in visible shape, and gave him a splendid sword. And when the successful Vámadatta had obtained the sword, he and his wife Kántimatí became glorious Vidyádharas. Then he built by his magic power a splendid city on a peak of the Malaya mountain, named Rajatakúṭa. There, in time, that prince among the Vidyádharas had born to him by his queen an auspicious daughter, named Lalitalochaná. And the moment she was born, she was declared by a voice, that came from heaven, to be destined to be the wife of the future emperor of the Vidyádharas.

* I read *kṛitvá* for *kírtvá*.

† Cp. the story of the Porter and the Ladies of Baghdad in the Arabian Nights. (Lane's translation, Vol. I, page 129.) The bitches are solemnly beaten in the same way as the mare in our story. They are the sisters of the lady who beats them.

‡ Professor Cowell informs me that there is a passage in the S'ankara Dig Vijaya which explains this. A seer by means of this *vidyá* gains a life equivalent to 11 years of Brahmá. It seems to be a life-prolonging charm.

"Know, my husband, that I am that very Lalitalochaná, and that knowing the facts by my science and being in love with you, I have brought you to this very Malaya mountain, which is my own home." When she had in these words told him her story, Naraváhanadatta was much pleased, and entertained great respect for his new wife. And he remained there with her, and immediately the king of Vatsa and his *entourage* learnt the truth, by means of the supernatural knowledge of Ratnaprabhá, and the other wives of Naraváhanadatta that possessed the same powers.

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## CHAPTER LXIX.

Then Naraváhanadatta, having obtained that new bride Lalitalochaná, sported with her on that very Malaya mountain, delightful on account of the first burst of spring, in various forest purlieus adorned with flowering trees.

And in one grove his beloved, in the course of gathering flowers, disappeared out of his sight into a dense thicket, and while he was wandering on, he saw a great tank with clear water, that, on account of the flowers fallen from the trees on its bank, resembled the heaven studded with stars.*

And he thought—"I will wait until my beloved, who is gathering flowers, returns to me; and in the meanwhile I will bathe in this lake and rest for a little upon its bank." So he bathed and worshipped the gods, and then he sat down on a slab of rock in the shade of a sandal-wood tree. While sitting there he thought of his beloved Madanamanchuká, who was so far off, beholding the gait of the female swans that rivalled hers, and hearing the singing of the female cuckoos in the mango-creepers that equalled hers, and seeing the eyes of the does that recalled hers to his mind. And as soon as he recollected her, the fire of love sprang up in his breast, and tortured him so that he fainted; and at that moment a glorious hermit came there to bathe, whose name was Piśangajaṭa. He, seeing the prince in such a state, sprinkled him with sandal-water, refreshing as the touch of his beloved. Then he recovered consciousness and bowed before the hermit. But the hermit said to him, "My son, in order that you may obtain your wish, acquire endurance. For by means of that quality every thing is acquired, and in order that you may understand this, come to my hermitage and

* So "one who dwelt by the castled Rhine" called the flowers, "the stars that in earth's firmament do shine."

hear the story of Mṛigánkadatta, if you have not already heard it. When the hermit had said this, he bathed and took the prince to his hermitage, and quickly performed his daily prayers. And Piśangajaṭa entertained him there with fruits, and ate fruits himself, and then he began to tell him this tale of Mṛigánkadatta.

*Story of Mrigánkadatta.**

There is a city of the name of Ayodhyá famous in the three worlds. In it there lived in old time a king named Amaradatta. He was of resplendent brightness, and he had a wife named Surataprabhá, who was as closely knit to him as the oblation to the fire.† By her there was born to him a son named Mṛigánkadatta, who was adored for his ten million virtues, as his bow was bent by the string reaching the notches.‡

And that young prince had ten ministers of his own, Prachaṇḍaśakti and Sthúlabáhu, and Vikramakeśarin, Dṛiḍhamushṭi, and Meghabala and Bhímaparákrama, and Vimalabuddhi, and Vyághrasena and Guṇákara, and the tenth Vichitrakatha. They were all of good birth, young, brave, and wise, and devoted to their master's interests. And Mṛigánkadatta led a happy life with them in his father's house, but he did not obtain a suitable wife.

And one day his minister Bhímaparákrama said to him in secret,—"Hear, prince, what happened to me in the night. I went to sleep last night on the roof of the palace, and I saw in a dream a lion, with claws terrible as the thunderbolt, rushing upon me. I rose up, sword in hand, and then the lion began to flee, and I pursued him at my utmost speed. He crossed a river, and stuck out his long tongue§ at me, and I cut it off with my sword. And I made use of it to cross that river, for it was as broad as a bridge. And thereupon the lion became a deformed giant. I asked him who he was and the giant said, 'I am a Vetála, and I am delighted with your courage, my brave fellow.' Then I said to him, 'If this is the case, then tell me who is to be the wife of my master Mṛigánkadatta.' When I said this to the Vetála, he answered,—'There is in Ujjayiní a king named Karmasena. He has a daughter, who in beauty surpasses the Apsarases, being, as it were, the receptacle of the Creator's handiwork in the form of loveliness. Her name is S'aśánkavatí, and she shall be his wife, and by gaining her, he shall become king of the whole earth.' When the Vetála

* This story extends to the end of the book.

† The word *tejas* also means "courage."

‡ An elaborate pun, only intelligible in Sanskṛit.

§ Cp. the long black tongue which the horrible black man protrudes in Wirt Sikes's British Goblins, p. 177. In Birlinger's Aus Schwaben, Vol. I, p. 341, the *fahrende schüler* puts out his tongue in a very uncanny manner.

had said this, he disappeared, and I came home ; this is what happened to me in the night, my sovereign."

When Mrigánkadatta heard this from Bhímaparakrama, he summoned all his ministers, and had it told to them, and then he said, "Hear, what I too saw in a dream ; I thought we all entered a certain wood; and in it, being thirsty with travelling, we reached with difficulty some water ; and when we wished to drink it, five armed men rose up and tried to prevent us. We killed them, and then in the torments of our thirst we again turned to drink the water, but lo! neither the men nor the water were to be seen. Then we were in a miserable state; but on a sudden we saw the god S'iva come there, mounted on his bull, resplendent with the moon on his forehead; we bent before him in prayer and he dropped from his right eye a tear-drop on the ground. That became a sea, and I drew from it a splendid pearl-necklace and fastened it round my neck. And I drank up that sea in a human skull stained with blood. And immediately I awoke, and lo! the night was at an end."

When Mṛigánkadatta had described this wonderful sight that he had seen in his dream, the other ministers rejoiced, but Vimalabuddhi said; "You are fortunate, prince, in that S'iva has shewn you this favour. As you obtained the necklace and drank up the sea, you shall without fail obtain S'aśánkavatí and rule the whole earth. But the rest of the dream indicates some slight amount of misfortune." When Vimalabuddhi had said this, Mṛigánkadatta again said to his ministers, "Although the fulfilment of my dream will no doubt come to pass in the way which my friend Bhíma-parákrama heard predicted by the Vetála, still I must win from that Karmasena, who confides in his army and his forts, his daughter S'aśánkavatí by force of policy. And the force of policy is the best instrument in all undertakings. Now listen, I will tell you a story to prove this."

*Story of king Bhadrabáhu and his clever minister.*

There was a king in Magadha, named Bhadrabáhu. He had a minister named Mantragupta, most sagacious of men. That king once said of his own accord to that minister; "The king of Váránasí, named Dharma-gopa, has a daughter named Anangalílá, the chief beauty of the three worlds. I have often asked for her in marriage, but out of hostility that king will not give her to me. And he is a formidable foe, on account of his possessing an elephant named Bhadradanta. Still I cannot bear to live any longer without that daughter of his. So I have no measure which I can adopt in this business. Tell me, my friend, what I am to do." When the king said this, his minister answered him ; "Why, king, do you suppose that courage and not policy ensures success? Dismiss your anxiety ; I will manage the matter for you by my own ingenuity."

So, the next day, the minister set out for Váránasí, disguised as a Pásupata ascetic, and he took six or seven companions with him, who were disguised as his pupils, and they told all the people, who came together from all quarters to adore him, that he possessed supernatural powers. Then, as he was roaming about one night to find out some means of accomplishing his object, he saw in the distance the wife of the keeper of the elephants leave her house, going along quickly through fear, escorted in some direction or other by three or four armed men. He at once said to himself, " Surely this lady is eloping somewhere, so I will see where she is going." So he followed her with his attendants. And he observed from a distance the house into which she went, and then he returned to his own lodging. And the next day, as the elephant-keeper was wandering about in search of his wife, who had gone off with his wealth, the minister contrived to send his own followers to meet him. They found that he had just swallowed poison because he could not find his wife, and they counteracted by their knowledge the effect of the poison, pretending that they did it out of pure compassion. And they said to him ; " Come to our teacher, for he is a seer and knows every thing:" and so they brought him to the minister. And the elephant-keeper fell at the feet of the minister, who was rendered more majestic by the insignia of his vow, and asked him for news of his wife. The minister pretended to meditate, and after a time told him the place where she was taken by the strange men at night, with all the signs by which he might recognise it. Then the elephant-keeper bowed again before him, and went with a host of policemen and surrounded that place. And he killed those wicked men who had carried off his wife, and recovered her, together with her ornaments and his wealth.

And the next day he went and bowed before, and praised that supposed seer, and invited him to an entertainment. And as the minister did not wish to enter a house, and said that he must eat at night, he made an entertainment for him at nightfall in the elephant-stables. So the minister went there and feasted with his followers, taking with him a concealed serpent, that he had by means of a charm got to enter the hollow of a bamboo. Then the elephant-keeper went away, and while the others were asleep, the minister introduced, by means of the bamboo, the serpent into the ear of the elephant Bhadradanta, while it was asleep, and he spent the night there, and in the morning went back to Magadha his native land ; but the elephant died from the bite of the snake.

When the clever minister returned, having smitten down the elephant as if it were the pride of that king Dharmagopa, the king Bhadrabáhu was in ecstasies. Then he sent off an ambassador to Váránasí to ask for the hand of Anangalílá. The king, who was helpless from the loss of his elephant, gave her to him ; for kings, who know times and seasons, bend like canes, if it is expedient to do so.

"So, by the sagacity of that minister Mantragupta, the king Bhadrabáhu obtained Anangalílá. And in the same way I must obtain that wife by wisdom." When Mṛigánkadatta said this, his minister Vichitrakatha said to him—"You will succeed in all by the favour of S'iva which was promised you in a dream. What will not the effective favour of the gods accomplish? Hear in proof of it the story I am now going to tell."

*Story of Pushkaráksha and Vinayavatí.*

There was in the city of Takshaśilá a king of the name of Bhadráksha. He, desiring a son, was worshipping Lakshmí every day with one hundred and eight white lotuses upon a sword. One day, as the king was worshipping her without breaking silence, he happened to count the lotuses mentally, and found that there was one missing. He then gave the goddess the lotus of his heart spitted on the sword, and she was pleased and granted him a boon that would ensure his having a son that would rule the whole earth. And she healed the wound of the king and disappeared. Then there was born a son to the king by his queen, and he possessed all the auspicious marks. And the king called him Pushkaráksha, because he obtained him by the gift of the lotus of his heart. And when the son, in course of time, grew up to manhood, Bhadráksha anointed him king, as he possessed great virtues, and himself repaired to the forest.

Pushkaráksha, for his part, having obtained the kingdom, kept worshipping S'iva every day, and one day at the end of his worship, he asked him to bestow on him a wife. Then he heard a voice come from heaven, saying, "My son, thou shalt obtain all thy desire." Then he remained in a happy state, as he had now a good hope of success. And it happened that one day he went to a wood inhabited by wild beasts, to amuse himself with hunting. There he saw a camel about to eat two snakes entwined together, and in his grief he killed the camel. The camel immediately became a Vidyádhara, abandoning its camel body, and being pleased said to Pushkaráksha "You have done me a benefit. So hear what I have to tell you."

*Story of the birth of Vinayavatí.*

There is, king, a mighty Vidyádhara named Rankumálin. And a beautiful maiden of the Vidyádhara race, named Táravalí, who admired good looks, saw him and fell in love with him, and chose him for her husband. And then her father, angry because they had married without consulting anything but their own inclination, laid on them a curse that would separate them for some time. Then the couple, Tarávalí and Rankumálin, sported, with ever-growing love, in various regions belonging to them.

But one day, in consequence of that curse, they lost sight of one another in a wood, and were separated. Then Táravalí, in her search for her husband, at last reached a forest on the other side of the western sea,

inhabited by a hermit of supernatural powers. There she saw a large *jambu*-tree in flower, which seemed compassionately to console her with the sweet buzzing of its bees. And she took the form of a bee, and sat down on it to rest, and began to drink the honey of a flower. And immediately she saw her husband, from whom she had been so long separated, come there, and she bedewed that flower with a tear of joy. And she abandoned the body of a bee, and went and united herself to her husband Rankumálin, who had come there in search of her, as the moonlight is united to the moon.

Then she went with him to his home: but from the *jambu*-flower bedewed with her tear a fruit was produced.* And in course of time a maiden was produced inside the fruit. Now once on a time the hermit, who was named Vijitásu, was wandering about in search of fruits and roots, and came there, and that fruit, being ripe, fell from the *jambu*-tree and broke, and a heavenly maiden came out of it, and respectfully bowing, saluted the feet of that hermit. That hermit, who possessed divine insight, when he beheld her, at once knew her true history, and being astonished, took her to his hermitage, and gave her the name of Vinayavatí. Then in course of time she grew up to womanhood in his hermitage, and I, as I was roaming in the air, saw her, and being infatuated by pride in my own good looks and by love, I went to her, and tried to carry her off by force against her will. At that moment the hermit Vijatásu, who heard her cries, came in, and denounced this curse upon me, "O thou whose whole body is full of pride in thy beauty, become an ugly camel. But when thou shalt be slain by king Pushkaráksha, thou shalt be released from thy curse. And he shall be the husband of this Vinayavatí."

"When cursed in these words by the hermit I became a camel on this earth, and now, thanks to you, my curse is at an end; so go to that forest on the other side of the western sea, named Surabhimáruta, and obtain for a wife that heavenly creature, who would make Srí herself lose all pride in her own beauty." When the heavenly Vidyádhara had said this to Pushkaráksha, he flew up to the sky. Then Pushkaráksha returned to his city, and entrusted his kingdom to his ministers, and mounting his horse, went

* Cp. Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales, p. 15, Giles's Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio, p. 294, and the classical legend of the birth of Adonis. A similar story will be found in Liebrecht, Zur Volkskunde, p. 306. In Bernhard E. Schmidt's Griechische Märchen, No. 5, three maidens come out of a citron, and one of them again out of a rosebush. For other parallels see the Notes to No. XXI, in Miss Stokes's Indian Fairy Tales. Cp. also Das Rosmarinsträuchlein in Kaden's Unter den Olivenbäumen, (Stories from the South of Italy), p. 10. In the 49th Story of the Pentamerone of Basile a fairy comes out of a citron. The word I have translated "tear" is in the original *vírya*.

off alone at night. And at last he reached the shore of the western sea, and there he reflected, "How shall I cross over this sea?" Then he saw there an empty temple of Durgá, and he entered it, and bathed, and worshipped the goddess. And he found there a lyre, which had been deposited there by some one, and he devoutly sang to it in honour of the goddess songs composed by himself. And then he lay down to sleep there. And the goddess was so pleased with his lyric worship, that in the night she had him conveyed across the sea by her attendant demons, while he was asleep.

Then he woke up in the morning on the other side of the sea, and saw himself no longer in the temple of Durgá, but in a wood. And he rose up in astonishment, and wandered about, and beheld a hermitage, which seemed to bow before him hospitably by means of its trees weighed down with fruit, and to utter a welcome with the music of its birds. So he entered it, and saw a hermit surrounded by his pupils. And the king approached the hermit, and bowed at his feet. The hermit, who possessed supernatural insight, received him hospitably and said to him; "King Pushkaráksha, Vinayavatí, for whom you have come, has gone out for a moment to fetch firewood, so wait a little: you shall to-day marry her who was your wife in a former life." Then Pushkaráksha said to himself—"Bravo! this is that very hermit Vijitásu, and this is that very wood, no doubt the goddess has had me carried across the ocean. But this that the hermit tells me is strange, that she was my wife in a previous state of existence." Then he asked the hermit in his joy the following question, "Tell me, reverend sir, how was she my wife before?" Then the hermit said, "Listen, if you feel curious on the point."

*The adventures of Pushkaráksha and Vinayavatí in a former life.*

There was in old time a merchant in Támralipti, named Dharmasena, and he had a beautiful wife named Vidyullekhá. As it happened, he was robbed by bandits and wounded with weapons by them, and longing for death, he went out with his wife to enter the fire. And the two saw suddenly a beautiful couple of swans coming through the air. Then they entered the fire, and died with their minds fixed on those swans, and so the husband and wife were born in the next birth as swans.

Now, one day in the rains, as they were in their nest in a date-palm-tree, a storm uprooted the tree and separated them. The next day the storm was at an end, and the male swan went to look for his female, but he could not find her in the lakes or in any quarter of the sky. At last he went, distracted with love, to the Mánasa lake, the proper place for swans at that season of the year, and another female swan, that he met on the way, gave him hopes that he would find her there. There he found his female, and he spent the rainy season there, and then he went to a moun-

tain-peak to enjoy himself with her. There his female was shot by a fowler; when he saw that, he flew away distracted with fear and grief. The fowler went off, taking with him the dead female swan, and on the way he saw many armed men at a distance, coming towards him, and he thought that they would perhaps take the bird from him, so he cut some grass with his knife, and covering up the bird with that, left her on the ground. After the men had gone, the fowler returned to take the female swan. But it happened that among the grass which he had cut was a herb, which possessed the power of raising the dead to life. By means of the juice of this herb the female swan was restored to life, and before his eyes she flung off the grass, and flew up into the sky, and disappeared.

But in the meanwhile the male swan went and settled on the shore of a lake among a flock of swans, distracted with grief at seeing his mate in this state.* Immediately a certain fisherman threw a net, and caught all those birds, and thereupon sat down to take his food. Then the female swan came there in search of her husband, and found him caught in the net, and in her grief she cast her eyes in every direction. Then she saw on the bank of the lake a necklace of gems, which a certain person, who had gone into the water to bathe, had laid on top of his clothes. She went and carried off the necklace without that person seeing her do it, and she flew gently through the air past the fisherman, to shew him the necklace. The fisherman, when he saw the female swan with the necklace in her beak, left the net full of birds, and ran after her, stick in hand. But the female swan deposited the necklace upon the top of a distant rock, and the fisherman proceeded to climb up the rock to get the necklace. When the female swan saw that, she went and struck in the eye with her beak a monkey that was asleep on a tree, near where her husband lay caught in the net. The monkey, being terrified by the blow, fell on the net and tore it, and so all the swans escaped from it. Then the couple of swans were re-united, and they told one another their adventures, and in their joy amused themselves as they would. The fisherman, after getting the necklace, came back to fetch the birds, and the man whose necklace had been taken away, met him as he was looking for it, and as the fact of the fisherman's being in possession of the necklace was revealed by his fear, he recovered it from him and cut off his right hand with his sword. And the two swans, sheltering themselves under one lotus by way of umbrella, rose up in the middle of the day from the lake and roamed in the sky.

And soon the two birds reached the bank of a river haunted by a certain hermit, who was employed in worshipping S'iva. Then the couple of swans were shot through with one arrow by a fowler, as they were flying along, and fell together to the earth. And the lotus, which they had used

* Dr. Kern conjectures *evam*.

as an umbrella, fell on the top of a *linga* of S'iva, while the hermit was engaged in worship. Then the fowler, seeing them, took the male swan for himself, and gave the female swan to the hermit, who offered it to S'iva.*

"Now you, Pushkaráksha, were that very male swan; and by the virtue of that lotus, which fell on the top of the *linga*, you have been now born in a royal family. And that female swan has been born in a family of Vidyádharas as Vinayavatí, for S'iva was abundantly worshipped with her flesh. Thus Vinayavatí was your wife in a former birth." When the hermit Vijitásu said this to Pushkaráksha, the king asked him another question; How comes it, hermit, that the entering the fire, which atones for a multitude of sins, produced in our case the fruit of birth in the nature of a bird? Thereupon the hermit replied, "A creature receives the form of that which it was contemplating at the moment of death."

*Story of Lávaṇyamanjarí.*

For there was in the city of Ujjayiní a holy Bráhman virgin of the name of Lávaṇyamanjarí, who observed a vow of perpetual chastity; she once saw a Bráhman youth of the name of Kamalodaya, and her mind was suddenly attracted to him, and she was consumed with the fire of love, but she did not abandon her vow. She went to the shore of the Gandhavatí, and abandoned her life in a holy place, with her thoughts intently fixed on his love.

But on account of that intent meditation she was born in the next birth as a *hetœra*, of the name of Rúpavatí, in a town named Ekalavyá. However, owing to the virtue of her vow and of the holy bathing-place, she remembered her former birth, and in conversation she related that secret of her former birth to a Bráhman named Choḍakarṇa, who was always engaged in muttering prayers, in order to cure him of his exclusive devotion to muttering, and at last, though she was a *hetœra*, as her will was purified, she attained blessedness.

"So, king, you see that a person attains similarity to that which he thinks of. Having said this to the king, the hermit dismissed him to bathe, and he himself performed his midday ablutions."

But the king Pushkaráksha went to the bank of the river, that flowed through the forest, and saw Vinayavatí there gathering flowers. Her body gleamed as if she were the light of the sun, come to visit the wood out of curiosity, as it had never been able to penetrate its thickets. He thought to himself, "Who can this be?" And she, as she was sitting in conversation with her maid, said to her; "My friend, the Vidyádhara, who wished long ago to carry me off, came here to-day released from his curse, and announced the arrival of my husband." When the friend heard that, she answered the hermit-maiden; "It is true, for

* In Bengal no animal sacrifices are offered to S'iva at the present day.

this morning the hermit Vijitásu said to his pupil Munjakeśa; 'Go and bring here quickly Tárávalí and Rankumálin, for to-day will certainly take place the marriage of their daughter Vinayavatí to king Pushkaráksha.' When Munjakeśa received this order from his teacher, he said, 'I obey,' and started on his journey. So come, my friend, let us now go to the hermitage."

When she said this, Vinayavatí departed, and Pushkaráksha heard the whole conversation from a distance without being seen. And the king returned quickly to the hermitage of Vijitásu, after he had plunged in the river, as if to cool the burning heat of love. There Tárávalí and Rankumálin, who had arrived, honoured him when he bent before them, and the hermits gathered round him. Then, on an altar-platform illuminated by the great hermit Vijitásu with his austerities, as if by a second fire in human form, Rankumálin gave that Vinayavatí to the king, and he bestowed on him at the same time a heavenly chariot, that would travel in the sky. And the great hermit Vijitásu conferred on him this boon; "Rule, together with her, the earth with its four seas."

Then, with the permission of the hermit, the king Pushkaráksha took his new wife with him, and mounted that heavenly chariot that travelled through the air, and, crossing the sea, went quickly to his own city, being like the rising of the moon to the eyes of his subjects.

And then he conquered the earth and became emperor of it by virtue of his chariot, and lived a long time in enjoyment with Vinayavatí in his own capital.

"So a task, which is very difficult in itself, succeeds in this world, if the gods are propitious, and so, king, you may be certain that your enterprise also will succeed soon by the favour of the god S'iva, promised you in a dream."

When Mṛigánkadatta had heard this romantic story from his minister, being very eager to obtain S'aśánkavatí, he made up his mind to go to Ujjayiní with his ministers.

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## CHAPTER LXX.

Accordingly Mṛigánkadatta, being desirous to obtain S'aśánkavatí the daughter of king Karmasena, who had been described by the Vetála, planned with his ministers to leave his city secretly, disguised as a Páśupata ascetic, in order to travel to Ujjayiní. And the prince himself directed his minister Bhímaparákrama to bring the necessary staves like bed-posts, the skulls,

and so on. And the head minister of the king his father found out, by means of a spy, that Bhímaparakrama had collected all these things in his house. And at that time it happened that Mṛigánkadatta, while walking about on the top of his palace, spit down some betel-juice. And as ill-luck would have it, it fell on the head of his father's minister, who happened to be walking below, unseen by the prince * But the minister, knowing that Mṛigánkadatta had spit down that betel-juice, bathed, and laid up in his heart a grudge against Mṛigánkadatta on account of the insult.

Now it happened that the next day king Amaradatta, the father of Mṛigánkadatta, had an attack of cholera, and then the minister saw his chance, and, after imploring an assurance of safety, he said in secret to the king, who was tortured with his sudden attack of disease, "The fact is, my sovereign, your son Mṛigánkadatta has begun incantations against you in the house of Bhímaparákrama, that is why you are suffering. I found it out by means of a spy, and the thing is obvious for all to see, so banish your son from your realm and your disease from your body at the same time." When the king heard that, he was terrified, and sent his own general to the house of Bhímaparákrama, to investigate the matter. And he found the hair, and the skulls, and other articles,† and immediately brought those very things and shewed them to the king. And the king in his anger said to the general, "That son of mine is conspiring against me, because he wishes to reign himself, so expel him from the kingdom this very moment without delay, together with his ministers." For a confiding‡ king never sees through the wicked practices of his ministers. So the general went and communicated that order of the king's, and expelled Mṛigánkadatta from the city, together with his ministers.§

Then Mṛigánkadatta was delighted at having obtained his object, and he worshipped Ganeśa, and mentally took a humble leave of his parents, and started off. And after they had gone a great distance from the town of Ayodhyá, the prince said to Prachaṇḍaśakti and the other nine ministers who were travelling with him, "There is here a great king of the Kirátas, named S'aktirakshita; he is a student in the sciences, observing a vow of chastity, and he is a friend of mine from childhood. For, when his father was long ago captured in battle, he sent him here to be imprisoned as a

* Cp. "The Story of the First Royal Mendicant," Lane's Arabian Nights, Vol. I, p. 136.

† I follow the Sanskrit College MS. which reads *keśakapáládi;* perhaps for *keśa* we should read *veśa* The skulls have been mentioned before.

‡ For *áśvasto* I read *viśvasto.* Perhaps we ought to read *asvastho, i. e.,* sick, ill.

§ The wanderings of Herzog Ernst are brought about in a very similar manner. (See Simrock's Deutsche Volksbücher, Vol. III, p. 278).

substitute for himself, in order to obtain his own release. And when his father died, his relations by the father's side rose against him, and at my instigation my father established him on the throne of his father with a military force. So let us go to him, my friends, and then we will travel on to Ujjayiní, to find that S'aśánkavatí."

When he said this, all the ministers exclaimed, "So be it," and he set out with them and reached in the evening a great wilderness. It was devoid of trees and water, and it was with difficulty that at last he found a tank, with one withered tree growing upon its banks. There he performed the evening ceremonies, and drank water, and being fatigued, he went to sleep with his ministers under that dry tree. And in the night, which was illuminated by the moon, he woke up, and saw that the tree first put forth abundance of leaves, then of flowers, then of fruit. And when he saw its ripe fruit falling, he immediately woke up his ministers, and pointed out that marvel to them. Then they were astonished, and as they were hungry, he and they ate the delicious fruits of that tree together, and after they had eaten them, the dry tree suddenly became a young Bráhman, before the eyes of them all. And when Mṛigánkadatta questioned him, he told his tale in the following words.

*Story of S'rutadhi.*

There was an excellent Bráhman in Ayodhyá named Dámadhi. I am his son, and my name is S'rutadhi. And once in a time of famine he was wandering about with me, and he reached this place almost dead. Here he got five fruits which some one gave him, and though he was exhausted with hunger, he gave three to me, and set aside two for himself. Then he went into the water of the lake to bathe, and in the meanwhile I ate all the five fruits, and pretended to be asleep. He returned after bathing, and beholding me cunningly lying here as motionless as a log, he cursed me, saying, "Become a dry tree here on the bank of the lake. And on moonlight nights flowers and fruit shall spring from you, and when once on a time you shall have refreshed guests with fruits, you shall be delivered from your curse."* As soon as my father had pronounced this curse on me, I became a dry tree, but now that you have tasted my fruit, I have been delivered from the curse, after enduring it for a long time.

After S'rutadhi had related his own history, he asked Mṛigánkadatta for his, and he told it him. Then S'rutadhi, who had no relations, and was well-read in policy, asked Mṛigánkadatta to permit him, as a favour, to attach himself to his service. So, after he had spent the night in this way, Mṛigánkadatta set out next morning with his ministers. And in the course of his journey he came to a forest named Karimaṇḍita. There

* Compare the myths of Attis and Cyparissus.

he saw five wild looking men with long hair, who aroused his wonder. Then the five men came and respectfully addressed him as follows:

"We were born in the city of Káśí as Bráhmans who lived by keeping cows. And during a famine we came from that country, where the grass was scorched by drought, with our cows, to this wood which abounds in grass. And here we found an elixir in the form of the water of a tank, continually flavoured with the three kinds of fruits* that drop from the trees growing on its bank. And five hundred years have passed over our heads in this uninhabited wood, while we have been drinking this water and the milk of cows. It is thus, prince, that we have become such as you see, and now destiny has sent you to us as guests, so come to our hermitage."

When thus invited by them, Mṛigánkadatta went with them to their hermitage, taking his companions with him, and spent the day there living on milk. And he set out from it in the morning, and in course of time he reached the country of the Kirátas, seeing other wonderful sights on the way. And he sent on S'rutadhi to inform his friend S'aktirakshita, the king of the Kirátas, of his arrival. When the sovereign of the Kirátas heard of it, he went to meet Mṛigánkadatta with great courtesy, and conducted him with his ministers into his city Mṛigánkadatta told him the cause of his arrival, and remained there for some days, being entertained by him. And the prince arranged that S'aktirakshita should be ready to assist him in his undertaking when the proper time came, and then he set out, on an auspicious day, for Ujjayiní, with his eleven companions, having been captivated by S'aśánkavatí.

And as he went along, he reached an uninhabited forest and saw standing under a tree an ascetic, with ashes on his body, a deer-skin, and matted hair. So he went up to him, with his followers, and said to him; "Reverend sir, why do you live alone in this forest in which there is no hermitage?" Then the hermit answered him, "I am a pupil of the great sage named S'uddhakírti and I know innumerable spells. Once on a time I got hold of a certain Kshatriya boy with auspicious marks, and I exerted all my diligence to cause him to be possessed, while alive, by a spirit, and, when the boy was possessed, I questioned him, and he told me of many places for potent drugs and liquors, and then said this; 'There is in this Vindhya forest in the northern quarter a solitary *aśoka*-tree, and under it there is a great palace of a snake-king.† In the middle of the

* *Triphalá* according to Professor Monier Williams means the three myrobalans, *i. e.*, the fruits of Terminalia Chebula, T. Bellerica, and Phyllanthus Emblica; also the three fragrant fruits, nutmeg, areca-nut, and cloves; also the three sweet fruits, grape, pomegranate and date. The first interpretation seems to be the one usually accepted by the Paṇḍits of Bengal.

† *i. e.*, Nága a kind of snake demon. See Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales, page 65,

day its water is concealed with moistened dust, but it can be discovered by the couples of swans sporting there together with the water-cranes.* There dwells a mighty chief of the snakes, named Párávatáksha, and he obtained a matchless sword from the war of the gods and Asuras, named Vaidúryakánti; whatever man obtains that sword will become a chief of the Siddhas and roam about unconquered, and that sword can only be obtained by the aid of heroes.' When the possessed boy had said this, I dismissed him. So I have wandered about over the earth desirous to obtain that sword, and caring for nothing else, but, as I have not been able to find men to help me, in disgust I have come here to die." When Mṛigánkadatta heard the ascetic say this, he said to him, "I and my ministers will help you." The ascetic gladly accepted his offer, and went with him and his followers, by the help of an ointment rubbed on the feet, to the dwelling-place of that snake. There he found the sign by which it could be recognised, and he placed there at night Mṛigánkadatta and his companions, duly initiated, fixed with spells; and throwing enchanted mustard-seed he cleared the water from dust, and began to offer an oblation with snake-subduing spells. And he conquered by the power of his spells the impediments, such as earthquakes, clouds, and so on. Then there came out from that *aśoka*-tree a heavenly nymph, as it were, murmuring spells with the tinkling of her jewelled ornaments, and approaching the ascetic she pierced his soul with a sidelong glance of love. And then the ascetic lost his self-command and forgot his spells; and the shapely fair one, embracing him, flung from his hand the vessel of oblation. And then the snake Párávatáksha had gained his opportunity, and he came out from that palace like the dense cloud of the day of doom. Then the heavenly nymph vanished, and the ascetic beholding the snake terrible with flaming eyes, roaring horribly, died of a broken heart.

When he was destroyed, the snake laid aside his awful form, and cursed Mṛigánkadatta and his followers, for helping the ascetic, in the following words, "Since you did what was quite unnecessary after all coming here with this man, you shall be for a certain time separated from one another." Then the snake disappeared, and all of them at the same time had their eyes dimmed with darkness, and were deprived of the power of hearing sounds. And they immediately went in different directions, separated from one another by the power of the curse, though they kept looking for one another and calling to one another. And when the delusion of the night

Weckenstedt's Wendische Märchen, pp. 400—409, Prym und Socin, Syrische Märchen, pp. 100, 101. The sword with a name may remind the reader of Balmung, Excalibar, Durandal &c.

* The Sanskrit College MS. reads *sámpusáraiḥ* perhaps for *sámbusárasaiḥ i. e.*, with the water-cranes.

was at an end, Mṛigánkadatta found himself roaming about in the wood without his ministers.

And, after two or three months had passed, the Bráhman S'rutadhi, who was looking for him, suddenly fell in with him. Mṛigánkadatta received him kindly, and asked for news of his ministers, whereupon S'rutadhi fell at his feet weeping, and consoled him, and said to him, "I have not seen them, prince, but I know they will go to Ujjayiní, for that is the place we all have to go to." With these and similar speeches he urged the prince to go there, so Mṛigánkadatta set out with him slowly for Ujjayiní.

And after he had journeyed a few days, he found his own minister Vimalabuddhi who suddenly came that way. When the minister saw him, he bowed before him with eyes filled with tears at seeing him, and the prince embraced him, and making him sit down, he asked him for tidings of the other ministers. Then Vimalabuddhi said to that prince, who was so beloved by his servants, "I do not know, king, where each of them has gone in consequence of the curse of the snake. But hear how I know that you will find them again."

*The adventures of Vimalabuddhi after he was separated from the prince.*

When the snake cursed me, I was carried far away by the curse, and wandered in the eastern part of the forest. And being fatigued, I was taken by a certain kind person to the hermitage of a certain hermit, named Brahmadaṇḍin. There my fatigue was removed by the fruits and water which the sage gave me, and, roaming away far from the hermitage, I saw a vast cave. I entered it out of curiosity, and I saw inside it a palace made of jewels, and I began to look into the palace through the lattice-windows. And lo! there was in it a woman causing to revolve a wheel with bees, and those bees made some of them for a bull, and others for a donkey, both which creatures were standing there. And some drank the foam of milk sent forth by the bull, and others the foam of blood sent forth by the donkey, and became white and black, according to the colour of the two objects on which they settled; and then they all turned into spiders. And the spiders, which were of two different colours, made two different-coloured webs with their excrements. And one set of webs was hung on wholesome flowers, and the other on poisonous flowers. And the spiders, that were clinging to those webs as they pleased, were bitten by a great snake which came there, having two mouths, one white, and the other black. Then the woman put them in various pitchers, but they got out again, and began to occupy the same webs again respectively. Then those, that were on the webs attached to the poisonous flowers, began to cry out, owing to the violence of the poison. And thereupon the others, that were on the other webs, began to cry out also. But the noise interrupted the meditation of a certain merciful ascetic who was there, who discharged fire at the webs. Then the webs,

in which the spiders were entangled, were burnt up, and the spiders entered a hollow coral rod, and disappeared in a gleaming light at the top of it. In the meanwhile the woman disappeared with her wheel, her bull, and her donkey.

When I had seen this, I continued to roam about there in a state of astonishment; and then I saw a charming lake, which seemed by means of its lotuses, round which bees hummed, to summon me thither to look at it. And while I sat on the bank and looked at it, I beheld a great wood inside the water, and in the wood was a hunter, and the hunter had got hold of a lion's cub with ten arms which he brought up, and then banished from the wood in anger, on the ground that it was disobedient.* The lion then heard the voice of a lioness in a neighbouring wood, and was going in the direction of the sound, when his ten arms were scattered by a whirlwind. Then a man with a protuberant belly came and restored his arms as they were before, and he went to that forest in search of the lioness. He endured for her sake much hardship in that other forest, and at last obtained her whom he had had for a wife in a former state, and with her returned to his own forest. And when the hunter saw that lion return with his mate to the forest, which was his hereditary abode,† he resigned it to him and departed.

When I had seen this, I returned to the hermitage and described both those very wonderful spectacles to Brahmadaṇḍin. And that hermit, who knows the past, present, and future, kindly said to me, "You are fortunate; S′iva has shewn you all this by way of favour. That woman, whom you saw, is Illusion, and the wheel which she caused to revolve, is the wheel of mundane existence, and the bees are living creatures. And the bull and the donkey are respectively symbols of Righteousness and Unrighteousness, and the foam of milk and the foam of blood discharged by them, to which the bees repaired, are typical of good and evil actions. And they acquired properties arising from the things on which they respectively settled, and became spiders of two kinds, white and foul respectively; and then with their energy, which was symbolized by excrement, they produced entangling nets of two kinds, such as offspring and so on, which were attached to wholesome and poisonous flowers, which signify happiness and misery. And while clinging each to its own web, they were bitten by a snake, typical of Death, with its two mouths, the white set with the white mouth symbolical of good fortune, the other with the black mouth symbolical of evil fortune.

Then that female, typifying Illusion‡ plunged them into various wombs

* *Anáyata* is a misprint for *anáyatta*.

† I read *kulamandiram* with the MS. in the Sanskrit College.

‡ *i. e.*, Máyá.

typified by the jars, and they again emerged from them, and assuming forms white and black, corresponding to what they had before, they fell into entangling webs, which are symbolical of sons and other worldly connexions, resulting in happiness and misery. Then the black spiders, entangled in their webs, being tortured by the poison, symbolical of pain, began in their affliction to invoke the supreme lord as their help. When the white spiders, who were in their own webs, perceived that, they also became averse to their state, and began to invoke that same lord. Then the god, who was present in the form of an ascetic, awoke from his trance, and consumed all their entangling webs with the fire of knowledge. Accordingly they ascended into the bright coral tube, typical of the orb of the sun, and reached the highest home, which lies above it. And then Illusion vanished, with the revolving wheel of births, and with her ox, and her ass, typical of Righteousness and Unrighteousness.

Even thus in the circle of existence revolve creatures, fair and foul according to their actions, and they are liberated by propitiating S'iva; and this spectacle has been shown to you by S'iva to teach you this lesson, and to put an end to your delusion. As for that sight which you saw in the water of the tank, this is the explanation of it. The holy god produced this apparent reflection in the water, in order to teach you what was destined to befall Mṛigánkadatta. For he may be compared to a young lion-whelp, and he was brought up with ten ministers round him resembling ten arms, and he was banished in anger by his father, (typified by the hunter) from his native land, typified by the forest: and on hearing the report of S'asánkavatí, (who may be compared to a lioness,) coming from the land of Avanti, (symbolized by the other wood,*) he made towards her, and the wind which stripped him of his arms is the curse of the snake, which separated him from his ministers. Then Vináyaka† appeared as a man with a pendulous belly, and restored to him his arms, (that is to say, his ministers,) and so he recovered his former condition. Then he went and after enduring great hardship, obtained from another place the lioness, (that is S'aśánkavatí,) and returned. And when the hunter, (that is his father,) saw him coming near with his wife, having swept away the obstacles which his foes put in his way,‡ he resigned to him the whole of his forest, (that is his kingdom,) and retired to a grove of ascetics. Thus has S'iva shewn you the future as if it had already taken place. So you may be sure, your master will recover you, his ministers, and obtain his wife and his kingdom." When the excellent hermit had thus instructed me, I recovered hope and left that hermitage, and travel-

* For *vanopamám* I conjecture *vanopamát*.

† *i. q.*, *Gaṇeśa.*

‡ Or "the elephants of his enemies." Here there is probably a pun.

ling along slowly I have met you here, prince, to-day. So you may rest assured, prince, that you will recover Prachaṇḍaśakti, and your other ministers, and gain your object; you certainly gained the favour of Ganeśa by worshipping him before you set out.

When Mṛigánkadatta had listened for a while to this strange story of Vimalabuddhi's, he was much pleased, and after he had again deliberated with him, he set out for the city of Avanti, with the double object of accomplishing his enterprise and recovering his other ministers.

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## CHAPTER LXXI.

Then, as Mṛigánkadatta was journeying to Ujjayiní, with S'rutadhi and Vimalabuddhi, to find S'asánkavatí, he reached the Narmadá which lay in his path. The fickle stream, when she beheld him, shook her waves like twining arms, and gleamed white with laughing foam, as if she were dancing and smiling because he had so fortunately been reunited with his ministers. And when he had gone down into the bed of the river to bathe, it happened that a king of the S'avaras, named Máyávaṭu, came there for the same purpose. When he had bathed, three water-genii* rose up at the same time and seized the Bhilla, whose retinue fled in terror. When Mṛigánkadatta saw that, he went into the water with his sword drawn, and killed those water-genii, and delivered that king of the Bhillas. When the king of the Bhillas was delivered from the danger of those monsters, he came up out of the water and fell at the feet of the prince, and said to him,—"Who are you, that Providence has brought here to save my life on the present occasion? Of what virtuous father do you adorn the family? And what is that country favoured by fortune to which you are going?" When he said this, S'rutadhi told him the prince's whole story from the beginning, and then the S'avara king shewed him exceeding respect, and said to him; "Then I will be your ally in this undertaking which you have in view, as you were directed by the god, and with me will come my friend Durgapiśácha the king of Mátangas. So do me the favour, my lord, of coming to my palace, since I am your slave."

* Literally, "water-men." Perhaps they were of the same race as Grendel the terrible *nicor*. See also Weckenstedt's Wendische Märchen, p. 185 and *ff*, Grimm's Irische Märchen, p. cv, Kuhn's Westfälische Märchen, Vol. II, p. 35, Waldau's Böhmische Märchen, p. 187 and *ff*, and the 6th and 2[illegible]th Játakas.

Thus he entreated Mṛigánkadatta with various humble speeches, and then took him to his own village. And there he entertained the prince fittingly with all the luxuries he could command, and all the people of the village shewed him respect. And the king of the Mátangas came and honoured him as the saviour of his friend's life, and placed his head on the ground to shew that he was his slave. Then Mṛigankadatta remained there some days, to please that Máyávaṭu, the king of the Bhillas.

And one day, while he was staying there, that king of the S'avaras began to gamble with Chaṇḍaketu his own warder. And while he was playing, the clouds began to roar, and the domestic peacocks lifted up their heads and began to dance, and king Máyávaṭu rose up to look at them. Then the warder, who was an enthusiastic gambler, said to his sovereign, "What is the use, my master, of looking at these peacocks which are not skilled in dancing? I have a peacock in my house, to which you would not find an equal in the world. I will show it you to-morrow, if you take pleasure in such things." When the king heard that, he said to the warder, "You must certainly shew it to me," and then he set about the duties of the day. And Mṛigánkadatta, when he heard all that, rose up with his companions, and performed his duties such as bathing and eating.

*The adventures of Mṛigánkadatta and the warder.*

And when the night came, and thick darkness was diffused over the face of things, the prince went out alone and self-impelled from the chamber in which his companions were sleeping, in search of adventures, with his body smeared with musk, wearing dark-blue garments and with his sword in his hand. And as he was roaming about, a certain man, who was coming along the road and did not see him on account of the darkness, jostled against him, and struck his shoulder against his. Then he rushed at him angrily and challenged him to fight. But the person challenged, being a man not easily abashed, made an appropriate reply, "Why are you perplexed by want of reflection? If you reflect, you will see that you ought to blame the moon for not lighting up this night, or the Governor of the world for not appointing that it should rule with full sway here,* since in such darkness causeless quarrels take place."

Mṛigánkadatta was pleased with this clever answer and he said to him, "You are right. Who are you?" The man answered, "I am a thief." Whereupon the prince said falsely, "Give me your hand, you are of the same profession as myself." And the prince made an alliance with him, and went along with him out of curiosity, and at last reached an old well covered with grass. And there the man entered a tunnel, and Mṛigánkadatta went along it with him, and reached the harem of that king Máyávaṭu. And when he got there, he recognized the man by the light of

* The MS. in the Sanskrit College seems to me to read *púrṇo'sya.*

the lamp, and lo! it was the warder Chaṇḍaketu, and not a robber. But the warder, who was the secret paramour of the king's wife, did not recognize the prince, because he had other garments on than those he usually wore,* and kept in a corner where there was not much light.

But the moment the warder arrived, the king's wife, who was named Manjumatí, and was desperately in love with him, rose up and threw her arms round his neck. And she made him sit down on a sofa, and said to him, "Who is this man that you have brought here to-day?" Then he said to her, "Make your mind easy, it is a friend of mine." But Manjumatí said excitedly, "How can I, ill-starred woman that I am, feel at ease, now that this king has been saved by Mṛigánkadatta, after entering the very jaws of death?" When the warder heard her say that, he answered, "Do not grieve, my dear! I will soon kill the king and Mṛigánkadatta too." When he said this, she answered, as fate would have it, "Why do you boast? When the king was seized that day by monsters in the water of the Narmadá, Mṛigánkadatta alone was ready to rescue him; why did you not kill him then? The fact is, you fled in fear. So be silent, lest some one hear this speech of yours, and then you would certainly meet with calamity at the hands of Mṛigánkadatta, who is a brave man." When she said this, her paramour the warder lost his temper with her. He said, "Wretched woman, you are certainly in love with Mṛigánkadatta, so receive now from me the just recompense of that taunt." And he rose up to kill her, dagger in hand. Then a maid, who was her confidante, ran and laid hold of the dagger with her hand and held it. In the meanwhile Manjumatí escaped into another room. And the warder dragged the dagger out of the maid's hand, cutting her fingers in the process; and returned home by the way which he came, somewhat confused, with Mṛigánkadatta, who was much astonished.

Then Mṛigánkadatta, who could not be recognized in the darkness, said to the warder, "You have reached your own house, so I will leave you." But the warder said to the prince, "Sleep here to-night, without going further, for you are very tired." Then the prince consented, as he wished to learn something of his goings on; and the warder called one of his servants and said to him, "Take this man to the room where the peacock is, and let him rest there and give him a bed." The servant said—"I will do as you command," and took the prince to the room and placed a light in it, and gave him a bed. He then departed, fastening the outer door with a chain, and Mṛigánkadatta saw the peacock there in a cage. He said to himself, "This is the very peacock, that the warder was speaking of," and out of curiosity he opened its cage. And the peacock came out and, after looking intently at Mṛigán-

* I read '*nyaveśastham*, which is the reading of the Sanskṛit College MS.

kadatta, it fell down and rolled at his feet again and again. And as it was rolling, the prince saw a string tied round its neck and at once untied it, thinking that it gave the bird pain. The peacock, the moment that the thread was loosed from its neck, became before his eyes his minister Bhímaparákrama. Then Mṛigánkadatta embraced the affectionate minister, who bowed before him, and in his astonishment said to him, "Tell me, friend, what is the meaning of this?" Then Bhímaparákrama said to him in his delight, "Listen, prince, I will tell you my story from the beginning."

*The adventures of Bhímaparákrama after his separation from the prince.*

When I was separated from you by the curse of the Nága, I wandered about in the wood until I reached a *s'álmali* tree.* And I saw an image representing Ganeśa carved in the tree, which I worshipped, and then I sat down at the foot of the tree being tired, and I said to myself, "All this mischief has been brought about by me, by telling my master that time the incident of the Vetála which took place at night. So I will abandon here this my sinful body." In this frame of mind I remained there, fasting, in front of the god. And after some days an old traveller came that way, and sat in the shade of that tree. And the good man, seeing me, questioned me with much persistence, saying, "Why do you remain in this solitary place, my son, with such a downcast face?" Then I told him my story, exactly as it took place, and the old traveller kindly said to me, to encourage me; "Why, being a man, are you killing yourself like a woman? Moreover, even women do not lose their courage in calamity; hear the following tale in proof of it."

*Story of Kamalákara and Hansávalí.*

In the city of Kośala there was a king, named Vimalákara, and he had a son named Kamalákara, who was made by the Creator admirable in respect of the qualities of courage, beauty and generosity, as if to outdo Skanda, Kandarpa, and the wishing-tree of heaven. Then one day a bard, whom he had known before, came and recited a certain stanza in the presence of that prince, who deserved to be praised by bards in all the regions of the world. "Where can the row of swans† obtain satisfaction, until it reaches the lotus-bed,‡ round which sings a host of many noisy birds§ delighted at obtaining the lotus-flower|| ?" When the bard, named Manorathasiddhi, had frequently recited this stanza, prince Kamalákara questioned him, and he said to him: "Prince, as I was roaming about, I

* The silk-cotton tree.

† Or Hansávalí.

‡ Or Kamalákara.

§ It may also mean a host of Bráhmans or many birds and bees. It is an elaborate pun.

|| Another pun! It may mean "by obtaining good fortune in the form of wealth."

reached the city of king Meghamálin, named Vidiśá, the pleasure-ground of the goddess of prosperity. There I was staying in the house of a professor of singing, named Dardura, and one day he happened to say to me, 'To-morrow the daughter of the king, named Hanśavalí, will exhibit in his presence her skill in dancing, which she has lately been taught.' When I heard that, I was filled with curiosity, and managed to enter the king's palace with him the following day, and went into the dancing-hall. There I saw the slender-waisted princess Hansávalí dancing before her father, to the music of a great tabor, looking like a creeper of the tree of Love agitated by the wind of youth, shaking her ornaments like flowers, curving her hand like a shoot. Then I thought, 'There is no one fitted to be the husband of this fawn-eyed one, except the prince Kamalákara; so, if she, being such, is not joined to him, why has the god of love taken the trouble of stringing his bow of flowers thus fruitlessly? So I will adopt some expedient in this matter.' Thus minded I went, after I had seen the spectacle, to the door of the king's court, and I put up a notice with this inscription on it; 'If there is any painter here, who is a match for me, let him paint a picture.' When no one else dared to tear it down, the king coming to hear of it, appointed me to paint his daughter's bower. Then I painted you and your servants, prince Kamalákara, on the wall of the bower of that Hansávalí.

"I thought to myself, 'If I declare the matter openly, she will know that I am scheming, so I will let the princess know it by means of an artifice.' So I persuaded a handsome fellow, who was an intimate friend of mine, to come near the palace, and pretend to be mad, and I arranged with him beforehand how he was to behave. Now he was seen a long way off by the princes, as he was roaming about singing and dancing, and they had him brought into their presence to make game of him. Then Hansávalí saw him, and had him brought by way of a joke into her bower, and, when he saw the picture of you, which I had painted there, he began to praise you, saying, 'I am fortunate in beholding this Kamalákara, who is, like Vishṇu, an endless store of virtues, with his hand marked with the lotus and conch, the object of the favour of the goddess of Fortune.' When the princess heard him singing such songs, as he danced, she said to me, 'What does this fellow mean? Who is it that you have painted here?' When she asked me this persistently, I said, 'This mad fellow must have previously seen this prince, whom I have painted here out of regard for his beauty.' And then I told her your name, and described to her your good qualities. Then the young tree of passion grew up in the heart of Hansávalí, which was irrigated by the overflowing streams of gushing love for you. Then the king her father came and saw what was going on, and in wrath had the pretended madman, who was dancing, and myself, both turned out of doors. After that she pined away

day by day with longing, and was reduced to such a state that, like a streak of the moon during the wane, she had only her beauty left. And on the pretence of illness she went to a temple of Vishṇu that dispels calamity, and so managed to live a solitary life by the permission of her father. And being unable to sleep, owing to thinking on you, she could not endure the cruel moonlight, and remained there ignorant of the changes of day and night. Then she saw me one day from a window, as I was entering there, and she summoned me, and honoured me respectfully with dresses and ornaments.* And then I went out, and saw this stanza which I have repeated to you written on the border of a garment that she had given me: hear it again; 'Where can the row of swans obtain satisfaction, until it reaches the lotus-bed, round which sings a host of many noisy birds delighted at obtaining the lotus-flower.' And when I read it, I knew for certain how she felt towards you, and I came here to inform you and recited the stanza in your presence, and here is the garment on which she wrote the stanza." When Kamalákara heard the speech of the bard, and saw the stanza, he joyed exceedingly, thinking on Hansávalí, who had entered his heart, he knew not whether by eye or ear.

Now it happened that, while he was thinking with eager longing about the best means of obtaining this princess, his father summoned him and said to him; "My son, unenterprising kings perish like snakes arrested by a charm, and how can kings rise up again when they have once perished? But you have been addicted to pleasures, and up to the present time you have not been visited by any longing for conquest; so arouse yourself, and fling off sloth; advance and conquer that enemy of mine the king of Anga, who has left his own country on an enterprise against me, and I will remain at home. When the brave Kamalákara heard this, he agreed to undertake the enterprise, being desirous of marching towards the country of his beloved. Then he set out with the forces which his father assigned him, making the earth and the hearts of his enemies tremble. And he reached in a few marches the army of the king of Anga, and when that prince turned round to make a counter-attack, he fought with him. And the brave hero drank up his army, as Agastya did the water of the sea, and being victorious, captured the king alive. And he sent that enemy in chains to his father, committing him to the care of the principal warder in accordance with a letter, which he sent with him. But he commissioned the warder to give the following message by word of mouth to the king, "I now leave this place, my father, to conquer other enemies." So he went on conquering other enemies, and with his army augmented by their forces, he at last arrived in the vicinity of the city of Vidiśá.

* For *vátáyanoddeśát* the Sanskrit College MS. reads *cháyatanoddeśát*; perhaps it means "entering to visit the temple."

And encamping there he sent an ambassador to Meghamálin the father of Hansávalí, to ask for her in marriage. When that king learnt from the ambassador that he had come, not as an enemy, but for the sake of his daughter, he paid a friendly visit to him in person. The prince welcomed him; and Meghamálin, after he had complimented the prince, said to him, "Why did you take the trouble of coming in person about a business which might have been negotiated by an ambassador? For I desire this marriage; hear the reason. Seeing that this Hansávalí was even in her childhood devoted to the worship of Vishṇu, and that she had a frame delicate as a *śirísha*, I became anxious about her, and kept saying to myself, 'Who will be a fitting husband for this girl." And, as I could not think of a suitable husband for her, I was deprived of sleep by my anxiety about the matter, and contracted a violent fever. And in order to allay it, I worshipped and petitioned Vishṇu, and one night, when I was only able to sleep a little on account of pain, Vishṇu said to me in a dream, 'Let that Hansávalí, on account of whom you have contracted this fever, touch you with her hand, my son, then your fever will be allayed. For her hand is so holy from worshipping me, that whenever she touches any one with it, his fever, even though incurable, will certainly pass away. And you need have no more anxiety about her marriage, since prince Kamalákara is destined to be her husband. But she will endure some misery for a short time.' When I had been thus instructed by Vishṇu in a dream, I woke up at the end of the night. Then my fever was removed by the touch of Hansávalí's hand. And so the union of you two is appointed by the god. Accordingly I bestow on you Hansávalí" When he had said this, he had an auspicious moment fixed for the marriage and returned to his capital.

There he told all that he had done, and when Hansávalí had heard it, she said in secret to her confidante, named Kanakamanjarí, "Go and see with your own eyes whether that prince, to whom I am to be given, is the same as he, who, when painted here by the artist, captivated my heart. For it is just possible that my father may wish, out of fear, to bestow me as a gift on some prince of the same name, that has come here with an army." With these words she sent off Kanakamanjarí, acting in accordance with her own will only.

And the confidante, having assumed the complete disguise of an ascetic, with rosary of Aksha beads, deer-skin, and matted hair, went to the camp of that prince, and entered introduced by his attendants, and beheld him looking like the god that presides over the weapon with which the god of love conquers the world. And her heart was fascinated by his beauty, and she remained a moment looking as if she were in profound meditation. And full of longing she said to herself, "If I am not united with this charming prince, I shall have been born in vain. So I will take the necessary steps to ensure that, whatever comes of it." Then she went up to

him, and gave him her blessing, and bestowed on him a jewel, and he received the gem politely and sat down; then she said to him, "This is an excellent jewel of which I have often seen the properties tested. By holding it in your hand you can render ineffectual the best weapon of your enemy. And I give it you out of regard for your excellence, for it is not of so much use to me, prince, as it is to you." When she said this, the prince began to speak to her, but she forbade him, on the ground that she had vowed an exclusive devotion to the life of a beggar, and departed thence.

Then she laid aside the dress of a female ascetic, and assumed a downcast expression of face, and went into the presence of Hansávalí, and when questioned by her, made the following false statement; "I must out of love for you reveal the king's secret, although it is a matter which ought to be concealed. When I went from here to the camp of the prince dressed as a female ascetic, a man came up to me of his own accord and said in a low voice, 'Reverend madam, do you know the rites for exorcising demons?' When I heard that, I said to him, looking upon him as the warder, 'I know them very well. This is a trifling matter for me.' Then I was immediately introduced into the presence of that prince Kamalákara. And I saw him crouching, possessed by a demon, having horns on his head, and his attendants were trying to restrain him; besides he had herbs and a talismanic jewel on him. I performed certain pretended ceremonies to avert evil, and went out immediately, saying, 'To-morrow I will come and take away his affliction.' Accordingly, being exceedingly grieved with the sight of such an unexpected calamity, I have come here to tell you; it is for you to decide what you will do next."

When the unsuspecting Hansávalí heard this trumped-up tale of her maid's, terrible as a thunderstroke, she was distracted and said to her, "Out on the spite of destiny! she brings trouble on her handiwork, even when full of excellences; indeed the spot on the moon is a disgrace to him who created it. As for this prince, I chose him as my husband, but I cannot see him, so it is best for me to die or to retire into some forest. So tell me what I had better do in this matter." When the guileless lady said this, the treacherous Kanakamanjarí answered, "Have some maid of yours, dressed in your clothes, married to him, and we will escape to some place of refuge; for the people of the palace will be all in a state of excitement at that time." When the princess heard that, she said to her wicked confidante, "Then do you put on my clothes, and marry that prince; who else is as faithful to me as you? The wicked Kanakamanjarí answered, "Cheer up, I will manage to effect this by a stratagem, happen to me what may. But when the time comes, you must do as I direct you."

When she had consoled her with these words, she went and told an intimate friend of hers, named Aśokakarí, her secret object. And with her she waited during three days on the desponding Hansávalí, who agreed with them on the measures to be taken.

And when the wedding-day came, the bridegroom Kamalákara arrived at night, with a train of elephants, horses, and footmen. While all the people of the palace were occupied with festal rejoicing, Kanakamanjarí, keeping by an artifice the other maids out of the way, quickly took Hansávalí into her chamber, ostensibly for the purpose of decking her, and put the princess's dress on herself, and clothed her in the dress of Aśokakarí, and put her own dress on her accomplice Aśokakarí, and when night came, said to Hansávalí, "If you go out only the distance of a *cos* from the western gate of this city, you will find an old hollow *S'álmali*-tree. Go and hide inside it, and await my arrival. And after the business is accomplished, I will certainly come there to you." When Hansávalí heard these words of her treacherous friend, she agreed, and went out from the female apartments at night clad in her garments, and she passed out unperceived by the western gate of the city, which was crowded with the bridegroom's attendants, and reached the foot of that *S'álmali*-tree. But when she saw that the hollow of it was black with thick darkness, she was afraid to go into it, so she climbed up a *banyan*-tree near it. There she remained hidden by the leaves, watching for the arrival of her treacherous friend, for she did not see through her villainy, being herself of a guileless nature.*

In the palace meanwhile, the auspicious moment having arrived, the king brought Kanakamanjarí, who was dressed as Hansávalí, and placed her on the sacrificial platform, and Kamalákara married that fair-hued maid, and on account of its being night nobody detected her. And the moment the marriage was over, the prince set out for his own camp at full speed by that same western gate of the city, in order to gain the benefit of propitious constellations, and he took with him the supposed Hansávalí, together with Aśokakarí, who was personating Kanakamanjarí. And as he went along, he came near that *S'álmali*-tree, in the *banyan*-tree near which was concealed Hansávalí, who had been so cruelly deceived. And when he arrived there, the supposed Hansávalí, who was on the back of the elephant, which the king had mounted, embraced him, as if she were terrified. And he asked her eagerly the reason of that terror, whereupon she

* Cp. Die Gänsemagd, Grimm's Kinder und Hausmärchen, No. 89. See also Indian Fairy Tales, by Miss Stokes, No. 1; and Bernhard Schmidt's Griechische Märchen, p. 100. In the 1st Tale of Basile's Pentamerone, Liebrecht's translation, a Moorish slave-girl supplants the princess Zoza. See also the 49th tale of the same collection.

artfully replied with gushing tears; "My husband, I remember that, last night, in a dream, a woman like a Rákshasí rushed out from this tree, and seized me to eat me. Then a certain Bráhman ran forward and delivered me, and after he had consoled me, he said, 'My daughter, you should have this tree burnt, and if this woman should come out of it, she must be thrown back into it. So all will turn out well.' When the Bráhman had said this, he disappeared. And I woke up. Now that I have seen this tree I remember it. That is why I am frightened." When she said this, Kamalákara immediately ordered his servants to burn the tree and the woman too. So they burned the tree; and the pretended Hansávalí thought that her mistress was burned in it, as she did not come out of it. Then she was satisfied, and Kamalákara returned with her to the camp, thinking that he had got the real Hansávalí. And the next morning he returned rapidly from that place to his city of Kośalá, and he was anointed king by his father, who was pleased at his success. And after his father had gone to the forest, he ruled the earth, having for his wife Kanakamanjarí the pretended Hansávalí. But the bard Manorathasiddhi kept at a distance from the palace, because he feared for his own safety in case she were to find out who he was.

But when Hansávalí, who remained that night in the *banyan*-tree, heard and saw all that, she perceived that she had been tricked. And she said to herself, as soon as Kamalákara had departed; Alas! my wicked confidante has robbed me of my lover by treachery. Alas! she even desires to have me burned in order to ensure her own peace of mind. But to whom is reliance upon treacherous people not a source of calamity? So I will throw my unlucky self into the glowing ashes of the *S'álmali*-tree, that was burnt for me, and so pay my debt to the tree." After these reflections she descended from the tree, determined to destroy herself, but as fate would have it, she returned to her sober reason, and thought thus within herself; "Why should I destroy myself without reason? If I live, I shall soon be revenged on that betrayer of her friend. For when my father was seized with that fever, Vishṇu appeared to him in a dream, and after saying that he was to be healed by the touch of my hand, said this to him, 'Hansávalí shall obtain Kamalákara, who will be a suitable husband for her, but she shall endure calamity for a short time.' So I will go somewhere and wait a little." When she had formed this resolution, she set out for an uninhabited forest.

And after she had gone a long distance, and was weary, and her steps began to falter, the night disappeared, as if out of pity, in order to let her see her way. And the heaven being, as it were, moved with compassion at beholding her, let fall a flood of tears in the form of drops of dew. And the sun, the friend of the virtuous, rose up so as to comfort her, by revealing

to her both hopes and the face of the country, and stretched out the fingers of his rays to wipe away her tears. Then the princess, being a little consoled, went on slowly by by-paths, avoiding the sight of men; and wounded by the spikes of *kus'a* grass, she at last reached with difficulty a certain forest, full of birds which seemed to be singing, "Come here, come here!" She entered the wood fatigued, and was, as it were, courteously fanned by the trees with their creepers waving in the wind. So she, full of longing for her beloved, beheld that wood in all the pomp of spring, where the cuckoos cooed sweetly on fragrant mango-trees in full blossom. And in her despondency she said to herself; "Although this breeze from the Malaya mountain, red with the pollen of flowers, scorches me like a fire, and these showers of flowers falling from the trees, while the bees hum, strike me like showers of the arrows of Love, still I will remain here worshipping with these flowers the husband of Ramá,* and by so doing purge away my sin." Having formed this resolution, she remained bathing in tanks and living on fruit, devoted to the worship of Vishṇu, in order to gain Kamalákara.

In the meanwhile it happened that Kamalákara was seized with a chronic quartan fever. Then the wicked Kanakamanjarí, who personated Hansávalí, was terrified, and thought thus in her heart, "I have always one fear in my heart, lest Aśokakarí should reveal my secret, and now a second has come on the top of it. For the father of Hansávalí said to my husband, in the presence of a large number of persons, that the touch of his daughter's hand removed fever; and as soon as in his present attack he shall call that to mind, I shall be exposed, as not having that power, and ruined. So I will perform on his behalf with all due rites an incantation for obtaining control over an imp of the fever-demon, who has the power of removing fever, and who was mentioned to me long ago by a certain witch. And I will by a stratagem kill this Aśokakarí, in front of the imp, in order that the offering to him may be made with human flesh, and so he may be enlisted in my service and bring about the desired result. So the king's fever will be cured and Aśokakarí removed at the same time, and both my fears will be ended; I do not see any chance of a prosperous issue in any other way."

Having formed this resolution, she told Aśokakarí all the harmless points of her plan, taking care to omit the necessity of slaying a human being. Then Aśokakarí consented, and brought the necessary utensils, and Kanakamanjarí by an artifice dismissed her attendants, and, accompanied by Aśokakarí only, went out from the women's apartments secretly at night by a postern-door, and sword in hand,† made for a deserted temple of

* *i. e.*, Vishṇu.

† The sword seems to be essential in these rites: compare the VIth book of the Æthiopica of Heliodorus, where the witch Cybele raises her son to life, in order that he may prophesy; see also the story of Kálarátri, Chapter 20 of this work.

S'iva in which there was one *linga*. There she killed with the sword a goat, and anointed the *linga* with its blood, and made an offering to it of its flesh, and threw the animal's entrails round it by way of a garland, and honoured it by placing on its summit the goat's lotus-like heart, and fumigated it with the smoke of its eyes, and lastly presented to it the animal's head by way of oblation. Then she smeared the front of the sacrificial platform with blood and sandalwood, and painted on it with yellow paint a lotus, having eight leaves, and on its pericarp she traced with crushed mango a representation of the demon of fever, with three feet and three mouths, and with a handful of ashes by way of weapon; and she represented on the leaves the fever's attendant imps in proper form, and summoned them with a spell which she knew.* And then she wished to make an offering to them, preparatory to bathing, with human flesh, as I said before, so she said to Aśokakarí, "Now, my friend, prostrate yourself flat on the earth before the god, for thus you will obtain prosperous fortune." Then she consented, and flung herself flat on the earth, and the wicked Kanakamanjarí gave her a cut with the sword. As it happened, the sword only wounded her slightly on the shoulder, and she rose up terrified, and ran away, and seeing Kanakamanjarí pursuing her, she exclaimed again and again, "Help, help!" And thereupon some policemen, who happened to be near, ran to her assistance. When they saw Kanakamanjarí pursuing her, sword in hand, with a ferocious expression of countenance, they thought she was a Rákshasí, and slashed her with their swords till she was almost dead. But when they heard from the lips of Aśokakarí the real state of the case, they took both the women to the king's court, with the governor of the town at their head. When king Kamalákara heard their story, he had that wicked wife and her confidante brought into his presence. And when they were brought, what with fear and the severe pain of her wounds, Kanakamanjarí died on the spot.

Then the king, in great despondency, said to Aśokakarí, who was wounded, "What is the meaning of this? Tell me without fear." Then

* The debased form of Buddhism found throughout this work is no doubt the Tantra system introduced by Asanga in the sixth century of our era (Rhys Davids' Manual of Buddhism, pp. 207, 208, 209.) To borrow Dr. Rájendralála Mitra's words, who is speaking of even worse corruptions, (Introduction to the Lalita Vistara, p. 12) it is a wonder "that a system of religion so pure and lofty in its aspirations as Buddhism could be made to ally itself with such pestilent dogmas and practices." The whole incantation closely resembles similar practices in the West. See Brand's Popular Antiquities, Vol. III, pp. 56 and *ff.* especially the extract from Mason's Anatomie of Sorcerie, 1612, p. 86—"Inchanters and charmers, they which by using of certaine conceited words, characters, circles, amulets, and such like wicked trumpery (by God's permission) doe worke great marvailes: as namely in causing of sicknesse, *as also in curing diseases in men's bodies.*

Aśokakarí related from the very beginning the history of the daring treachery accomplished by Kanakamanjarí. Then king Kamalákara, having found out the truth, thus bewailed his lot on that occasion, "Alas! I have been deceived by this supposed Hansávalí into burning the real Hansávalí with my own hand, fool that I was! Well! this wicked woman has met the just reward of her actions, in that, after becoming the wife of a king, she has been thus put to death. But how came I to permit cruel Destiny to deceive me with mere outward appearances, like a child, and so to rob me by taking away my jewel and giving me glass instead. Moreover, I did not remember that touch of the hand of Hansávalí, of which Vishṇu spoke to her father, which has given evidence of its power to remove fever." While Kamalákara was thus lamenting, he suddenly recollected the words of Vishṇu and said to himself, "Her father Meghamálin told me that Vishṇu said that she should obtain a husband, but that she should suffer some little affliction, and that word of the god, made known to men, will not have been spoken in vain. So it is quite possible that she may have gone somewhere else, and be still alive, for who knows the mysterious ways of a woman's heart, any more than those of destiny? So in this matter the bard Manorathasiddhi must once more be my refuge."

Thus reflecting, the king sent for that excellent bard, and said to him, "How is it, my good friend, that you are never seen in the palace?" But how can those obtain their wishes, who are deceived by rogues? When the bard heard that, he said, "My excuse is that this Aśokakarí was well nigh slain, out of fear that she would reveal the secret. But you must not be despondent about Hansávalí, for Vishṇu revealed that she would suffer calamity for a short time. And he certainly protects her, because she is ever intent on worshipping him; for virtue prevails; has it not been seen in the present instance? So I will go, king, to obtain tidings of her." When the bard said this to the king, he answered him, "I myself will go in search of her with you. For otherwise my mind cannot be at rest even for a moment."

When the king had said this, he resolved on the course to be taken, and next day he entrusted his kingdom to the care of his minister Prajnáḍhya. And though the minister did all he could to dissuade him, the king left the town unobserved with Manorathasiddhi. And he went round to many holy places, hermitages, and forests in search of her, disregarding physical suffering, for weighty is the command of Love. And it happened that he and Manorathasiddhi at last reached the wood, where Hansávalí was performing austerities. There he saw her at the foot of a red Aśoka-tree, thin and pale, but yet charming, like the last digit of the gleaming moon. And he said to the bard; "Who is this silent and motionless, engaged in meditation? Can she be a goddess, for her beauty is more than

human?" When the bard heard that, he looked and said, "You are fortunate, my sovereign, in finding Hansávalí; for it is she herself that is standing there." When Hansávalí heard that, she looked at them, and recognising that bard, she cried out with renewed grief; "Alas! my father, I am ruined! alas my husband, Kamalákara! alas Manorathasiddhi! alas, Destiny, source of untoward events!" Thus lamenting, she fell on the ground in a faint, and when Kamalákara heard and saw her, he too fell on the earth overpowered with grief. Then they were both brought round by Manorathasiddhi; and when they had recognised one another for certain, they were much delighted, and, having crossed the ocean of separation, they experienced indescribable joy, and they told one another in due course all their adventures. Then Kamalákara returned with Hansávalí and that bard to the city of Kośalá. There he received in marriage her hand that had the power of removing disease, after summoning her father the famous Meghamálin. Then Kamalákara shone exceedingly bright, being united with Hansávalí, both whose wings were pure.* And having attained his object in life, he lived happily with her whose endurance had borne fruit, ruling the earth, inseparable from Manorathasiddhi.

"So you see those who do not lose heart, even in calamity, obtain all they desire, and on the same principle you should abstain from suicide, for, if you live, you will be reunited to that lord." With these words the old traveller closed his tale, and after dissuading me from death, departed whither he would.

After Bhímaparákrama had told all this to Mṛigánkadatta at night in the house of Chaṇḍaketu, he went on to say:

*Continuation of the adventures of Bhímaparákrama.*

So, having received useful admonition, I left that forest and went to the city of Ujjayiní, for which I knew you were making, to find you. When I did not find you there, I entered the house of a certain woman to lodge, as I was worn out, and gave her money for food. She gave me a bed, and being tired I slept for some time, but then I woke up, and out of curiosity I remained quiet, and watched her, and while I was watching, the woman took a handful of barley, and sowed it all about inside the house, her lip trembling all the time with muttering spells. Those grains of barley immediately sprang up, and produced ears, and ripened, and she cut them down, and parched them, and ground them, and made them into barley-meal. And she sprinkled the barley-meal with water, and put it in a brass pot, and, after arranging her house as it was before, she went out quickly to bathe.

* Here there is a pun, as Kamalákara means a bed of lotuses, the word *paksha* meaning wing and also "side." She was of good lineage by her father's and mother's side. Manorathasiddhi means "the attainment of desire."

Then, as I saw that she was a witch, I took the liberty of rising up quickly; and taking that meal out of the brass pot, I transferred it to the meal-bin, and I took as much barley-meal out of the meal-bin, and placed it in the brass vessel, taking care not to mix the two kinds. Then I went back again to bed, and the woman came in, and roused me up, and gave me that meal from the brass pot to eat, and she ate some herself, taking what she ate from the meal-bin, and so she ate the charmed meal, not knowing that I had exchanged the two kinds. The moment she had eaten that barley-meal, she became a she-goat; then I took her and sold her by way of revenge to a butcher.*

Then the butcher's wife came up to me and said angrily, "You have deceived this friend of mine—you shall reap the fruit of this." When I had been thus threatened by her, I went secretly out of the town, and being weary I lay down under a *banyan*-tree, and went to sleep. And while I was in that state, that wicked witch, the butcher's wife, came and fastened a thread on my neck. Then the wicked woman departed, and immediately I woke up, and when I began to examine myself, lo! I had turned into a peacock, though I still retained my intelligence.†

Then I wandered about for some days much distressed, and one day I was caught alive by a certain fowler. He brought me here and gave me to this Chaṇḍaketu, the principal warder of the king of the Bhillas, by way of a complimentary present. The warder, for his part, immediately made me over to his wife, and she put me in this house as a pet bird. And to-day, my prince, you have been guided here by fate, and have loosened the thread round my neck, and so I have recovered my human shape.

"So let us leave this place quickly, for this warder always murders next morning‡ the companions of his midnight rambles, for fear his secrets should be disclosed. And to-day he has brought you here, after you have been a witness of his nightly adventures, so fasten, my prince, on your neck this thread prepared by the witch, and turn yourself into a peacock, and go out by this small window; then I will stretch out my hand and loosen the thread from your neck, which you must put up to me, and I will fasten it on my own neck and go out quickly in the same way. Then you must loosen the thread round my neck, and we shall both recover our former condition. But it is impossible to go out by the door which is fastened from outside."

* Compare the Soldier's Midnight Watch in Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales, p. 274.

† In the Golden Ass of Apuleius, Pamphile turns herself into an owl; when Apuleius asks to be turned into an owl, in order to follow her, Fotis turns him by mistake into an ass. See also the Ass of Lucian. The story of Circe will occur to every one in connection with these transformations. See also Baring Gould's Myths of the Middle Ages, 1st Series, p. 143.

‡ I read *prátaḥ* for *práyaḥ*.

When the sagacious Bhímaparákrama had said this, Mṛigánkadatta agreed to his proposal and so escaped from the house with him; and he returned to his lodging where his other two friends were; there he and his friends all spent the night pleasantly in describing to one another all their adventures.

And in the morning Máyávaṭu, the Bhilla king, the head of that town, came to Mṛigánkadatta, and after asking him whether he had spent the night pleasantly, he said to amuse him, "Come, let us play dice." Then Mṛigánkadatta's friend S'rutadhi, observing that the Bhilla had come with his warder, said to him, "Why should you play dice? Have you forgotten? To-day we are to see the dance of the warder's peacock, which was talked about yesterday." When the S'avara king heard that, he remembered, and out of curiosity sent the warder to fetch the peacock. And the warder remembered the wounds he had inflicted, and thought to himself, "Why did I in my carelessness forget to put to death that thief, who witnessed my secret nightly expedition, though I placed him in the peacock's house? So I will go quickly, and do both the businesses." And thereupon he went quickly home.

But when he reached his own palace and looked into the house where the peacock was, he could not find either the thief or the peacock. Then terrified and despondent he returned and said to his sovereign; "My lord, that peacock has been taken away in the night by a thief." Then S'rutadhi said smiling, "The man who took away your peacock is renowned as a clever thief." And when Máyávaṭu saw them all smiling, and looking at one another, he asked with the utmost eagerness what it all meant. Then Mṛigánkadatta told the S'avara king all his adventures with the warder; how he met him in the night, and how the warder entered the queen's apartment as a paramour, and how he drew his knife in a quarrel; how he himself went to the house of the warder, and how he set Bhímaparákrama free from his peacock transformation, and how he escaped thence.

Then Máyávaṭu, after hearing that, and seeing that the maid in the harem had a knife-wound in the hand, and that when that thread was replaced for a moment on the neck of Bhímaparákrama, he again became a peacock, put his warder to death at once as a violator of his harem. But he spared the life of that unchaste queen, on the intercession of Mṛigánkadatta, and renouncing her society, banished her to a distance from his court. And Mṛigánkadatta, though eager to win S'aśánkavatí, remained some more days in the Pulinda's town, treated with great consideration by him, looking for the arrival of the rest of his friends and his re-union with them.

## CHAPTER LXXII.

While Mṛigánkadatta was thus residing in the palace of Máyávaṭu, the king of the Bhillas, accompanied by Vimalabuddhi and his other friends, one day the general of the Bhilla sovereign came to him in a state of great excitement, and said to him in the presence of Mṛigánkadatta; "As by your Majesty's orders I was searching for a man to offer as a victim to Durgá, I found one so valiant that he destroyed five hundred of your best warriors, and I have brought him here disabled by many wounds. When the Pulinda chief heard that, he said to the general, "Bring him quickly in here, and shew him to me." Then he was brought in, and all beheld him smeared with the blood that flowed from his wounds, begrimed with the dust of battle, bound with cords, and reeling, like a mad elephant tied up that is stained with the fluid that flows from his temples mixed with the vermilion painting on his cheek. Then Mṛigánkadatta recognised him as his minister Guṇákara, and ran and threw his arms round his neck, weeping. Then the king of the Bhillas, hearing from Mṛigánkadatta's friends that it was Guṇákara, bowed before him, and comforted him as he was clinging to the feet of his master, and brought him into his palace, and gave him a bath, and bandaged his wounds, and supplied him attentively with wholesome food and drink, such as was recommended by the physicians. Then Mṛigánkadatta, after his minister had been somewhat restored, said to him; "Tell me, my friend, what adventures have you had?" Then Guṇákara said in the hearing of all, "Hear, prince, I will tell you my story."

*The adventures of Guṇákara after his separation from the prince.*

At that time when I was separated from you by the curse of the Nága, I was so bewildered that I was conscious of nothing, but went on roaming through that far-extending wilderness. At last I recovered consciousness and thought in my grief, "Alas! this is a terrible dispensation of unruly destiny. How will Mṛigánkadatta, who would suffer even in a palace, exist in this desert of burning sand? And how will his companions exist? Thus reflecting frequently in my mind, I happened, as I was roaming about, to come upon the abode of Durgá. And I entered her temple, in which were offered day and night many and various living creatures, and which therefore resembled the palace of the god of Death. After I had worshipped the goddess there, I saw the corpse of a man who had offered himself, and who held in his hand a sword that had pierced his

throat. When I saw that, I also, on account of my grief at being separated from you, determined to propitiate the goddess by the sacrifice of myself. So I ran and seized his sword. But at that moment some compassionate female ascetic, after forbidding me from a distance by a prohibitive shake of the head, came up to me, and dissuaded me from death, and after asking me my story said to me; "Do not act so, the re-union even of the dead has been seen in this world, much more of the living. Hear this story in illustration of it."

*Story of king Vinítamati who became a holy man.*

There is a celebrated city on the earth, of the name of Ahichchhatrá,* in it there dwelt of old time a mighty king, of the name of Udayatunga. And he had a noble warder named Kamalamati. This warder had a matchless son named Vinítamati. The lotus, in spite of its threads, and the bow, in spite of its string, could not be compared to that youth who possessed a string of good qualities, for the first was hollow and the second crooked. One day, as he was on a platform on the top of a palace white with plaster, he saw the moon rising in the beginning of the night, like a splendid ear-ornament on the darkness of the eastern quarter, made of a shoot from the wishing-tree of love. And Vinítamati, seeing the world gradually illuminated with its numerous rays, felt his heart leap within him, and said to himself, "Ha! the ways are seen to be lighted up by the moonlight, as if whitened with plaster, so why should I not go there and roam about? Accordingly he went out with his bow and arrows, and roamed about, and after he had gone only a *cos*, he suddenly heard a noise of weeping. He went in the direction of the sound and saw a certain maiden of heavenly appearance weeping, as she reclined at the foot of a tree. And he said to her, "Fair one, who are you? And why do you make the moon of your countenance like the moon when flecked with spots, by staining it with tears?" When he said this to her, she answered, "Great-souled one, I am the daughter of a king of the snakes named Gandhamálin, and my name is Vijayavatí. Once on a time my father fled from battle, and was thus cursed by Vasuki—'Wicked one, you shall be conquered and become the slave of your enemy.' In consequence of that curse, my father was conquered by his enemy, a Yaksha named Kálajihva, and made his servant, and forced to carry a load of flowers for him. Grieved thereat, I tried for his sake to propitiate Gaurí with asceticism, and the holy goddess appeared to me in visible form, and said this to me, 'Listen, my child; there is in the Mánasa lake a great and heavenly lotus of crystal expanded into a thousand leaves. Its rays are scattered abroad when it is touched by the sun-beams, and it gleams like the many-crested head of

* This city is identified by General Cunningham with Adikot near Ramnagar in Rohilcund. (Ancient Geography of India, p. 359 and *ff.*)

S'esha, yellow with the rays of jewels. Once on a time Kuvera beheld it, and conceived a desire for that lotus, and after he had bathed in the Mánasa lake, he began to worship Vishṇu in order to obtain it. And at that time the Yakshas, his followers, were playing in the water, in the shapes of Brahmany ducks and geese, and other aquatic creatures. And it happened that the elder brother of your enemy Kálajihva, a Yaksha named Vidyujjíva, was playing with his beloved in the form of a Brahmany drake, and while flapping his wings, he struck and upset the *argha* vessel held in the extremity of Kuvera's hand. Then the god of wealth was enraged, and by a curse made Vidyujjíva and his wife Brahmany ducks* on this very Mánasa lake. And Kálajihva, now that his elder brother is so transformed and is unhappy at night on account of the absence of his beloved, assumes out of affection her form every night to console him, and remains there in the day in his own natural form, accompanied by your father Gandhamálin, whom he has made a slave. So send there, my daughter, the brave and enterprising Vinítamati, of the town of Ahichchhatrá, the son of the warder, and take this sword† and this horse, for with these that hero will conquer that Yaksha, and will set your father at liberty. And whatever man becomes the possessor of this excellent sword, will conquer all his enemies and become a king on the earth.' After saying this, the goddess gave me the sword and horse, and disappeared. So I have come here to-day in due course to excite you to the enterprise, and seeing you going out at night with the favour of the goddess, I brought you here by an artifice, having caused you to hear a sound of weeping. So accomplish for me that desire of mine, noble sir!" When Vinítamati was thus entreated by her, he immediately consented.

Then the snake-maiden went at once and brought that swift white horse, that looked like the concentrated rays of the moon, rushing forth into the extreme points of the earth to slay the darkness, and that splendid sword, equal in brightness to the starlight sky, appearing like a glance of the goddess of Fortune in search of a hero, and gave them both to Vinítamati. And he set out with the sword, after mounting that horse with the maiden, and thanks to its speed he reached that very lake Mánasa. The lotus-clumps of the lake were shaken by the wind, and it seemed by the plaintive cries of its Brahmany ducks to forbid his approach

* The male and female of this bird are represented by Hindu poets as separated at night.

† The sword may be compared with that of Chaṇḍamahásena in the eleventh chapter, and with Morglay, Excalibar, Durandal, Gram, Balmung, Chrysaor &c. (See Sir G. Cox's Mythology of the Aryan nations, Vol. I, p. 308.) The same author has some remarks upon Pegasus and other magic horses in his IInd Vol. p. 287 and *ff.* See also Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales, p. 256 and *ff.*

out of pity for Kálajihva. And seeing Gandhamálin there in the custody of some Yakshas, he wounded those miserable creatures with his sword and dispersed them, in order to set him at liberty. When Kálajihva saw that, he abandoned the form of a Brahmany duck and rose from the middle of the lake, roaring like a cloud of the rainy season. In the course of the fight Kálajihva soared up into the air, and Vinítamati, with his horse, soared up after him, and seized him by the hair. And when he was on the point of cutting off his head with his sword, the Yaksha, speaking in a plaintive voice, implored his protection. And being spared, he gave him his own ring, that possessed the power of averting all the calamities called *íti*,* and with all marks of deference he released Gandhamálin from slavery, and Gandhamálin, in his delight, gave Vinítamati his daughter Vijayavatí, and returned home. Then Vinítamati, being the possessor of a splendid sword, ring, horse, and maiden, returned home as soon as the day broke. There his father welcomed him and questioned him, and was delighted at the account of his exploits, and so was his sovereign, and then he married that Nága maiden.†

And one day his father Kamalamati said in secret to the youth, who was happy in the possession of these four priceless things, and of many accomplishments; "The king Udayatunga here has a daughter named Udayavatí, well taught in all the sciences, and he has publicly announced that he will give her to the first Bráhman or Kshatriya who conquers her in argument. And by her wonderful skill in argument she has silenced all other disputants, as by her beauty, which is the theme of the world's wonder, she has put to shame the nymphs of heaven. You are a distinguished hero, you are a disputant of the Kshatriya caste; why do you remain silent? Conquer her in argument, and marry her."‡ When Vinítamati's father said this to him, he answered,—"My father, how can men like me contend with weak women? Nevertheless, I will obey this order of yours." When the bold youth said this, his father went to the king, and said to him,—"Vinítamati will dispute with the princess to-morrow." And the king approved the proposal, and Kamalamati returned home, and informed his son Vinítamati of his consent.

* Excessive rain, drought, rats, locusts, birds, and foreign invasion.

† I have before referred to Ralston's remarks on snakes in his Russian Folk-Tales, p. 65. Melusina is a clear instance of a snake-maiden in European Folk-lore. See her story in Simrock's Deutsche Volksbücher, Vol VI. There is a similar marriage in Prym und Socin, Syrische Märchen, p. 246.

‡ Compare the commencement of the story of the Blind Man and the Cripple in Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales, and Waldau's Böhmische Märchen, p. 445. This tale appears to belong to the Atalanta cycle.

The next morning the king, like a swan, took up his position in the midst of the lotus-bed of the assembly of learned men, and the disputant Vinítamati entered the hall, resplendent like the sun, and being gazed on by the eyes of all the accomplished men who were assembled there, that were turned towards him, he, as it were, animated the lotus-bed with circling bees. And soon after the princess Udayavatí came there slowly, like the bow of the god of love bent with the string of excellence; adorned with splendid sweetly-tinkling ornaments, that seemed, as it were, to intimate her first objection before it was uttered.* A pure streak of the moon in a clear heaven would give some idea of her appearance when she was seated on her emerald throne. Then she made her first objection, stringing on the threads of her glittering teeth a chain of elegant words like jewels. But Vinítamati proved that her objection was based upon premisses logically untenable, and he soon silenced the fair one, refuting her point by point. Then the learned audience commended him, and the princess, though beaten in argument, considered that she had triumphed, as she had gained an excellent husband. And Udayatunga bestowed on Vinítamati his daughter, whom he had won in the arguing match. And the king loaded Vinítamati with jewels, and he lived united to the daughter of a snake and the daughter of a king.

Once on a time, when he was engaged in gambling, and was being beaten by other gamblers, and much distressed in mind thereat, a Bráhman came and asked him for food with great importunity.

He was annoyed at that, and whispered in the ear of his servant, and caused to be presented to the Bráhman a vessel full of sand wrapped up in a cloth. The simple-minded Bráhman thought, on account of its weight, that it must be full of gold, and went to a solitary place and opened† it. And seeing that it was full of sand, he flung it down on the earth, and saying to himself, "The man has deceived me," he went home despondent. But Vinítamati thought no more of the matter, and left the gambling, and remained at home with his wives in great comfort.

And in course of time, the king Udayatunga became unable to bear the burden of the empire, as his vigour in negotiations and military operations was relaxed by old age.‡ Then, as he had no son, he appointed his

* The passage is full of puns, which it is impossible to translate: the "ornaments" may be rhetorical ornaments, there is also a reference to the *guṇas* of rhetorical writers. "Sweetly-tinkling" might mean "elegant words." *Guṇákṛishṭá* in śloka 76 b, may also mean that the princess was attracted by the good qualities of her opponent.

† Dr. Kern conjectures *udaghátayat*, which is as far as I can make out, the reading of the Sanskrit College MS.

‡ There is probably a pun here. It may mean that his joints and body were relaxed by old age.

son-in-law Vinítamati his successor, and went to the Ganges to lay down his body. And as soon as Vinítamati obtained the government, he conquered the ten cardinal points by the virtue of his horse and his sword. And, by the might of his calamity-averting ring, his kingdom was free from sickness and famine, like that of Ráma.

Now, once on a time, there came to that king from a foreign country a mendicant, named Ratnachandrámati, who was among other disputants like the lion among elephants. The king, who was fond of accomplished men, entertained him, and the mendicant challenged him to dispute on the following terms, which he uttered in the form of a verse; "If thou art vanquished, O king, thou must adopt the law of Buddha; if I am vanquished, I will abandon the rags of a Buddhist mendicant, and listen to the teaching of the Bráhmans." The king accepted this challenge, and argued with the mendicant for seven days, and on the eighth day the mendicant conquered that king, who in the dispute with Udayavatí had conquered the "Hammer of Shavelings." Then faith arose in the breast of the king, and he adopted the Bauddha law taught by that mendicant, which is rich in the merit of benefiting all creatures; and becoming devoted to the worship of Jina, he built monasteries and alms-houses for Buddhist mendicants, Bráhmans, and other sectaries, and all men generally.

And being subdued in spirit by the practice of that law, he asked that mendicant to teach him the rule for the discipline leading to the rank of a Bodhisattva, a rule which involves benefits to all. And the mendicant said to him; "King, the great discipline of a Bodhisattva is to be performed by those who are free from sin, and by no others. Now you are not tainted with any sin which is palpable, and therefore visible to men like myself, but find out by the following method, if you have any minute sin, and so destroy it." With these words the mendicant taught him a charm* for producing dreams, and the king, after having had a dream, said to the mendicant in the morning, "Teacher, I fancied in my dream last night that I went to the other world, and being hungry I asked for some food. And then some men with maces in their hands said to me, 'Eat, O king, these numerous grains of hot sand earned by you, which you gave long ago to the hungry Bráhman, when he came to beg of you. If you give away ten crores of gold, you will be liberated from this guilt.' When the men with maces had said this to me, I woke up, and lo! the night had come to an end."

When the king had related his dream, he gave away, by order of the mendicant, ten crores of gold as an atonement for his sin, and again employed the charm for producing dreams. And again he had that dream,

* This seems to be the meaning of *máṇava* here. See Böhtlingk and Roth s. v.

and in the morning when he got up, he related it, and said; "Last night also those mace-bearers in the other world gave me sand to eat, when I was hungry, and then I said to them,—'Why should I eat this sand, though I have bestowed alms?' Then they said to me—'Your gift was of no avail, for among the gold coins was one belonging to a Bráhman;' when I heard this I woke up." Having told his dream in these words, the king gave away another ten crores of gold to beggars.

And again, when the night came, he used that charm for producing dreams, and again he had a dream, and next morning when he got up, he related it in the following words; "Last night too those men in the other world gave me sand to eat in my dream, and when I questioned them, they said this to me, 'King, that gift of yours also is of no avail, for to-day a Bráhman has been robbed and murdered in a forest in your country by bandits, and you did not protect him, so your gift is of no avail on account of your not protecting your subjects; so give to-day double the gift of yesterday.' When I heard this I woke up." After the king had related his dream to his spiritual guide in these words, he gave double his former gift.

Then he said to the mendicant, "Teacher, how can men like myself obey in this world a law which admits of so many infractions."

When the mendicant heard that, he said, "Wise men should not allow such a little thing to damp their ardour in the keeping of the law of righteousness. The gods themselves protect firm men, endowed with perseverance, that swerve not from their duty, and they bring their wishes to fulfilment. Have you not heard the story of the adorable Bodhisattva in his former birth as a boar? Listen, I will tell it you."

*Story of the Holy Boar.*

Long ago there dwelt in a cavern in the Vindhya mountains a wise boar, who was an incarnation of a portion of a Buddha, together with his friend a monkey. He was a benefactor of all creatures, and he remained always in the society of that friend, honouring guests, and so he spent the time in occupations suited to him. But once on a time there came on a storm lasting for five days, which was terrible, in that it hindered with its unintermitting rainfall the movements of all living creatures. On the fifth day, as the boar was lying asleep with the monkey at night, there came to the door of the cave a lion with his mate and his cub. Then the lion said to his mate, "During this long period of bad weather we shall certainly die of hunger from not obtaining any animal to eat." The lioness answered, "It is clear that hunger will prevent all of us from surviving, so you two had better eat me and so save your lives. For you are my lord and master, and this son of ours is our very life; you will easily get another mate like me, so ensure the welfare of you two by devouring me."

Now, as chance would have it, that noble boar woke up and heard the conversation of the lion and his mate. And he was delighted, and thought to himself, "The idea of my receiving such guests on such a night in such a storm! Ah! to-day my merit in a former state of existence has brought forth fruit. So let me satiate these guests with this body that perishes in a moment, while I have a chance of doing so." Having thus reflected, the boar rose up, and went out, and said to the lion with an affectionate voice; "My good friend, do not despond. For here I am ready to be eaten by you and your mate and your cub: so eat me." When the boar said this, the lion was delighted and said to his mate, "Let this cub eat first, then I will eat, and you shall eat after me." She agreed, and first the cub ate some of the flesh of the boar, and then the lion himself began to eat. And while he was eating, the noble boar said to him, "Drink my blood quickly, before it sinks into the ground, and satisfy your hunger with my flesh, and let your mate eat the rest." While the boar was saying this, the lion gradually devoured his flesh until nothing but bones was left, but still the virtuous boar did not die, for his life remained in him, as if to see what would be the end of his endurance. And in the meanwhile the lioness, exhausted with hunger, died in the cave, and the lion went off somewhere or other with his cub, and the night came to an end. At this juncture his friend the monkey woke up, and went out, and seeing the boar reduced to such a condition, said to him in the utmost excitement, "Who reduced you to such a state? Tell me, my friend, if you can." Thereupon the heroic boar told him the whole story. Then the monkey prostrated himself at his feet, and said to him with tears,—"You must be a portion of some divinity, since you have thus rescued yourself from this animal nature: so tell me any wish that you may have, and I will endeavour to fulfil it for you." When the monkey said this to the boar, the boar answered; "Friend, the only wish that I have is one difficult for even Destiny to fulfil. For my heart longs that I may recover my body as before, and that this unfortunate lioness that died of hunger before my eyes, may return to life, and satiate her hunger by devouring me."

While the boar was saying this, the god of Justice appeared in bodily form, and stroking him with his hand, turned him into a chief of sages possessing a celestial body. And he said to him; "It was I that assumed the form of this lion, and lioness, and cub, and produced this whole illusion, because I wished to conquer thee who art exclusively intent on benefiting thy fellow-creatures; but thou, possessing perfect goodness, gavest thy life for others, and so hast triumphed over me the god of Justice, and gained this rank of a chief of sages." The sage, hearing this, and seeing the god of Justice standing in front of him, said, "Holy lord, this rank of chief of sages, even though attained, gives me no pleasure, since

my friend this monkey has not as yet thrown off his animal nature." When the god of Justice heard this, he turned the monkey also into a sage. Of a truth association with the great produces great benefit. Then the god of Justice and the dead lioness disappeared.

"So you see, king, that it is easy for those, who in the strength of goodness do not relax their efforts after virtue, and are aided by gods, to attain the ends which they desire." When the generous king Vinítamati had heard this tale from the Buddhist mendicant, he again used, when the night came, that charm for obtaining a dream. And after he had had a dream, he told it the next morning to the mendicant: "I remember, a certain divine hermit said to me in my dream 'Son, you are now free from sin, enter on the discipline for obtaining the rank of a Bodhisattva.' And having heard that speech I woke up this morning with a mind at ease." When the king had said this to the mendicant, who was his spiritual guide, he took upon himself, with his permission, that difficult vow on an auspicious day; and then he remained continually showering favours on suitors, and yet his wealth proved inexhaustible, for prosperity is the result of virtue.

One day a Bráhman suitor came and said to him: "King, I am a Bráhman, an inhabitant of the city of Páṭaliputra. There a Bráhman-Rákshasa has occupied my sacrificial fire-chamber and seized my son, and no expedient, which I can make use of, is of any avail against him. So I have come here to petition you, who are the wishing-tree of suppliants; give me that ring of yours that removes all noxious things, in order that I may have success." When the Bráhman made this request to the king, he gave him without reluctance the ring he had obtained from Kálajihva. And when the Bráhman departed with it, the fame of the king's Bodhisattva-vow was spread abroad throughout the world.

Afterwards there came to him one day another guest, a prince named Indukalaśa, from the northern region. The self-denying king, who knew that the prince was of high lineage, shewed him respect, and asked him what he desired. The prince answered, "You are celebrated on earth as the wishing-stone of all suitors, you would not send away disappointed a man who even asked you for your life. Now I have come to you as a suppliant, because I have been conquered and turned out of my father's kingdom by my brother, whose name is Kanakakalaśa. So give me, hero, your excellent sword and horse, in order that by their virtue I may conquer the pretender and obtain my kingdom." When king Vinítamati heard that, he gave that prince his horse, and his sword, though they were the two talismanic jewels that protected his kingdom, and so unshaken was his self-denial that he never hesitated for a moment, though his ministers heaved sighs with downcast faces. So the prince, having obtained the horse and sword, went and conquered his brother by their aid, and got possession of his kingdom.

But his brother Kanakakalása, who was deprived of the kingdom he had seized, came to the capital of that king Vinítamati; and there he was preparing in his grief to enter the fire, but Vinítamati, hearing of it, said to his ministers; "This good man has been reduced to this state by my fault, so I will do him the justice, which I owe him, by giving him my kingdom. Of what use is this kingdom to me, unless it is employed to benefit my fellow-creatures? As I have no children, let this man be my son and inherit my kingdom." After saying this, the king summoned Kanakakalaśa, and in spite of the opposition of his ministers gave him the kingdom.

And after he had given away the kingdom, he immediately left the city with unwavering mind, accompanied by his two wives. And his subjects, when they saw it, followed him distracted, bedewing the ground with their tears, and uttering such laments as these, "Alas! the nectar-rayed moon had become full so as to refresh the world, and now a cloud has suddenly descended and hid it from our eyes. Our king, the wishing-tree of his subjects, had begun to satisfy the desires of all living creatures, when lo! he is removed somewhere or other by fate." Then Vinítamati at last prevailed on them to return, and with unshaken resolution went on his way, with his wives, to the forest, without a carriage.

And in course of time he reached a desert without water or tree, with sands heated by the sun, which appeared as if created by Destiny to test his firmness. Being thirsty and exhausted with the fatigue of the long journey, he reclined for a moment in a spot in this desert, and both he and his two wives were overtaken by sleep. When he woke up and looked about him, he beheld there a great and wonderful garden produced by the surpassing excellence of his own virtue. It had in it tanks full of cool pure water adorned with blooming lotuses, it was carpeted with dark green grass, its trees bent with the weight of their fruit, it had broad, high, smooth slabs of rock in shady places, in fact it seemed like Nandana drawn down from heaven by the power of the king's generosity. The king looked again and again, and was wondering whether it could be a dream, or a delusion, or a favour bestowed on him by the gods, when suddenly he heard a speech uttered in the air by two Siddhas, who were roaming through the sky in the shape of a pair of swans, "King, why should you wonder thus at the efficacy of your own virtue? So dwell at your ease in this garden of perennial fruits and flowers." When king Vinítamati heard this speech of the Siddhas, he remained in that garden with mind at ease, practising austerities, together with his wives.

And one day, when he was on a slab of rock, he beheld near him a certain man about to commit suicide by hanging himself. He went to him immediately, and with kindly words talked him over, and prevailed on him not to

destroy himself, and asked him the reason of his wishing to do so. Then the man said, "Listen, I will tell you the whole story from the beginning. I am the son of Nágaśúra, Somaśúra by name, of the race of Soma. It was said by those versed in the study of astrology, that my nativity prognosticated that I should be a thief, so my father, afraid that that would come to pass, instructed me diligently in the law. Though I studied the law, I was led by association with bad companions to take to a career of thieving. For who is able to alter the actions of a man in his previous births?

"Then I was one day caught among some thieves by the police, and taken to the place of impalement, in order to be put to death. At that moment a great elephant belonging to the king, which had gone mad, and broken its fastening, and was killing people in all directions, came to that very place. The executioners, alarmed at the elephant, left me and fled somewhere or other, and I escaped in that confusion and made off. But I heard from people that my father had died on hearing that I was being led off to execution, and that my mother had followed him. Then I was distracted with sorrow, and as I was wandering about despondent, intent on self-destruction, I happened to reach in course of time this great uninhabited wood. No sooner had I entered it, than a celestial nymph suddenly revealed herself to me, and approached me, and consoling me said to me; 'My son, this retreat, which you have come to, belongs to the royal sage Vinítamati, so your sin is destroyed, and from him you shall learn wisdom.' After saying this, she disappeared; and I wandered about in search of that royal sage, but not being able to find him, I was on the point of abandoning the body, out of disappointment, when I was seen by you."

When Somaśúra had said this, that royal sage took him to his own hut, and made himself known to him, and honoured him as a guest; and after he had taken food, the kingly hermit, among many pious discourses, told him, as he listened submissively, the following tale, with the object of dissuading him from ignorance.

*Story of Devabhúti.*

Ignorance, my son, is to be avoided, for it brings harm in both worlds upon men of bewildered intellects: listen to this legend of sacred story. There lived in Panchála, of old time, a Bráhman named Devabhúti, and that Bráhman, who was learned in the Vedas, had a chaste wife named Bhogadattá. One day when he had gone to bathe, his wife went into the kitchen-garden to get vegetables, and saw a donkey belonging to a washerman eating them. So she took up a stick and ran after the donkey, and the animal fell into a pit, as it was trying to escape, and broke its hoof. When its master heard of that, he came in a passion, and beat with a stick, and kicked the Bráhman woman. Accordingly she, being pregnant, had a miscarriage; but the washerman returned home with his donkey.

Then her husband, hearing of it, came home after bathing, and after seeing his wife, went, in his distress, and complained to the chief magistrate of the town. The foolish man immediately had the washerman, whose name was Balásura, brought before him, and, after hearing the pleadings of both parties, delivered this judgment, "Since the donkey's hoof is broken, let the Bráhman carry the donkey's load for the washerman, until the donkey is again fit for work. And let the washerman make the Bráhman's wife pregnant again, since he made her miscarry. Let this be the punishment of the two parties respectively." When the Bráhman heard this, he and his wife, in their despair, took poison and died. And when the king heard of it, he put to death that inconsiderate judge, who had caused the death of a Bráhman, and he had to be born for a long time in the bodies of animals.

"So people, who are obscured by the darkness of ignorance, stray into the evil paths of their vices, and not setting in front of them the lamp of sound treatises, of a surety stumble. When the royal sage had said this, Somaśúra begged him to instruct him further, and Vinítamati, in order to train him aright, said, "Listen, my son, I will teach you in due order the doctrine of perfections."

*Story of the generous Induprabha.*

There lived a long time ago in Kurukshetra a king of the name of Malayaprabha. One day the king was about to give money to his subjects in a time of famine. But his ministers dissuaded him from doing so, out of avarice; thereupon his son Induprabha said to him; "Father, why do you neglect your subjects at the bidding of wicked ministers? For you are their wishing-tree, and they are your cows of plenty." When his son persisted in saying this, the king, who was under the influence of his ministers, got annoyed, and said to him—"What, my son, do I possess inexhaustible wealth? If, without inexhaustible wealth, I am to be a wishing-tree to my subjects, why do you not take upon yourself that office." When the son heard that speech of his father's, he made a vow that he would attain by austerities the condition of a wishing-tree, or die in the attempt.

Having formed this determination, the heroic prince went off to a forest where austerities were practised, and as soon as he entered it, the famine ceased. And when Indra was pleased with his severe austerities, he craved a boon from him, and became a wishing-tree in his own city. And he seemed to attract the distant, and to summon suitors with his boughs stretched out in all directions, and with the songs of his birds. And every day he granted the most difficult boons to his petitioners. And he made his father's subjects as happy as if they were in Paradise, since they had nothing left to wish for. One day Indra came to him and said to him,

tempting him; "You have fulfilled the duty of benefiting others; come to Paradise." Then that prince, who had become a wishing-tree, answered him, "When these other trees with their pleasing flowers and fruits are for ever engaged in benefiting others, regardless of their own interests, how can I, who am a wishing-tree, disappoint so many men, by going to heaven for the sake of my own happiness?" When Indra heard this noble answer of his, he said, "Then let all these subjects come to heaven also." Then the prince, who had become a wishing-tree, replied, "If you are pleased with me, take all these subjects to heaven; I do not care for it: I will perform a great penance for the sole object of benefiting others." When Indra heard this, he praised him as an incarnation of Buddha, and being pleased, granted his petition, and returned to heaven, taking those subjects with him. And Induprabha left the shape of a tree, and living in the forest, obtained by austerities the rank of a Bodhisattva.

"So those, who are devoted to charity, attain success, and now I have told you the doctrine of the perfection of charity; hear that of the perfection of chastity."

*Story of the parrot, who was taught virtue by the king of the parrots.*

A long time ago there lived on the Vindhya mountain a continent king of parrots, named Hemaprabha, who was an incarnation of a portion of a Buddha, and was rich in chastity that he had practised during a former birth. He remembered his former state and was a teacher of virtue. He had for warder a parrot named Chárumati, who was a fool enslaved to his passions. Once on a time, a female parrot, his mate, was killed by a fowler, who was laying snares, and he was so much grieved at being separated from her, that he was reduced to a miserable condition. Then Hemaprabha, the wise king of the parrots, in order by an artifice to rescue him from his grief, told him this false tale for his good; "Your wife is not dead, she has escaped from the snare of the fowler, for I saw her alive a moment ago. Come, I will shew her to you." Having said this, the king took Chárumati through the air to a lake. There he shewed him his own reflection in the water, and said to him; "Look! here is your wife!" When the foolish parrot heard that, and saw his own reflection in the water, he went into it joyfully, and tried to embrace and kiss his wife. But not being embraced in return by his beloved, and not hearing her voice, he said to himself: "Why does not my beloved embrace me and speak to me." Supposing therefore that she was angry with him, he went and brought an *ámalaka* fruit, and dropped it on his own reflection, thinking that it was his beloved, in order to coax her. The *ámalaka* fruit sank into the water, and rose again to the surface, and the parrot, supposing that his gift had been rejected by his beloved, went full of grief to king Hemaprabha and said to him, "King, that wife of mine will not touch me

or speak to me. Moreover she rejected the *ámalaka* fruit which I gave her." When the king heard that, he said to him slowly, as if he were reluctant to tell it, "I ought not to tell you this, but nevertheless I will tell you, because I love you so much. Your wife is at present in love with another, so how can she shew you affection? And I will furnish you with ocular proof of it in this very tank." After saying this, he took him there, and shewed him their two reflections close together in the tank. When the foolish parrot saw it, he thought his wife was in the embrace of another male parrot, and turning round disgusted, he said to the king, "Your Majesty, this is the result of my folly in not listening to your advice: So tell me, now, what I ought to do." When the warder said this, king Hemaprabha, thinking that he had now an opportunity of instructing him, thus addressed him; "It is better to take Háláhala poison, it is better to wreathe a serpent round one's neck, than to repose confidence in females, a calamity against which neither charms nor talismanic jewels avail. Females, being, like the winds, very changeful, and enveloped with a thick cloud of passion,* defile those who are walking in the right path, and disgrace them altogether. So wise men, of firm nature, should not cleave to them, but should practise chastity, in order to obtain the rank of sages who have subdued their passions." Chárumati, having been thus instructed by the king, renounced the society of females, and gradually became continent like Buddha.

"So you see, those that are rich in chastity deliver others; and, now that I have instructed you in the perfection of chastity, listen to the perfection of patience."

*Story of the patient hermit S'ubhanaya.*

There lived on the Kedára mountain a great hermit, named S'ubhanaya, who was for ever bathing in the waters of the Mandákiní, and was gentle and emaciated with penance. One night, some robbers came there to look for some gold, which they had previously buried there, but they could not find it anywhere. Accordingly, thinking that in that uninhabited place it could only have been carried off by the hermit, they entered his cell and said to him: "Ah! you hypocritical hermit, give up our gold, which you have taken from the earth, for you have succeeded in robbing us, who are robbers by profession." When the hermit, who had not taken the treasure, was falsely reproached in these words by the robbers, he said, "I did not take away your gold, and I have never seen any gold." Then the good hermit was beaten with sticks by those robbers, and yet the truthful man continued to tell the same story; and then the robbers cut off, one after another, his hands and his feet, thinking that he was obstinate, and finally gouged out his eyes. But when they found that, in spite of all this, he continued to

* The word also means "dust."

tell the same tale without flinching, they came to the conclusion that some one else had stolen their gold, and they returned by the way that they came.

The next morning a king, named S'ekharajyoti, a pupil of that hermit's, who had come to have an interview with him, saw him in that state. Then, being tortured with sorrow for his spiritual guide,* he questioned him, and found out the state of the case, and had a search made for those robbers, and had them brought to that very spot. And he was about to have them put to death, when the hermit said to him; "King, if you put them to death, I will kill myself. If the sword did this work on me, how are they in fault? And if they put the sword in motion, anger put them in motion, and their anger was excited by the loss of their gold, and that was due to my sins in a previous state of existence, and that was due to my ignorance, so my ignorance is the only thing that has injured me. So my ignorance should be slain by me. Moreover, even if these men deserved to be put to death for doing me an injury, ought not their lives to be saved on account of their having done me a benefit? For if they had not done to me what they have done, there would have been no one with regard to whom I could have practised patience, of which the fruit is emancipation? So they have done me a thorough benefit." With many speeches of this kind did the patient hermit instruct the king, and so he delivered the robbers from punishment. And on account of the excellence of his asceticism his body immediately became unmutilated as before, and that moment he attained emancipation.

"Thus patient men escape from the world of births. I have now explained to you the perfection of patience; listen to the perfection of perseverance."

*Story of the persevering young Bráhman.*

Once on a time there was a young Bráhman of the name of Máládhara: he beheld one day a prince of the Siddhas flying through the air. Wishing to rival him, he fastened to his sides wings of grass, and continually leaping up, he tried to learn the art of flying in the air. And as he continued to make this useless attempt every day, he was at last seen by the prince while he was roaming though the air. And the prince thought, "I ought to take pity on this boy who shews spirit in struggling earnestly to attain an impossible object, for it is my business to patronize such." Thereupon, being pleased, he took the Bráhman boy, by his magic power, upon his shoulder, and made him one of his followers. "Thus you see that even gods are pleased with perseverance; I have now set before you the perfection of perseverance; hear the perfection of meditation."

*Story of Malayamálin.*

Of old time there dwelt in the Carnatic a rich merchant, named

* Or "by great sorrow."

Vijayamálin, and he had a son named Malayamálin. One day Malayamálin, when he was grown up, went with his father to the king's court, and there he saw the daughter of the king Indukeśarin, Induyaśas by name. That maiden, like a bewildering creeper of love,* entered the heart of the young merchant, as soon as he saw her. Then he returned home, and remained in a state of pallor, sleepless at night, and during the day cowering with contracted limbs, having taken upon himself the *kumuda*-vow.† And thinking continually of her, he was averse to food and all other things of the kind, and even when questioned by his relations, he gave no more answer than if he had been dumb.

Then, one day, the king's painter, whose name was Mantharaka, an intimate friend of his, said to him in private, when in this state owing to the sorrow of separation: "Friend, why do you remain leaning against the wall like a man in a picture? Like a lifeless image, you neither eat, nor hear, nor see." When his friend the painter asked him this question persistently, the merchant's son at last told him his desire. The painter said to him; "It is not fitting that you, a merchant's son, should fall in love with a princess. Let the swan desire the beautiful face of the lotuses of all ordinary lakes, but what has he to do with the delight of enjoying the lotus of that lake, which is the navel of Vishṇu? Still the painter could not prevent him from nursing his passion; so he painted the princess on a piece of canvass, and gave her picture to him to solace his longing, and to enable him to while away the time. And the young merchant spent his time in gazing on, coaxing, and touching, and adorning her picture, and he fancied that it was the real princess Induyaśas, and gradually became absorbed in her, and did all that he did under that belief.‡ And in course of time he was so engrossed by that fancy, that he seemed to see her, though she was only a painted figure, talking to him and kissing him. Then he was happy, because he had obtained in imagination union with his beloved, and he was contented, because the whole world was for him contained in that piece of painted canvass.

One night, when the moon was rising, he took the picture and went out of his house with it to a garden, to amuse himself with his beloved. And there he put down the picture at the foot of a tree, and went to a distance, to pick flowers for his darling. At that moment he was seen by a hermit, named Vinayajyoti, who came down from heaven out of compassion, to rescue him from his delusion. He by his supernatural power painted in one part of the picture a live black cobra, and stood near invisible. In the meanwhile Malayamálin returned there, after gathering those flowers, and

* Mára, the god of Love, is the Buddhist devil.

† The Kumuda remains with its petals closed during the day.

‡ I follow the Sanskṛit College MS. reading *dhṛityá*.

seeing the black serpent on the canvass, he reflected, "Where does this serpent come from now? Has it been created by fate to protect this fair one, the treasure-house of beauty." Thus reflecting, he adorned with flowers the fair one on the canvass, and fancying that she surrendered herself to him, he embraced her, and asked her the above question, and at that very moment the hermit threw an illusion over him, which made him see her bitten by the black snake and unconscious. Then he forgot that it was only canvass, and exclaiming, alas! alas! he fell distracted on the earth, like a Vidyádhara brought down by the canvass acting as a talisman. But soon he recovered consciousness, and rose up weeping and determined on suicide, and climbed up a lofty tree, and threw himself from its top. But, as he was falling, the great hermit appeared to him, and bore him up in his hands, and consoled him, and said to him, "Foolish boy, do you not know that the real princess is in her palace, and that this princess on the canvass is a painted figure devoid of life? So who is it that you embrace, or who has been bitten by the serpent? Or what is this delusion of attributing reality to the creation of your own desire, that has taken possession of your passionate heart? Why do you not investigate the truth with equal intensity of contemplation, in order that you may not again become the victim of such sorrows?"

When the hermit had said this to the young merchant, the night of his delusion was dispersed, and he recovered his senses, and, bowing before the hermit, he said to him; "Holy one, by your favour I have been rescued from this calamity; do me the favour of rescuing me also from this changeful world." When Malayamálin made this request to the hermit, who was a Bodhisattva, he instructed him in his own knowledge and disappeared. Then Malayamálin went to the forest, and by the power of his asceticism he came to know the real truth about that which is to be rejected and that which is to be chosen, with the reasons, and attained the rank of an Arhat. And the compassionate man returned, and by teaching them knowledge, he made king Indukeśarin and his citizens obtain salvation.

"So even untruth, in the case of those mighty in contemplation, becomes true. I have now explained the perfection of contemplation; listen to the perfection of wisdom."

*Story of the robber who won over Yama's secretary.*

Long ago there lived in Sinhaladvípa a robber, of the name of Sinhavikrama, who since his birth had nourished his body with other men's wealth stolen from every quarter. In time he grew old, and desisting from his occupation, he reflected; "What resources have I in the other world? Whom shall I betake myself to for protection there? If I betake myself to Śiva or Vishṇu, what value will they attach to me, when they have

gods, hermits, and others to worship them? So I will worship Chitragupta* who alone records the good and evil deeds of men. He may deliver me by his power. For he, being a secretary, does alone the work of Brahmá and S'iva: he writes down or erases in a moment the whole world, which is in his hand." Having thus reflected, he began to devote himself to Chitragupta; he honoured him specially, and in order to please him, kept continually feeding Bráhmans.

While he was carrying on this system of conduct, one day Chitragupta came to the house of that robber, in the form of a guest, to examine into his real feelings. The robber received him courteously, entertained him, and gave him a present, and then said to him, "Say this, 'May Chitragupta be propitious to you'." Then Chitragupta, who was disguised as a Bráhman, said, "Why do you neglect S'iva, and Vishṇu, and the other gods, and devote yourself to Chitragupta?" When the robber Sinhavikrama heard that, he said to him, "What business is that of yours. I do not need any other gods but him." Then Chitragupta, wearing the form of a Bráhman, went on to say to him, "Well, if you will give me your wife, I will say it." When Sinhavikrama heard that, he was pleased, and said to him: "I hereby give you my wife, in order to please the god whom I have specially chosen for my own." When Chitragupta heard that, he revealed himself to him and said, "I am Chitragupta himself, and I am pleased with you, so tell me what I am to do for you."

Then Sinhavíkrama was exceedingly pleased and said to him, "Holy one, take such order as that I shall not die." Then Chitragupta said, "Death is one from whom it is impossible to guard people; but still I will devise a plan to save you: listen to it. Ever since Death was consumed by S'iva, being angry on account of S'veta, and was created again in this world because he was required,† wherever S'veta lives, he abstains from injuring other people, as well as S'veta himself, for he is restrained by the command of the god. And at present the hermit S'veta is on the other side of the eastern ocean, in a grove of ascetics beyond the river Taranginí. That grove cannot be invaded by Death, so I will take you and place you there. But you must not return to this side of the Taranginí. However, if you do return out of carelessness, and Death seizes you, I will devise some way of escape for you, when you have come to the other world."

* A being recording the vices and virtues of mankind in Yama's world. Kuhn, in his Westfälische Sagen, p. 71, speaks of "a devil who records the evil deeds of men." Böhtlingk and Roth say that *utpunsayati* in śl. 323 should be *utpánsayati*.

† Compare the story in Waldau's Böhmische Märchen, p. 242, *Gut dass es den Tod auf Erden gibt!*

When Chitragupta had said this, he took the delighted Sinha-vikrama, and placed him in that grove of asceticism belonging to S'veta, and then disappeared. And after some time Death went to the hither bank of the river Taranginí, to carry off Sinhavikrama. While there, he created by his delusive power a heavenly nymph, and sent her to him, as he saw no other means of getting hold of him. The fair one went and approached Sinhavikrama, and artfully enslaved him, fascinating him with her wealth of beauty. After some days had passed, she entered the Taranginí, which was disturbed with waves, giving out that she wished to see her relations. And while Sinhavikrama, who had followed her, was looking at her from the bank, she slipped in the middle of the river. And there she uttered a piercing cry, as if she was being carried away by the stream, exclaiming, "My husband, can you see me carried away by the stream without saving me? Are you a jackal in courage, and not a lion as your name denotes?" When Sinhavikrama heard that, he rushed into the river, and the nymph pretended to be swept away by the current, and when he followed her to save her, she soon led him to the other bank. When he reached it, Death threw his noose over his neck, and captured him; for destruction is ever impending over those whose minds are captivated by objects of sense.

Then the careless Sinhavikrama was led off by Death to the hall of Yama, and there Chitragupta, whose favour he had long ago won, saw him, and said to him in private;* "If you are asked here, whether you will stay in hell first or in heaven, ask to be allowed to take your period in heaven first. And while you live in heaven, acquire merit, in order to ensure the permanence of your stay there. And then perform severe asceticism, in order to expiate your sin." When Chitragupta said this to Sinhavikrama, who was standing there abashed, with face fixed on the ground, he readily consented to do it.

And a moment afterwards Yama said to Chitragupta, "Has this robber any amount of merit to his credit or not?" Then Chitragupta said, "Indeed he is hospitable, and he bestowed his own wife on a suitor, in order to please his favourite deity; so he has to go to heaven for a day of the gods." When Yama heard this, he said to Sinhavikrama; "Tell me, which will you take first, your happiness or your misery?" Then Sinha-vikrama entreated that he might have his happiness first. So Yama ordered his chariot to be brought, and Sinhavikrama mounted it, and went off to heaven, remembering the words of Chitragupta.

There he rigidly observed a vow of bathing in the Ganges of heaven, and of muttering prayers, and remained indifferent to the enjoyments of

* Cp. the speech of Chi, the scribe of the realms below, in Giles's Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio, p. 366.

the place, and so he obtained the privilege of dwelling there for another year of the gods. Thus in course of time he obtained a right to perpetual residence in heaven, by virtue of his severe asceticism, and by propitiating S'iva his sin was burnt up, and he obtained knowledge. Then the messengers of hell were not able to look him in the face, and Chitragupta blotted out the record of his sin on his birch-bark register, and Yama was silent.

"Thus Sinhavikrama, though a robber, obtained emancipation by virtue of true discernment; and now I have explained to you the perfection of discernment. And thus, my son, the wise embark on these six perfections taught by Buddha, as on a ship, and so cross the ocean of temporal existence."

While Somaśura was being thus instructed in the forest by king Vinítamati, who had attained the rank of a Bodhisattva, the sun heard these religious lessons, and became subdued, and assuming the hue of sunset as the red robe of a Buddhist, entered the cavern of the western mountain. Then king Vinítamati and Somaśúra performed their evening rites, according to pious usage, and spent the night there. And the next day, Vinítamati went on to teach Somaśúra the law of Buddha with all its secrets.* Then Somaśúra built a hut at the foot of a tree, and remained there in the wood, sitting at the feet of that instructor, absorbed in contemplation. And in course of time those two, the teacher and the pupil, attained supernatural powers, the result of abstraction, and gained the highest illumination.

And in the meanwhile, Indukalaśa came, out of jealousy, and by the might of his sword and horse ejected his brother Kanakakalaśa from the kingdom of Ahichchhatra also, which Vinítamati gave him, when he was afflicted at losing his first kingdom. He, having been deposed from his throne, wandered about with two or three of his ministers, and, as chance would have it, reached the grove, which was the retreat of Vinítamati. And while he was looking for fruits and water, as he suffered from severe hunger and thirst, Indra burnt up the wood by his magic power, and made it as it was before, wishing to entrap Vinítamati by making it impossible for him to shew such hospitality to every wayfarer.† And Vinítamati, beholding the grove, which was his retreat, suddenly turned into a desert, roamed about hither and thither for a short time, in a state of bewilderment. And then he saw Kanakalaśa, who in the course of his wanderings had come there with his followers, and was now his guest, and he and his train were all on the point of death from hunger. And the hospitable Bodhisattva approached the king, when he was in this state, and asked him his story, and then he exerted his discernment, and said to him, "Though this wood

* I substitute *Bauddham* for *bodhum*.

† I follow the Sanskṛit College MS. which reads *lopataḥ* for *lobhataḥ*.

has become a desert, and affords no hospitable entertainment, still I can tell you an expedient for saving your lives in your present state of hunger. Only half a *kos* from here there is a deer, which has been killed by falling into a hole, go and save your lives by eating its flesh." His guest, who was suffering from hunger, took his advice, and set out for that place with his followers, but the Bodhisattva Vinítamati got there before him. He reached that hole, and by his supernatural power assumed the form of a deer, and then he threw himself into it, and sacrificed his life for the sake of his petitioner. Then Kanakakalaśa and his followers slowly reached that hole, and found the deer lying dead in it. So they pulled it out, and made a fire with grass and thorns, and roasted its flesh, and devoured it all. In the meanwhile the Bodhisattva's two wives, the daughter of the Nága and the princess, seeing that the wood of their retreat had been destroyed, and not seeing their husband, were much distressed, and went and told what had happened, to Somaśúra, whom they roused from deep meditation. He soon discerned by contemplation what his spiritual teacher had done, and he told the news to his wives, distressing as it was to them. And he quickly went with them to that hole, in which his spiritual guide had sacrificed himself for his guests. There the princess and the Nága's daughter, seeing that only the bones and horns of the deer, into which their husband had turned himself, remained, mourned for him. And the two ladies, who were devoted to their husband, took his horns and bones, and brought a heap of wood from their hermitage, and entered the fire. And then Kanakalaśa and his companions, who were there, being grieved when they heard the story, entered the fire also."

When all this had taken place, Somaśúra, unable to endure the grief, which he felt for the loss of his spiritual teacher, took to a bed of *darbha*-grass with the intention of yielding up his breath. And then Indra appeared to him in person and said to him, "Do not do so, for I did all this to try your spiritual teacher. And I have now sprinkled with *amṛita* the ashes and bones, which were all that remained of him, and his wives, and his guests, and restored them all to life."* When Somaśúra heard Indra say this, he worshipped him, and rose up delighted, and went and looked, and lo! his spiritual guide the Bodhisattva Vinítamati had risen up again alive, with his wives, and Kanakakalaśa, and his attendants. Then he honoured with an inclination of the head, and worshipped with gifts of flowers and respectful speeches, his spiritual father, who had returned from the other world with his wives, and feasted his eyes upon him. And while Kana-

* This idea is found in the story of Jímútaváhana in the 21st Taranga of this work, where see note. Cp. also "Das Wasser des Lebens," Grimm. 97, and the notes in his 3rd volume. See also note on page 499 of Vol. I; and Herrtage's edition of the English Gesta, page 344.

kakalaśa and his followers were respectfully testifying their devotion to him, all the gods came there, headed by Brahmá and Vishṇu. And pleased with the goodness of Vinítamati, they all gave him by their divine power boons earned by his disinterestedness, and then disappeared. And Somaśúra and the others told their history, and then Vinítamati went with them to another and a heavenly wood of ascetics.

"So you see that in this world even those who are reduced to ashes meet again, much more men who are alive and can go where they will. So, my son, no more of abandoning the body! Go, for you are a brave man, and you shall certainly be re-united with Mṛigánkadatta." When I had heard this tale from the old female ascetic, I bowed before her, and set out, sword in hand, with renewed hope, and in course of time I reached this forest, and was, as fate would have it, captured by these S'avaras, who were seeking a victim for Durgá. And after wounding me in fight, they bound me, and brought me as a prisoner to this king of the S'avaras Máyávaṭu. Here I have found you, my sovereign, accompanied by two or three of your ministers, and by your favour I am as happy as if I were in my own house.

When Mṛigánkadatta, who was in the palace of the S'avara prince, had heard this history of the adventures of his friend Guṇákara told by himself, he was much pleased, and after he had seen the proper remedies applied to the body of that minister who had been wounded in fight, as the day was advancing, he rose up with his other friends, and performed the duties of the day.

And he remained there for some days engaged in restoring Guṇákara to health, though eager to go to Ujjayiní, in order to be re-united with his other friends and to obtain S'aśánkavatí.*

## CHAPTER LXXIII.

Then Guṇákara's wounds healed, and he recovered his health, so Mṛigánkadatta took leave of his friend the king of the S'avaras, and set out from his town on a lucky day for Ujjayiní, to find S'aśankavatí.

But his friend followed him a long way with his retinue, accompanied by his ally Durgapiśacha king of the Mátangas, and made a promise to come to his assistance. And as he was going along with his friends S'rutadhi, and Vimalabuddhi, and Guṇákara, and Bhímaparákrama, and searching for his other friends in that Vindhya forest, it happened that he slept one

* I read *ullághayan*, which is found in the Sanskṛit College MS.

day on the road with his ministers at the foot of a certain tree. And he suddenly awoke, and got up, and looked about him, and beheld there another man asleep. And when he uncovered his face, he recognised him as his own minister Vichitrakatha, who had arrived there. And Vichitrakatha too woke up, and saw his master Mṛigánkadatta, and joyfully embraced his feet. And the prince embraced him, with eyes wide open with delight at seeing him so unexpectedly, and all his ministers woke up and welcomed him. Then all in turn told him their adventures, and asked him to tell his, and Vichitrakatha began to relate his story as follows:

*Story of Vichitrakatha's adventures after his separation from the prince.*

At that time, when you were dispersed in all directions by the curse of Párávatáksha, I too in my bewilderment wandered about alone for a long time. And after I had roamed far, still unconscious, I suddenly reached in the course of the next day, when I was tired out, a great and heavenly town on the outskirts of the forest. There a godlike being, accompanied by two consorts, beheld me, and had me bathed with cool water, and restored my strength. And he made me enter his city, and carefully fed me with heavenly food, then he ate himself, and those two wives of his ate after him. And after the meal,* being refreshed, I said to him, "Who are you, sir, and why have you thus saved the life of me who am resolved on death? For I must certainly abandon the body, as I have lost my master." When I had said this, I told him my whole story. Then that noble and kind being said to me, "I am a Yaksha, these are my wives, and you have come here to-day as my guest, and you know that it is the duty of householders to honour guests to the utmost of their power. I have accordingly welcomed you. But why do you wish to abandon the body? For this separation of yours is due to the curse of a Nága, and will last only a short time. And you will certainly be all re-united, when the curse pronounced on you has spent its force. And reflect, my good man; who is born free from sorrow in this world? Hear what sorrow I have gone through, though I am a Yaksha."

*Story of S'rídarśana.*

There is a city named Trigartá, the garland that adorns the head of this bride the earth, strung with virtues as with flowers.† In it there lived a young Bráhman named Pavitradhara, who was himself poor in worldly wealth, but rich in relations, high birth, and other advantages. That high-spirited Bráhman, living in the midst of rich people, reflected,—"Though I live up to the rules of my caste, I do not cut a good figure in the midst of these rich people, like a word without meaning‡ among the

* I read with the MS. in the Sanskrit College *bhuktottaram.*

† It also means "the virtues of good or learned men."

‡ It also means "without wealth;" *vritta* also means "metre."

words of some splendid poem; and being a man of honour, I cannot have recourse to service or donations. So I will go into some out-of-the-way place and get into my power a Yakshiṇí,* for my spiritual teacher taught me a charm for accomplishing this." Having formed this resolution, the Bráhman Pavitradhara went to the forest, and according to the prescribed method he won for himself a Yakshiṇí, named Saudáminí. And when he had won her, he lived united with her, like a *banyan*-tree, that has tided through a severe winter, united to the glory of spring. One day the Yakshiṇí, seeing her husband Pavitradhara in a state of despondency, because no son had been born to him, thus addressed him, "Do not be despondent, my husband, for a son shall be born to us. And now hear this story which I am about to tell you."

*Story of Saudáminí.*

There is on the confines of the southern region a range of *tamála* forests, dark with clouds that obscure the sun, looking like the home of the monsoon. In it dwells a famous Yaksha of the name of Pṛithúdara, and I am his only daughter, Saudáminí by name. My loving father led me from one mighty mountain to another, and I was for ever amusing myself in heavenly gardens.

And one day, as I was sporting on mount Kailása with my friend Kapiśabhrú, I saw a young Yaksha named Aṭṭahása. He too, as he stood among his companions, beheld me; and immediately our eyes were mutually attracted by one another's beauty. When my father saw that, and ascertained that the match would be no *mésalliance*, he summoned Aṭṭahása, and arranged our marriage. And after he had fixed an auspicious day, he took me home, but Aṭṭahása returned to his home with his friends in high spirits. But the next day my friend Kapiśabhrú came to me with a downcast air, and when I questioned her, she was at length induced to say this; "Friend, I must tell you this bad news, though it is a thing which should not be told. As I was coming to-day, I saw your betrothed Aṭṭahása in a garden named Chitrasthala, on a plateau of the Himálayas, full of longing for you. And his friends, in order to amuse him, made him in sport king of the Yakshas, and they made his brother Díptaśikha personate Naḍakúvara his son, and they themselves became his ministers. While your beloved was being solaced in this way by his friends, Naḍakúvara, who was roaming at will through the air, saw him. And the son of the king of wealth, being enraged at what he saw, summoned him, and cursed him in the following words; 'Since, though a servant, you desire to pose as a lord, become a mortal, you villain! As you wish to mount, fall' When he laid this curse on Aṭṭahása, he answered despondingly, 'Prince, I foolishly did this to dispel my longing, not through

* *i. e.* female Yaksha.

aspiring to any lofty rank, so have mercy upon me.' When Naḍakúvara heard this sorrowful speech of his, he ascertained by meditation that the case was so, and said to him by way of fixing an end for the curse,. 'You shall become a man, and beget on that Yakshiṇí, with whom you are in love, your younger brother Díptaśikha by way of son,* and so you shall be delivered from your curse, and obtain your own rank once more, together with your wife, and this brother of yours shall be born as your son, and after he has reigned on earth, he shall be released from his curse.' When the son of the god of wealth had said this, Aṭṭahása disappeared somewhere or other by virtue of the curse. And when I saw that, my friend, I came here to you grieved." When my friend said this to me, I was reduced to a terrible state by grief, and after I had bewailed my lot, I went and told it to my parents, and I spent that time in hope of a re-union with my beloved.

"You are Aṭṭahása born again as a Bráhman, and I am that Yakshiṇí, and we have been thus united here, so we shall soon have a son born to us. When the Bráhman Pavitradhara's wise wife Saudáminí said this to him, he conceived the hope that he would have a son, and was much delighted. And in course of time a son was born to him by that Yakshiṇí, whose birth cheered up their house and his mind. And when Pavitradhara saw the face of that son, he immediately assumed a celestial shape and became again the Yaksha Aṭṭahása. And he said to that Yakshiṇí, "My dear, our curse is at an end. I have become Aṭṭahása as before, come let us return to our own place."

When he said this, his wife said to him, "Think what is to become of the child your brother, who through a curse has been born as your son." When Aṭṭahása heard that, he saw what was to be done by means of his powers of contemplation, and said to her; "My dear, there is in this town a Bráhman of the name of Devadarśana. He is poor in children and in wealth, and, though he keeps up five fires, hunger makes two others burn more fiercely, namely, the fire of digestion in his own stomach and in that of his wife. And one day, as he was engaged in asceticism to obtain wealth and a son, the holy god of fire, whom he was pro-

* The notion which Lucretius ridicules in his famous lines, (Book III, 776 and *ff*,)

*Denique conubia ad Veneris partusque ferarum*
*Esse animas præsto deridiculum esse videtur,*
*Expectare immortales mortalia membra* &c.

would, it is clear, present no difficulty to the mind of a Hindu. Nor would he be much influenced by the argument in lines 670-674 of the same book,

*Præterea si immortalis natura animai*
*Constat, et in corpus nascentibus insinuetur,*
*Cur super anteactam ætatem meminisse nequimus,*
*Nec vestigia gestarum rerum ulla tenemus ?*

pitiating, said to him in a dream, 'You have not a son of your own, but you shall have an adopted son, and by means of him, Bráhman, your poverty shall come to an end.' On account of this revelation of the god of fire, the Bráhman is at the present moment expecting that son, so we must give him this child of ours, for this is the decree of fate." After Aṭṭahása had said this to his beloved, he placed the child on the top of a pitcher full of gold, and fastened round its neck a garland of heavenly jewels, and deposited it in the house of that Bráhman at night when he and his wife were asleep, and then went with his beloved to his own place.

Then the Bráhman Devadarśana and his wife woke up, and beheld that young moon of a child glittering with resplendent jewels, and the Bráhman thought in his astonishment, "What can be the meaning of this?" but when he saw the pot of gold, he remembered what the god of fire had told him in his dream, and rejoiced. And he took that young son given him by fate, and that wealth, and in the morning he made a great feast. And on the eleventh day he gave the child the appropriate name of S'rídarśana.* Then the Bráhman Devadarśana, having become very rich, remained performing his sacrificial and other ceremonies, and enjoying the good things of this world at the same time.

The brave S'rídarśana grew up in his father's house, and acquired great skill in the Vedas and other branches of learning, and in the use of weapons. But in course of time, when he had grown up, his father Devadarśana, who had gone on a pilgrimage to sacred bathing-places, died at Prayága. His mother, hearing of that, entered the fire, and then S'rídarśana mourned for them, and performed on their behalf the ceremonies enjoined in the sacred treatises. But in course of time his grief diminished, and as he was not married, and had no relations, he became, though well educated, devoted to gambling. And in a short time his wealth was consumed by means of that vice, and he had difficulty in obtaining even food.

One day, after he had remained in the gambling-hall without food for three days, being unable to go out for shame, as he had not got a decent garment to wear, and refusing to eat the food which others gave him, a certain gambler, named Mukharaka, who was a friend of his, said to him, "Why are you so utterly overwhelmed? Do you not know that such is the nature of the sinful vice of gambling? Do you not know that the dice are the sidelong loving looks of the goddess of Ill Luck? Has not Providence ordained for you the usual lot of the gambler? His arms are his only clothing, the dust is his bed, the cross-roads are his house, ruin is his wife.† So why do you refuse to take food? Why do you

* *i. e.* vision of the goddess of Fortune: something like Fortunatus.

† I read *báhú* and *vidhvastatá: kim tad* in śl. 78 should probably be *tat kim*.

neglect your health, though you are a wise man? For what object of desire is there that a resolute man cannot obtain, as long as he continues alive? Hear in illustration of this truth the following wonderful story of Bhúnandana."

*Story of Bhúnandana.*

There is here a region named Kaśmíra, the ornament of the earth, which the Creator made as a second heaven, after creating the first heaven, for men who have done righteous deeds. The difference between the two is that in heaven delights can only be seen, in Kaśmíra they can be actually enjoyed. The two glorious goddesses S'rí and Sarasvatí both frequent it, as if they vied with one another, saying—"I have the preëminence here"—"No, it is I."—The Himálaya encircles it with its embrace, as if to prevent Kali, the adversary of virtue, from entering it. The Vitastá adorns it, and repels sin with its waves, as if they were hands, and seems to say, "Depart far from this land which is full of waters sacred to the gods." In it the long lines of lofty palaces, whitened with silvery plaster, imitate the cliffs at the foot of the neighbouring Himálaya. In this land there lived a king, named Bhúnandana, who upheld as a spiritual guide the system of the castes and the prescribed stages of life, learned in science and traditional lore, the moon that delighted his subjects. His valour was displayed in the kingdoms of his foes, on which he left the impress of his nails. He was a politic governor, and his people were ever free from calamity; he was exclusively devoted to Krishṇa, and the minds of his people took no pleasure in vicious deeds.*

Once on a time, on the twelfth day of the month, the king, after duly worshipping Vishṇu, saw in a dream a Daitya maiden approach him. When he woke up, he could not see her, and in his astonishment he said to himself, "This is no mere dream; I suspect she is some celestial nymph by whom I have been cajoled." Under this impression he remained thinking of her, and so grieved at being deprived of her society, that gradually he neglected all his duties as a king. Then that king, not seeing any way of recovering her, said to himself; "My brief union with her was due to the favour of Vishṇu, so I will go into a solitary place and propitiate Vishṇu with a view to recovering her, and I will abandon this clog of a kingdom, which without her is distasteful." After saying this, king Bhúnandana informed his subjects of his resolution, and gave the kingdom to his younger brother named Sunandana.

But after he had resigned the kingdom, he went to a holy bathing-place named Kramasaras; which arose from the footfall of Vishṇu, for it was made by him long ago in his Dwarf incarnation. It is attended by

* In the original there is a most elaborate pun: "free from calamity" may mean also "impolitic" or "lawless."

## *Addendum to Fasciculus VIII.*

Page 147, line 14. ***Your son Mṛigánkadatta has begun incantations against you in the house of Bhímaparákrama.*** Kuhn in his Westfälische Märchen, Vol. I, p. 141, quotes a very early instance of this belief from Livy, VIII. 18. The historian informs us that 150 Roman ladies were condemned as guilty of poisoning their husbands. That the death of their husbands was supposed to be brought about by witchcraft is clear from the whole passage, and particularly from the words "***Secuti indicem et coquentes quædam medicamenta et recondita alia invenerunt.*** In Brand's Popular Antiquities will be found much curious information on this subject. King James in his Demonology, book II, chap. 5, tells us that "the devil teacheth how to make pictures of wax or clay, that by roasting thereof, the persons, that they bear the name of, may be continually melted or dried away with sickness." See Servius on the 8th Eclogue of Virgil; Theocritus Idyl. II, 22; Hudibras, part II, canto II, l. 31; Ovid Heroid. Ep. VI, 91. See also Grafton's Chronicle, p. 587, where it is laid to the charge among others of Roger Bolinbrook a cunning necromancer and Margery Jordane the cunning witch of Eye, "that they at the request of Eleanor, duchess of Gloucester, had devised an image of wax representing the king (Henry the Sixth) which by their sorcery a little and little consumed; intending thereby in conclusion to waste and destroy the king's person." Shakespeare mentions this, II Henry VI, Act I, sc. 4. Andrews in his continuation of Henry's History of Great Britain, 4to. p. 93, tells us, speaking of Ferdinand Earl of Derby, who in the reign of Queen Elizabeth died by poison, "The credulity of the age attributed his death to witchcraft. The disease was odd and operated as a perpetual emetic; ***and a waxen image, with hair like that of the unfortunate earl,*** found in his chamber, reduced every suspicion to certainty." (Brand's Popular Antiquities, Vol. III, pp. 11 and 12). See also Shakespear's Richard III, Act. III, Sc. 4. ll. 61—75; King John, Act V, Sc. 4, ll. 25, 26; Bartsch, Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg, Vol. II, pp. 24, 26, 36; Birlinger, Aus Schwaben, Vol. I, pp. 153 and 177.

the three gods Brahmá, Vishṇu, and S'iva, who have settled on the top of the neighbouring mountains in the form of peaks. And the foot of Vishṇu created here in Kaśmíra another Ganges, named Ikshuvatí, as if in emulation of the Vitastá. There the king remained, performing austerities, and pining, without desire for any other enjoyment, like the *chátaka* in the hot season longing for fresh rainwater.

And after twelve years had passed over his head, while he remained engaged in ascetic practices, a certain ascetic came that way who was a chief of sages: he had yellow matted hair, wore tattered garments, and was surrounded by a band of pupils; and he appeared like S'iva himself come down from the top of the hills that overhang that holy bathing-place. As soon as he saw the king, he was filled with love for him, and went up to him, and bowing before him, asked him his history, and then reflected for a moment and said; "King, that Daitya maiden that you love lives in Pátála, so be of good cheer, I will take you to her. For I am a Bráhman named Bhúrivasu, the son of a sacrificing Bráhman of the Dekkan, named Yajuḥ, and I am a chief among magicians. My father communicated his knowledge to me, and I learnt from a treatise on Pátála the proper charms and ceremonies for propitiating Háṭakeśána.* And I went to S'ríparvata and performed a course of asceticism there for propitiating S'iva, and S'iva, being pleased with it, appeared to me and said to me,

'Go; after you have married a Daitya maiden and enjoyed pleasures in the regions below the earth, you shall return to me; and listen; I will tell you an expedient for obtaining those delights. There are on this earth many openings leading to the lower regions; but there is one great and famous one in Kaśmíra made by Maya, by which Ushá the daughter of Bána introduced her lover Aniruddha into the secret pleasure-grounds of the Dánavas, and made him happy there. And Pradyumna, in order to deliver his son, laid it open, making a door in one place with the peak of a mountain, and he placed Durgá there, under the name of S'áriká, to guard that door, after propitiating her with hundreds of praises. Consequently even now the place is called by the two names of Peak of Pradyumna and Hill of S'áriká. So go and enter Pátála with your followers by that famous opening, and by my favour you shall succeed there.'

"When the god had said this, he disappeared, and by his favour I acquired all knowledge at once, and now I have come to this land of Kaśmíra. So come with us, king, to that seat of S'áriká, in order that I may conduct you to Pátála, to the maid that you love." When the ascetic had said this to king Bhúnandana, the latter consented and went with him to that seat of S'áriká. There he bathed in the Vitastá, and worshipped Gaṇeśa, and honoured the goddess S'áriká, and performed the cere-

* A name of S'iva.

mony of averting evil spirits from all quarters by waving the hand round the head,* and other ceremonies. And then the great ascetic, triumphing by the favour of the boon of S'iva, revealed the opening by scattering mustard-seeds in the prescribed manner, and the king entered with him and his pupils, and marched along the road to Pátála for five days and five nights.† And on the sixth day they all crossed the Gangá of the lower regions, and they beheld a heavenly grove on a silver plain. It had splendid coral, camphor, sandal, and aloes trees, and was perfumed with the fragrance of large full-blown golden lotuses. And in the middle of it they saw a lofty temple of S'iva. It was of vast extent, adorned with stairs of jewels; its walls were of gold, it glittered with many pillars of precious stone; and the spacious translucent body of the edifice was built of blocks of the moon-gem.

Then king Bhúnandana and the pupils of that ascetic, who possessed supernatural insight, were cheered, and he said to them, "This is the dwelling of the god S'iva, who inhabits the lower regions in the form of Háṭakeśvara, and whose praises are sung in the three worlds, so worship him." Then they all bathed in the Ganges of the lower regions, and worshipped S'iva with various flowers, the growth of Pátála. And after the brief refreshment of worshipping S'iva, they went on and reached a splendid lofty *jambu*-tree, the fruits of which were ripe and falling on the ground. And when the ascetic saw it, he said to them; "You must not eat the fruits of this tree, for, if eaten, they will impede the success of what you have in hand." In spite of his prohibition one of his pupils, impelled by hunger, ate a fruit of the tree, and, as soon as he had eaten it, he became rigid and motionless.‡

Then the other pupils, seeing that, were terrified, and no longer felt any desire to eat the fruit; and that ascetic, accompanied by them and king Bhúnandana, went on only a *cos* further, and beheld a lofty golden wall rising before them, with a gate composed of a precious gem. On the two sides of the gate they saw two rams with bodies of iron, ready to strike with their horns, put there to prevent any one from entering. But the ascetic suddenly struck them a blow on their heads with a charmed wand, and drove them off somewhere, as if they had been struck by a thunderbolt. Then he and his pupils and that king entered by that gate, and beheld splendid palaces of

* My native friends tell me that the hand is waved round the head, and the fingers are snapped four or ten times.

† Possibly this story is the same as that of Tannhäuser, for which see Baring-Gould's Curious Myths of the Middle Ages, pp. 196-208. He remarks that the story of Tannhäuser is a very ancient myth christianized.

‡ For the consequences entailed in European Stories by eating fruit in the underworld, see Kuhn, Westfälische Märchen, Vol. I, p. 127; Grimm, Irische Märchen, p. ciii.

gold and gems. And at the door of every one they beheld warders terrible with many teeth and tusks,* with iron maces in their hands. And then they all sat down there under a tree, while the ascetic entered into a mystic contemplation to avert evil. And by means of that contemplation all those terrible warders were compelled to flee from all the doors, and disappeared.

And immediately there issued from those doors lovely women with heavenly ornaments and dresses, who were the attendants of those Daitya maidens. They approached separately all there present, the ascetic among them, and invited them in the name of their mistresses into their respective palaces. And the ascetic, having now succeeded in his enterprise, said to all the others,—"You must none of you disobey the command of your beloved after entering her palace." Then he entered with a few of those attendants a splendid palace, and obtained a lovely Daitya maiden and the happiness he desired. And the others singly were introduced into magnificent palaces by other of the attendants, and were blessed with the love of Daitya maidens.

And the king Bhúnandana was then conducted by one of the attendants, who bowed respectfully to him, to a palace built of gems outside the wall. Its walls of precious stone were, so to speak, adorned all round with living pictures, on account of the reflections on them of the lovely waiting-women. It was built on a platform of smooth sapphire, and so it appeared as if it had ascended to the vault of heaven, in order to outdo a sky-going chariot.† It seemed like the house of the Vrishṇis,‡ made rich by means of the power of Vishṇu. In it sported fair ones wild with intoxication, and it was full of the charming grace of Cupid. Even a flower, that cannot bear the wind and the heat, would in vain attempt to rival the delicacy of the bodies of the ladies in that palace. It resounded with heavenly music, and when the king entered it, he beheld once more that beautiful Asura maiden, whom he had seen in a dream. Her beauty illuminated the lower world which has not the light of the sun or the stars, and made the creation of sparkling jewels and other lustrous things, an unnecessary proceeding on the part of the Creator.§

The king gazed with tears of joy on that indescribably beautiful lady, and, so to speak, washed off from his eyes the pollution, which they had

* The Sanskṛit College MS. has *dantadṛishtádharotkaṭán.* Perhaps *dṛishta* should be *dashṭa.* It would then mean terrible because they were biting their lips.

† The Sanskṛit College MS. reads *vimánavijigíshayá.*

‡ Descendants of Vrishṇi and relatives of Krishṇa. In Achyuta there is a pun: the word may mean "Vishṇu" and also "permanent: *rámam* may also refer to Balaráma, who is represented as a drunkard.

§ Pátála, like Milton's lower world, "wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold."

contracted by looking at others. And that girl, named Kumudiní, who was being praised by the songs of female attendants,* felt indescribable joy when she saw the prince. She rose up, and took him by the hand and said to him, "I have caused you much suffering," and then with all politeness she conducted him to a seat. And after he had rested a little while, he bathed, and the Asura maiden had him adorned with robes and jewels, and led him out to the garden to drink. Then she sat down with him on the brink of a tank filled with wine, and with the blood and fat of corpses, that hung from trees on its banks, and she offered that king a goblet, full of that fat and wine, to drink, but he would not accept the loathsome compound. And she kept earnestly saying to the king; "You will not prosper if you reject my beverage." But he answered, "I certainly will not drink that undrinkable compound, whatever may happen." Then she emptied the goblet on his head and departed; and the king's eyes and mouth were suddenly closed, and her maids took him and flung him into the water of another tank.

And the moment he was thrown into the water, he found himself once more in the grove of ascetics, near the holy bathing-place of Kramasaras, where he was before.† And when he saw the mountain there, as it were, laughing at him with its snows,‡ the disappointed king, despondent, astonished, and bewildered, reflected as follows; "What a difference there is between the garden of the Daitya maiden and this mountain of Kramasaras." Ah! what is this strange event? Is it an illusion or a wandering of the mind? But what other explanation can there be than this, that undoubtedly this has befallen me, because, though I heard the warning of the ascetic, I disobeyed the injunction of that fair one. And after all the beverage was not loathsome; she was only making trial of me; for the liquor, which fell upon my head, has bestowed on it heavenly fragrance. So it is indubitable that, in the case of the unfortunate, even great hardships endured bring no reward, for Destiny is opposed to them." While king Bhúnandana was engaged in these reflections, bees came and surrounded him on account of the fragrant perfume of his body, that had been sprinkled with the liquor offered by the Asura maiden. When those bees stung the king, he thought to himself, "Alas! so far from my toils having produced the desired fruit, they have produced disagreeable results, as the raising of a Vetála does to a man of little courage."§ Then he became so distracted that he resolved on suicide.

* Kumudiní means an assemblage of white waterlilies: female attendants may also mean bees, as the Sandhi will admit of *ali* or *áli*: *rajendram* should probably be *rájendum*, moon of kings, as the *kumudiní* loves the moon.

† Cp. the story of S'aktideva in Chapter 26.

‡ By the laws of Hindu rhetoric a smile is regarded as white.

§ We have an instance of this a little further on.

And it happened that, at that very time, there came a young hermit that way, who, finding the king in this state, and being of a merciful disposition, went up to him and quickly drove away the bees, and after asking him his story, said to him—"King, as long as we retain this body, how can woes come to an end? So the wise should always pursue without distraction the great object of human existence. And until you perceive that Vishṇu, S'iva, and Brahmá are really one, you will always find the successes, that are gained by worshipping them separately, short-lived and uncertain. So meditate on Brahmá, Vishṇu, and S'iva, in the light of their unity, and patiently perform asceticism here for another twelve years. Then you shall obtain that beloved, and eventually everlasting salvation; and observe, you have already attained a body possessing heavenly fragrance. Now receive from me this skin of a black antelope, to which a charm is attached, and if you wrap yourself up in it, you will not be annoyed here by bees." When the hermit had said this, he gave him the deer-skin and the charm, and departed; and the king accepted his advice, and taking to himself patience, so lived in that place. And after the king had lived there twelve years, and propitiated S'iva by penance, that Daitya maiden, named Kumudiní, came to him of her own accord. And the king went with that beloved to Pátála, and after he had lived with her a long time in happiness, he attained salvation.

"So those fortunate ones, whose characters are free from perturbation, and who betake themselves to patient endurance, obtain again their own rank, though they may have fallen far from it.* And since you, Srídarsana, are a man fated to be prosperous, being covered with auspicious marks, why do you, out of perturbation, allow yourself to go without food?" When S'ridarśana, who was fasting, was thus addressed in the gambling-hall by his friend Mukharaka, he said to him, "What you say, is true, but being a man of good family, I cannot for shame go out into this town, as I am reduced so low by gambling. So if you will permit me, my friend, to go to some other country this very night, I will take food." When Mukharaka heard that, he consented, and brought food and gave it to him, and he ate it. And after S'ridarśana had eaten it, he set out for another country with that friend of his, who followed him out of affection.

And as he was going along the road at night, it happened that the two Yakshas, Aṭṭahása and Saudáminí, his father and mother, who had deposited him, as soon as he was born, in the house of the Bráhman, saw him while they were roaming through the air. When they saw him in distress, impoverished by the vice of gambling, and on his way to a foreign country, affection made them say to him, while still remaining invisible, the follow-

* I read *dúrabhrashṭá*. The reading of the Sanskrit College MS. is *dúram bhrashṭá*.

ing words; "S'rídarśana, your mother, the wife of Devadarśana, buried in her house some jewels. Take those, and do not omit to go with them to Málava, for there is a magnificent prince there of the name of S'rísena. And since he was much afflicted in his youth by miseries arising from gambling, he has made a large and glorious asylum for gamblers. There gamblers live, and are fed with whatever food they desire. So go there, darling, and you shall be prosperous."

When S'rídarśana heard this speech from heaven, he went back to his house with his friend, and found those ornaments in it, in a hole in the ground. Then he set out delighted for Málava, with his friend, thinking that the gods had shewn him favour. So in that night and the succeeding day he went a long distance, and the next evening he reached with his friend a village named Bahusasya. And being weary, he sat down with his friend on the bank of a translucent lake, not far from that village. While he remained for a brief period on the bank of that lake, after washing his feet and drinking water, there came there a certain maiden, matchless in beauty, to fetch water. Her body resembled a blue lotus in colour, and she seemed like Rati left alone, and blackened by the smoke from the body of the god of Love, when he had just been consumed by S'iva. S'rídarśana was delighted to behold her, and she went up to him, and looked at him with an eye full of love, and said to him and his friend, "Worthy sirs, why have you come hither to your death? Why, through ignorance, have you fallen like moths into burning fire?" When Mukharaka heard this, he said to the maiden, without the least trepidation, "Who are you? And what is the meaning of what you say? Tell us." Then she said, "Listen both of you! I will tell you the whole story in few words.

"There is a large and famous royal grant to Bráhmans, named Sughosha. In it there dwelt a Bráhman named Padmagarbha, who possessed a thorough knowledge of the Vedas. He had a wife of very good family, named S'asikalá. And the Bráhman had two children by that wife, a son of the name of Mukharakha, and myself a daughter of the name of Padmishṭhá. My brother Mukharaka was ruined by the vice of gambling in early youth, and left his home and went off to some other country. My mother died of grief on that account, and my father, afflicted with two sorrows, abandoned the state of a householder. And he roamed about from place to place, with no other companion than myself, to look for that son, and, as it happened, he reached this village. Now in this village there lives a great bandit, the chief of a gang of robbers, called Vasubhúti, a Bráhman only by name. When my father arrived here, that ruffian, with the help of his servants, killed him, and took away the gold that he had about his person. And he made me a prisoner and carried me off to his house, and he has made arrangements to give me in marriage to his son Subhúti. But

his son has gone off somewhere to plunder a caravan, and, owing to my good fortune, the result of good deeds in a former birth, he has not yet returned; now it remains for Destiny to dispose of me. But, if this bandit were to see you, he would certainly do you some violence : so think of some artifice by which you may escape him."

When the maiden said this, Mukharaka recognized her, and at once clasping her round the neck, said to her, "Alas, my sister Padmishṭhá! I am that very brother of yours Mukharaka, the murderer of his relations. Alas! wretched that I am, I am ruined." When Padmishṭhá heard this, and saw her elder brother, pity caused her to be, as it were, suddenly encircled with all sorrows. Then S'rídarśana comforted the brother and sister, who were lamenting their parents, and addressed a timely admonition and encouragement to them. He said, "This is not the time for lamentation, we must now save our lives even at the cost of our wealth, and by means of it we must protect ourselves against this bandit." When S'rídarśana said this, they checked their grief with self-control, and all three agreed together what each was to do.

Then S'ridarśana, being thin by reason of his former fasts, flung himself down on the bank of that tank, and pretended to be ill. And Mukharaka remained holding his feet and weeping: but Padmishṭhá immediately repaired to that bandit chief, and said, "A traveller has arrived, and is lying ill on the border of the tank, and there is another there who is his servant." When the bandit chief heard that, he sent some of his followers there. They went, and seeing the two men as had been described, asked Mukharaka why he wept so much for his companion. When Mukharaka heard this, he said with affected sorrow; "This Bráhman, who is my elder brother, left his native land to visit holy bathing-places, but was attacked by disease, and slowly travelling along he has arrived here, accompanied by me. And the moment he got here, he became incapable of movement, and he said to me, 'Rise up, my dear brother, and quickly prepare for me a bed of *darbha*-grass. And fetch me some virtuous Bráhman from this village On him I will bestow all my wealth, for I cannot live through this night.' When he said this to me in this foreign country after sunset, I felt quite puzzled as to what I ought to do, and, being afflicted, I had recourse to weeping. So bring here some Bráhman while he is alive, in order that he may bestow on him with his own hand whatever wealth we possess. For he will certainly not live through the night, and I shall not be able to survive the sorrow of his loss, so to-morrow I shall enter the fire. So do for us this which we ask, since we have met with you here as compassionate men and friends without any cause."

When the bandits heard that, pity arose in their minds, and they went and told the story, exactly as they had heard it, to their master Vasubhúti,

and went on to say ; " So come and receive, as a pious gift, from this Bráhman, who is eager to bestow it on you, the wealth which ordinarily is to be obtained only by killing its possessor." When they said this to Vasubhúti, he said, " What course is this which you suggest? It is highly impolitic for us to take wealth without killing its possessor, for, if he is deprived of his wealth, without being killed, he will certainly do us an injury." When the villain said this, those servants answered him, " What is there to fear in this? There is some difference between taking wealth by force, and receiving it as a pious gift from a dying man. Besides, to-morrow morning we will kill those two Bráhmans, if they are still alive. Otherwise, what is the use of incurring needlessly the guilt of killing a Bráhman?" When Vasubhúti heard this, he consented, and in the night he came to S'rídarśana to receive his pious gift, and S'ridarśana concealed a part of his mother's ornaments, and gave him the rest, assuming a faltering voice. Then the bandit, having got what he wanted, returned home with his followers.

Then Padmishṭhá came at night to S'rídarśana and Mukharaka, while the bandits were asleep. Then they quickly deliberated together, and set off at once from that place for Málava by a path not frequented by the robbers. And during that night they went a long distance, and reached a wood that seemed to be afraid of the roaring lions, tigers, and other wild beasts within it. It seemed by its thorns to be in a state of perpetual horripilation, and by its roaming black antelopes to be rolling its eyes. The dry creepers shewed that its body was dried up from fear, and the shrill whistling of the loose bark was its screams of terror. And while they were journeying through that forest, the sun, that had observed their sufferings all day, withdrew its light, as if in compassion, and set. Then they sat down weary and hungry at the foot of a tree, and in the early part of the night they saw in the distance a light, as of fire. And S'rídarśana said, " Can there possibly be a village here? I will go and look." So he went in the direction of the light. And when he reached it, and looked at it, lo! it was a great palace built of jewels, and its splendour produced that light as of fire.* And he saw inside it a Yakshiṇí of heavenly beauty, surrounded by many Yakshas, with feet turned the wrong way and squinting eyes. And the brave man, seeing that they had brought there all kinds of meat and drink, went up to the Yakshiṇí, and asked her to give him his share as a guest. And she was pleased with his courage and gave him what he asked for, enough food and water to satisfy himself and his two companions. The refreshment was placed on the back of a Yaksha ordered off by her for that duty, and S'rídarśana returned with it to his friend and Padmishṭhá. And then he dismissed the Yaksha, and partook there with them of all that splendid food

* See Vol I. pp. 327 and 577, also Prym und Socin, Syrische Marchen, p. 36, and Southey's Thalaba the Destroyer, Book I, 30, with the notes.

of various kinds, and drank pure cold water. Then Mukharaka was pleased, perceiving that he must be an incarnation of a divinity, as he was so rich in courage and might, and, desiring his own prosperity, he said to him, "You are some incarnation of a divinity, and this sister of mine Padmishṭhá is the greatest beauty in the world,so I now give her to you as a wife meet for you." When S'rídarśana heard that, he was delighted, and said to his friend, "I accept with joy this offer of yours which I have long desired. But when I reach my goal I will marry her in proper form." This he said to those two, and then passed the night in a joyful state of mind. And the next morning they all set out from that place, and reached in due course the city of that king S'ríséna, the sovereign of Málava. And arriving tired, they immediately entered the house of an old Bráhman woman to rest. And in the course of conversation they told her their story and their names, and then they saw that the old woman was much disturbed, and when they questioned her, she said to them:

"I am the well-born wife of a Bráhman here, named Satyavrata, who was a servant of the king's, and my name is Yaśasvatí. And after my husband died, the compassionate king gave me the fourth part of his salary to live upon, as I had not a son to support me. But now this moon of kings, though his virtues are great, and though he is generous enough to give away the whole world, has been seized by a consumption* which the physicians cannot cure. And the drugs and charms of those skilled in such things do not prevail against it; but a certain enchanter made this promise in his presence, 'If I could only get a hero, equal to the task, to help me, I would certainly put an end to this illness by getting a Vetála into my power.' Then proclamation was made by beat of drum, but no such hero was found. Then the king gave the following order to his ministers; 'You must look out for some daring gambler, who comes to reside in the great and well-known asylum, which I built for such. For gamblers are reckless, abandoning wife and relations, fearless, sleeping at the foot of trees and in other exposed places, like ascetics.' When the king gave this order to his ministers, they instructed to this effect the superintendent of the asylum, and he is now on the lookout for some brave man who may come there to reside awhile. Now you are gamblers, and if you, S'rídarśana, feel able to accomplish the undertaking, I will take you to-day to that asylum. And you will be well treated by the king, and you will confer a benefit on me, for grief is killing me."

When the old lady said this, S'rídarśana answered her, "Agreed! I am able to accomplish this, so lead me quickly to that asylum." When she heard this, she took him, and Padmishṭhá, and Mukharaka, to that asylum,

* The moon suffers from consumption in consequence of the curse of Daksha, who was angry at his exclusive preference for Rohiṇí.

and there said to the superintendent, " Here is a Bráhman gambler arrived from a foreign land, a hero who is able to assist that enchanter in performing incantations for the good of the king." When the superintendent heard this, he questioned S'rídarśana, and when he confirmed the words of the old lady, he treated him with great respect, and led him quickly into the presence of the king.

And S'rídarśana, being introduced by him, beheld the king, who was thin and pale as the new moon. And the king S'rísena observed that S'rídarśana, who bowed before him and sat down, was of a taking appearance, and pleased with his look, he felt comforted, and said to him, " I know that your exertions will certainly put an end to my disease; my body tells me this, for the mere sight of you has quieted its sufferings. So aid the enchanter in this matter." When the king said this, S'rídarśana said to him " The enterprise is a mere trifle." Then the king summoned the enchanter and said to him, " This hero will aid you; do what you said." When that enchanter heard that, he said to S'rídarśana,

" My good sir, if you are able to assist me in raising a Vetála, come to me in the cemetery at night-fall this very day, the fourteenth of the black fortnight." When the ascetic, who practised magic, had said this, he went away, and S'rídarśana took leave of the king and returned to that asylum.

There he took food with Padmisṭhá and Mukharaka, and at night he went alone, sword in hand, to the cemetery. It was full of many ghosts, empty of men, inauspicious, full of roaring jackals, covered with impenetrable darkness, but shewed in some places a faint gleam where the funeral pyres were.* The hero S'rídarśana wandered about in that place of horrors and saw the enchanter in the middle of it. His whole body was smeared with ashes, he had a Bráhmanical thread of hair, he wore a turban made of the clothes of the dead, and he was clad in a black garment. S'rídarśana approached him, and made himself known to him, and then girding up his loins, he said, " Tell me, what shall I do for you?" The enchanter answered in high spirits, " Half a *cos* only to the west of this place there is an Aśoka tree, the leaves of which are burnt with the hot flame of funeral pyres. At the foot of it there is a corpse, go and bring it here unharmed."

Then S'rídarśana said, " I will," and going quickly to the place he saw some one else taking away the corpse. So he ran and tried to drag it from the shoulder of that person, who would not let it go, and said to him,—" Let go this corpse: where are you taking my friend whom I have to burn?" Then that second person said to S'rídarśana, " I will not let the dead man go; I am his friend; what have you to do with him?" While they were dragging the corpse from one another's shoulders, and making these mutual recrimina-

* Here there is a pun: *upachitam* means also " concentrated."

tions, the corpse itself, which was animated by a Vetála, uttered a terrible shriek. That terrified the second person so that his heart broke, and he fell down dead, and then S'rídarśana went off with that corpse in his arms. Then the second man, though dead, rose up, being possessed by a Vetála, and tried to stop S'rídarśana, and said to him, "Halt! do not go off with my friend on your shoulder." Then S'rídarśana, knowing that his rival was possessed by a Vetála, said to him, "What proof is there that you are his friend? He is my friend." The rival then said, "The corpse itself shall decide between us." Then S'rídarśana, said, "Well! let him declare who is his friend." Then the corpse, that was on his back, being possessed by a Vetála, said, "I am hungry, so I decide that whoever gives me food is my friend; let him take me where he likes." When the second corpse, that was also possessed by a Vetála, heard this, he answered,—"I have no food; if he has any, let him give you some." S'rídarśana, hearing this, said, I will give him food," and proceeded to strike with his sword at the second corpse, in order to procure food for the Vetála that was on his shoulder.* But that second corpse, which was also possessed by a Vetála, the moment he began to strike it, disappeared by its supernatural power.

Then the Vetála, that was on S'rídarśana's shoulder, said to him, "Now give me the food that you promised me." So S'rídarśana, not being able to obtain any other flesh to give him to eat, cut off with his sword some of his own flesh, and gave it to him. This pleased the Vetála, and he said to him, "I am satisfied with you, brave man, let your body be restored whole as before. Now take me off; this enterprise of yours shall succeed, but that ascetic enchanter shall be destroyed, for he is a great coward." When S'rídarśana was thus addressed by the Vetála, he immediately became whole as before, and taking the corpse he handed it to that magician. And he received it joyfully, and honoured it with unguents and garlands of blood, and he placed the corpse, possessed by the Vetála, on its back in a great circle marked out with powdered human bones, in the corners of which were placed pitchers of blood, and which was lighted up with lamps fed by oil from the human body. And he sat on the breast of the corpse, and holding in his hand a ladle and spoon of human bone, he began to make an oblation of clarified butter in its mouth. Immediately such a flame issued from the mouth of that corpse possessed by the Vetála, that the

* Cp. a story in the Nugæ Curialium of Gualterus Mapes, in which a corpse, tenanted by a demon, is prevented from doing further mischief by a sword-stroke, which cleaves its head to the chin. (Liebrecht's zur Volkskunde, p. 34 and *ff.*) Liebrecht traces the belief in vampires through many countries and quotes a passage from François Lenormant's work, La Magie chez les Chaldéens, which shews that the belief in vampires existed in Chaldæa and Babylonia.—See Vol. 1, p. 574.

sorcerer rose up in terror and fled. When he thus lost his presence of mind, and dropped his spoon and ladle, the Vetála pursued him, and opening his mouth swallowed him whole.*

When S'rídarśana saw that, he lifted up his sword and attacked the Vetála, but the Vetála said to him, "S'rídarśana, I am pleased with this courage of yours, so take these mustard-seeds produced in my mouth. If you place these on the head and hands of the king, the malady of consumption will immediately leave him, and you in a short time will become the king of the whole earth." When S'rídarśana heard this, he said, "How can I leave this place without that sorcerer. The king is sure to say that I killed him out of a selfish regard to my own interests." When S'rídarśana said this to the Vetála, he answered, "I will tell you a convincing proof, which will clear you. Cut open the body of this corpse, and shew inside it this sorcerer dead, whom I have swallowed." When the Vetála had said this, he gave him the mustard-seeds, and went off somewhere or other, leaving that corpse, and the corpse fell on the ground.

Then S'rídarśana went off, taking with him the mustard-seeds, and he spent that night in the asylum in which his friend was. And the next morning he went to the king, and told him what had happened in the night, and took and shewed to the ministers that sorcerer in the stomach of the corpse. Then he placed the mustard-seeds on the head and the hand of the king, and that made the king quite well, as all his sickness at once left him. Then the king was pleased, and, as he had no son, he adopted as his son S'rídarśana, who had saved his life. And he immediately anointed that hero crown-prince; for the seed of benefits, sown in good soil, produces abundant fruit. Then the fortunate S'rídarśana married there that Padmisthá, who seemed like the goddess of Fortune that had come to him in reward for his former courting of her, and the hero remained there in the

* Cp. the Vampire stories in Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales, especially that of the soldier and the Vampire, p. 314. It seems to me that these stories of Vetálas disprove the assertion of Herz quoted by Ralston, (p. 318) that among races which burn their dead, little is known of regular corpse-spectres, and of Ralston, that vampirism has made those lands peculiarly its own which have been tenanted or greatly influenced by Slavonians. Vetálas seem to be as troublesome in China as in Russia, see Giles's Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio, Vol. II, p. 195. In Bernhard Schmidt's Griechische Märchen, p. 139, there is an interesting story of a Vampire, who begins by swallowing fowls, goats and sheep, and threatens to swallow men, but his career is promptly arrested by a man born on a Saturday. A great number of Vampire stories will be found in the notes to Southey's Thalaba the Destroyer, Book VIII, 10. See also his poem of Roprecht the Robber, Part III. For the lamps fed with human oil see Addendum to Fasciculus IV, and Brand's Popular Antiquities, Vol. I, p. 312, Waldau's Böhmische Märchen, p. 360, and Kuhn's Westfäliche Märchen, p. 146.

company of her brother Mukharaka, enjoying pleasures and ruling the earth.

One day a great merchant, named Upendraśakti, found an image of Gaṇeśa, carved out of a jewel, on the border of a tank, and brought it and gave it to that prince. The prince, seeing that it was of priceless value, out of his fervent piety, set it up in a very splendid manner in a temple. And he appointed a thousand villages there for the permanent support of the temple, and he ordained in honour of the idol a festive procession, at which all Málava assembled. And Gaṇeśa, being pleased with the numerous dances, songs, and instrumental performances in his honour, said to the Gaṇas at night, "By my favour this S'rídarśana shall be a universal emperor on the earth. Now there is an island named Hansadvípa in the western sea; and in it is a king named Anangodaya, and he has a lovely daughter named Anangamanjarí. And that daughter of his, being devoted to me, always offers to me this petition after she has worshipped me, "Holy one, give me a husband who shall be the lord of the whole earth." So I will marry her to this S'rídarśana, and thus I shall have bestowed on both the meet reward of their devotion to me. So you must take S'rídarśana there, and after you have contrived that they should see one another, bring him back quickly; and in course of time they shall be united in due form; but it cannot be done immediately, for such is the will of destiny. Moreover I have determined by these means to recompense Upendraśakti, the merchant, who brought my image to the prince."

The Gaṇas, having received this order from Gaṇeśa, took S'rídarśana that very night, while he was asleep, and carried him to Hansadvípa by their supernatural power. And there they introduced him into the chamber of Anangamanjarí, and placed him on the bed on which that princess was lying asleep. S'rídarśana immediately woke up, and saw Anangamanjarí. She was reclining on a bed covered with a coverlet of pure white woven silk, in a splendid chamber in which flashed jewel-lamps, and which was illuminated by the numerous priceless gems of the canopy and other furniture, and the floor of which was dark with the *rájávarta* stone. As she lay there pouring forth rays of beauty like the lovely effluence of a stream of nectar, she seemed like the orb of the autumn moon lapped in a fragment of a white cloud, in a sky adorned with a host of bright twinkling stars, gladdening the eyes. Immediately he was delighted, astonished, and bewildered, and he said to himself, "I went to sleep at home and I have woke up in a very different place. What does all this mean? Who is this woman? Surely it is a dream! Very well, let it be so. But I will wake up this lady and find out." After these reflections he gently nudged Anangamanjarí on the shoulder with his hand. And the touch of his hand made her immediately awake and roll her eyes,

as the *kumudvatí* opens under the rays of the moon, and the bees begin to circle in its cup. When she saw him, she reflected for a moment, "Who can this being of celestial appearance be? Surely he must be some god that has penetrated into this well-guarded room?" So she rose up, and asked him earnestly and respectfully who he was, and how and why he had entered there. Then he told his story, and the fair one, when questioned by him, told him in turn her country, name, and descent. Then they both fell in love with one another, and each ceased to believe that the other was an object seen in a dream, and in order to make certain, they exchanged ornaments.

Then they both became eager for the Gándharva form of marriage, but the Gaṇas stupefied them, and laid them to sleep. And, as soon as S'rídarśana fell asleep, they took him and carried him back to his own palace, cheated by Destiny of his desire. Then S'rídarśana woke up in his own palace, and seeing himself decked with the ornaments of a lady, he thought, "What does this mean? At one moment I am in that heavenly palace with the daughter of the king of Hansadvípa, at another moment I am here. It cannot be a dream, for here are these ornaments of hers on my wrist, so it must be some strange freak of Destiny." While he was engaged in these speculations, his wife Padmishṭhá woke up, and questioned him, and the kind woman comforted him, and so he passed the night. And the next morning he told the whole story to S'rísena, before whom he appeared wearing the ornaments marked with the name of Anangamanjarí. And the king, wishing to please him, had a proclamation made by beat of drum, to find out where Hansadvípa was, but could not find out from any one the road to that country. Then S'ridarśana, separated from Anangamanjarí, remained overpowered by the fever of love, averse to all enjoyment. He could not like his food while he gazed on her ornaments, necklace and all, and he abandoned sleep, having ceased to behold within reach the lotus of her face.*

In the meanwhile the princess Anangamanjarí, in Hansadvípa, was awakened in the morning by the sound of music. When she remembered what had taken place in the night, and saw her body adorned with S'rídarśana's ornaments, longing love made her melancholy. And she reflected, "Alas I am brought into a state, in which my life is in danger, by these ornaments, which prove that I cannot have been deluded by a dream, and fill me with love for an unattainable object." While she was engaged in these reflections, her father Anangodaya suddenly entered, and saw her wearing the ornaments of a man. The king, who was very fond of her, when he saw her covering her body with her clothes, and downcast with shame, took her on his lap and said to her, "My daughter, what is the

* A series of elaborate puns.

meaning of these masculine decorations, and why this shame? Tell me. Do not shew a want of confidence in me, for my life hangs on you." These and other kind speeches of her father's allayed her feeling of shame, and she told him at last the whole story.

Then her father, thinking that it was a piece of supernatural enchantment, felt great doubt as to what steps he ought to take. So he went and asked an ascetic of the name of Brahmasoma, who possessed superhuman powers, and observed the rule of the Páśupatas, and who was a great friend of his, for his advice. The ascetic by his powers of contemplation penetrated the mystery, and said to the king; "The truth is that the Gaṇas brought here prince S'rídarśana from Málava, for Gaṇeśa is favourably disposed both to him and your daughter, and by his favour he shall become a universal monarch. So he is a capital match for your daughter." When that gifted seer said this, the king bowed and said to him,—"Holy seer, Málava is far away from this great land of Hansadvípa. The road is a difficult one, and this matter does not admit of delay. So in this matter your ever propitious self is my only stay."

When the ascetic, who was so kind to his admirers, had been thus entreated by the king, he said, "I myself will accomplish this," and he immediately disappeared. And he reached in a moment the city of king S'rísena in Málava. There he entered the very temple built by S'rídarśana, and after bowing before Gaṇeśa, he sat down and began to praise him, saying "Hail to thee of auspicious form, whose head is crowned with a garland of stars, so that thou art like the peak of mount Meru! I adore thy trunk flung up straight in the joy of the dance, so as to sweep the clouds, like a column supporting the edifice of the three worlds. Destroyer of obstacles, I worship thy snake-adorned body, swelling out into a broad pitcher-like belly, the treasure-house of all success." While the ascetic was engaged in offering these praises to Gaṇeśa in the temple, it happened that the son of the merchant-prince Upendraśakti, who brought his image, entered the temple as he was roaming about. His name was Mahendraśakti, and he had been rendered uncontrollable by long and violent madness, so he rushed forward to seize the ascetic. Then the ascetic struck him with his hand. The merchant's son, as soon as he was struck by the charm-bearing hand of that ascetic, was freed from madness and recovered his reason. And, as he was naked, he felt shame, and left the temple immediately, and covering himself with his hand, he made for his home. Immediately his father Upendraśakti, hearing of it from the people, met him full of joy and led him to his house. There he had him bathed, and properly clothed and adorned, and then he went with him to the ascetic Brahmasoma. And he offered him much wealth as the restorer of his son, but the ascetic, as he possessed godlike power, would not receive it.

In the meanwhile king S'rísena himself, having heard what had taken place, reverently approached the ascetic, accompanied by S'rídarśana. And the king bowed before him, and praised him, and said, "Owing to your coming, this merchant has received a benefit, by having his son restored to health, so do me a benefit also by ensuring the welfare of this son of mine S'rídarśana." When the king craved this boon of the ascetic, he smiled and said, "King, why should I do anything to please this thief, who stole at night the heart and the ornaments of the princess Anangamanjarí in Hansadvípa, and returned here with them? Nevertheless I must obey your orders." With these words the ascetic seized S'rídarśana by the fore-arm, and disappeared with him. He took him to Hansadvípa, and introduced him into the palace of king Anangodaya, with his daughter's ornaments on him. When S'rídarśana arrived, the king welcomed him gladly, but first he threw himself at the feet of the ascetic and blessed him. And on an auspicious day he gave S'rídarśana his daughter Anangamanjarí, as if she were the earth garlanded with countless jewels. And then by the power of that ascetic he sent his son-in-law, with his wife, to Málava. And when S'rídarśana arrived there, the king welcomed him gladly, and he lived there in happiness with his two wives.

In course of time king S'rísena went to the next world, and that hero took his kingdom and conquered the whole earth. And when he had attained universal dominion, he had two sons by his two wives Padmishṭhá and Anangamanjarí. And to one of them the king gave the name of Padmasena, and to the other of Anangasena, and he reared them up to manhood.

And in course of time king S'rídarśana, as he was sitting inside the palace with his two queens, heard a Bráhman lamenting outside. So he had the Bráhman brought inside, and asked him why he lamented. Then the Bráhman shewed great perturbation and said to him; "The fire that had points of burning flame (*Díptaśikha*) has been now destroyed by a dark cloud of calamity, discharging a loud laugh (*Aṭṭahása*), together with its line of brightness and line of smoke (*Jyotirlekhá* and *Dhúmalekhá*")*. The moment the Bráhman had said this, he disappeared. And while the king was saying in his astonishment, "What did he say, and where has he gone," the two queens, weeping copiously, suddenly fell dead.

When the king saw that sudden calamity, terrible as the stroke of a thunderbolt, he exclaimed in his grief, "Alas! Alas! what means this?" and fell on the ground wailing. And when he fell, his attendants picked him up, and carried him to another place, and Mukharaka took the bodies of the queens, and performed the ceremony of burning them. At last the king came to his senses, and after mourning long for the queens, he completed out of affection their funeral ceremonies. And after he had spent a day

* The significance of these names will appear further on.

darkened by a storm of tears, he divided the empire of the earth between his two sons. Then, having conceived the design of renouncing the world, he left his city, and turning back his subjects who followed him, he went to the forest to perform austerities.

There he lived on roots and fruits, and one day, as he was wandering about at will, he came near a banyan-tree. As soon as he came near it, two women of celestial appearance suddenly issued from it with roots and fruits in their hands, and they said to him, "King, take these roots and fruits which we offer." When he heard that, he said, "Tell me now who you are." Then those women of heavenly appearance said to him, "Well come into our house and we will tell you the truth." When he heard that, he consented, and entering with them, he saw inside the tree a splendid golden city. There he rested and ate heavenly fruits, and then those women said to him, "Now, king, hear."

"Long ago there dwelt in Pratishṭhána a Bráhman, of the name of Kamalagarbha, and he had two wives, the name of the one was Pathyá, and the name of the other Abalá. Now in course of time all three, the husband and the wives, were worn out with old age, and at last they entered the fire together, being attached to one another. And at that time they put up a petition to S'iva from the fire, 'May we be connected together as husband and wives in all our future lives!' Then Kamalagarbha, owing to the power of his severe penances, was born in the Yaksha race as Díptaśikha, the son of the Yaksha Pradíptáksha, and the younger brother of Aṭṭahása. His wives too, Pathyá and Abalá, were born as Yaksha maidens, that is to say, as the two daughters of the king of the Yakshas named Dhúmaketu, and the name of the one was Jyotirlekhá, and the name of the other Dhúmalekhá.

"Now in course of time those two sisters grew up, and they went to the forest to perform asceticism, and they propitiated S'iva with the view of obtaining husbands The god was pleased and he appeared to them and said to them, 'That man with whom you entered the fire in a former birth, and who you asked might be your husband in all subsequent births, was born again as a Yaksha named Díptaśikha, the brother of Aṭṭahása, but he has become a mortal owing to the curse of his master, and has been born as a man named S'rídarśana, so you too must go to the world of men and be his wives there, but as soon as the curse terminates, you shall all become Yakshas, husband and wives together. When S'iva said this, those two Yaksha maidens were born on the earth as Padmisṭhá and Anangamanjarí.' They became the wives of S'rídarśana, and after they had been his wives for some time, that Aṭṭahása, as fate would have it, came there in the form of a Bráhman, and by the device of employing an ambiguous speech, he managed to utter their names and remind them

of their former existence, and this made them abandon that body and become Yakshiṇís. Know that we are those wives of yours, and you are that Díptaśikha." When S'rídarśana had been thus addressed by them, he remembered his former birth, and immediately became the Yaksha Díptaśikha, and was again duly united to those two wives of his.

"Know therefore, Vichitrakatha, that I am that Yaksha, and that these wives of mine are Jyotirlekhá and Dhúmalekhá. So, if creatures of godlike descent, like myself, have to endure such alternations of joy and sorrow, much more then must mortals. But do not be despondent, my son, for in a short time you shall be reunited to your master Mṛigánkadatta. And I remained here to entertain you, for this is my earthly dwelling, so stay here, I will accomplish your desire. Then I will go to my own home in Kailása." When the Yaksha had in these words told me his story, he entertained me for some time. And the kind being, knowing that you had arrived here at night, brought me and laid me asleep in the midst of you who were asleep. So I was seen by you, and you have been found by me. This, king, is the history of my adventures during my separation from you.

When prince Mṛigánkadatta had heard at night this tale from his minister Víchitrakatha, who was rightly named,* he was much delighted, and so were his other ministers.

So, after he had spent that night on the turf of the forest, he went on with those companions of his towards Ujjayiní, having his mind fixed on obtaining S'aśánkavatí, and he kept searching for those other companions of his, who were separated by the curse of the Nága, and whom he had not yet found.

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## CHAPTER LXXIV.

Then Mṛigánkadatta, as he gradually travelled along in the Vindhya forest, accompanied by those ministers, S'rutadhi and the four others, reached a wood, which was refreshing with the shade of its goodly fruit-laden trees, and in which there was a tank of very pure sweet cold water. He bathed in it with his ministers and ate many fruits, and lo! he suddenly thought that he heard conversation in a place shut in with creepers. So he went and looked into that bower of creepers, and he saw inside it a great elephant, which was refreshing a blind way-worn man by throwing over him showers of water from his trunk, by giving him fruits, and

* The word may mean "man of romantic anecdote."

fanning him with his ears. And like a kind man, the elephant said to him lovingly, over and over again, with articulate voice, "Do you feel at all better?" When the prince saw that, he was astonished, and he said to his companions, "Look! how comes it that a wild elephant conducts itself like a man? So you may be sure that this is some higher being translated into this form for some reason. And this man is very like my friend Prachaṇḍaśakti. But he is blind. So let us keep a sharp lookout." When Mṛigánkadatta had said this to his friends, he remained there concealed, and listened attentively. In the meanwhile the blind man recovered a little, and the elephant said to him, "Tell me; who are you, and how did you come here, being blind?" Then the blind man said to that mighty elephant, "There is in this land a king of the name of Amaradatta, lord of the city of Ayodhyá, he has a son of excellent qualities, named Mṛigánkadatta, of auspicious birth, and I am that prince's servant. For some reason or other his father banished him from his native land, with us his ten companions. We had set out for Ujjayiní to obtain S'asánkavatí, when we were separated in the forest by the curse of a Nága. And I was blinded by his curse, and wandering about I have arrived here, living on the fruits, and roots, and water I could get on the way. And to me death by falling into a chasm, or in some other way, would be most desirable, but alas! Providence has not bestowed it on me, but makes me endure calamity. However I feel convinced that, as my pangs of hunger have been to-day assuaged by your favour, so my blindness also will be somewhat alleviated, for you are a divinity." When he said this, Mṛigánkadatta felt certain who he was, and with a mind wavering between joy and grief he said to those ministers, "It is our friend Prachaṇḍaśakti that is reduced to this melancholy state, but it will not do for us to be in a hurry to greet him immediately. Perhaps this elephant will cure his blindness. But if he were to see us, he would flee away; so we must stop here and look at him." When the prince had said this, he remained listening with his followers. Then Prachaṇḍaśakti said to that elephant, "Now great-souled one, tell me your history; who are you? How comes it that, though you are an elephant, and are subject to the fury of elephants, you speak in this gentle way?" When the great elephant heard this, he sighed, and said to him, "Listen! I will tell you my story from the beginning."

*Story of Bhímabhaṭa.*

Long ago, in the city of Ekalavyá, there was a king named S'rutadhara, and he had two sons by two wives. When the king went to heaven, his younger son, named Satyadhara, expelled the elder son, named S'íladhara, from the throne. S'íladhara was angry on that account, so he went and propitiated S'iva, and craved the following boon from the god, who was pleased with his asceticism, "May I become a Gandharva, in

order that I may be able to move through the air, and so slay with ease that kinsman of mine, Satyadhara!" When the holy god S'iva heard this, he said to him, "This boon shall be granted to thee, but that enemy of thine has to-day died a natural death. And he shall be again born in the city of Ráḍhá, as Samarabhaṭa, the favourite son of king Ugrabhaṭa. But thou shalt be born as Bhímabhaṭa, his elder brother, by a different mother, and thou shalt kill him and rule the kingdom. But because thou didst perform these ascetic penances under the influence of anger, thou shalt be hurled from thy rank by the curse of a hermit, and become a wild elephant, that remembers its birth and possesses articulate speech, and when thou shalt comfort a guest in distress and tell him thy history, then thou shalt be freed from thy elephant-nature and become a Gandharva, and at the same time a great benefit will be conferred upon that guest." When S'iva had said this, he disappeared, and S'íladhara, seeing that his body was emaciated by long penance, flung himself into the Ganges.

At this point of my tale it happened that, while that king named Ugrabhaṭa, whom I have before mentioned, was living happily in the city of Ráḍhá with his wife Manoramá, who was equal to him in birth, there came to his court from a foreign country an actor named Lásaka. And he exhibited before the king that dramatic piece in which Vishṇu, in the form of a woman, carries off the *amṛita* from the Daityas. And in that piece the king saw the actor's daughter Lásavatí dancing in the character of Amṛitiká. When he saw her beauty, that was like that of the real *Amṛitá*, with which Vishṇu bewildered the Dánavas, he fell in love with her. And at the end of the dance he gave her father much wealth, and immediately introduced her into his harem. And then he married that dancer Lásavatí, and lived with her, having his eyes riveted upon her face. One day he said to his chaplain named Yajuḥsvámin, "I have no son, so perform a sacrifice in order to procure me a son." The chaplain obeyed, and performed duly, with the help of learned Bráhmans, a sacrifice for that king's benefit. And, as he had been previously gained over by Manoramá, he gave her to eat, as being the eldest queen, the first half of the oblation purified with holy texts.* And he gave the rest to the second queen Lásavatí. Then those two, S'íladhara and Satyadhara, whom I have before mentioned, were conceived in those two queens. And when the time came, Manoramá, the consort of that king, brought forth a son with auspicious marks. And at that moment a distinct utterance was heard from heaven, "This child who is born shall be a famous king under the name of Bhímabhaṭa." On the next day Lásavatí also brought forth a son, and the king his father gave him the name of Samarabhaṭa. And the usual sacraments were performed for them, and the two boys gradually grew up. But the

* Cp. Vol I, pp. 355 and 577.

eldest Bhimabhaṭa surpassed the youngest in all accomplishments, and rivalry in these increased the natural ill-feeling between them.

One day, as they were engaged in wrestling, Samarabhaṭa, being jealous, struck Bhímabhaṭa with his arm with great force on the neck. Then Bhimabhaṭa was enraged, and immediately throwing his arms round Samarabhaṭa, he lifted him up and flung him on the ground. The fall gave him a severe shock, and his servants took him up and carried him to his mother, discharging blood from all the apertures in his body. When she saw him, and found out what had taken place, she was alarmed on account of her love for him, and she placed her face close to his and wept bitterly. At that moment the king entered, and when he saw this sight, he was much troubled in mind, and asked Lásavatí what it meant, and she gave the following answer: "This son of mine has been reduced to this state by Bhímabhaṭa. And he is always ill-treating him, but I have never told you, king; however now, that I have seen this, I must say, I cannot* understand how your majesty can be safe with such a son as this, but let your majesty decide." When king Ugrabhaṭa was thus appealed to by his favourite wife, he was angry, and banished Bhímabhaṭa from his court. And he took away from him his allowance, and appointed a hundred Rajputs with their retainers to guard that Samarabhaṭa. And he put his treasury at the disposal of the younger son, but he drove the elder son from his presence, and took away all that he possessed.

Then his mother Manoramá sent for him and said, "Your father has thrown you over, because he is in love with a dancer. So go to the palace of my father in Páṭaliputra, and when you arrive there, your grandfather will give you his kingdom, for he has no son. But, if you remain here, your enemy, this Samarabhaṭa, will kill you, for he is powerful." When Bhímabhaṭa heard this speech of his mother's, he said, "I am a Kshatriya, and I will not sneak away from my native land, like a coward. Be of good cheer, mother! what wretch is able to injure me?" When he said this, his mother answered him, "Then procure a numerous body of companions to guard you, by means of my wealth." When Bhimabhaṭa heard this proposal, he said, "Mother, this is not becoming; for if I did this, I should be really opposing my father." You may be quite at your ease, for your blessing alone will procure me good fortune." When Bhímabhaṭa had encouraged her with these words, he left her. In the meanwhile all the citizens came to hear of it, and they thought, "Alas! a great injustice has been done to Bhímabhaṭa by the king. Surely Samarabhaṭa does not think he is going to rob him of the kingdom. Well it is an opportunity for us to do him a service, before he comes to the throne." Having formed this resolution, the citizens secretly supplied Bhímabhaṭa with such abun-

* The Sanskrit College MS. reads *na* for *tu*.

dance of wealth, that he lived in great comfort with his servants. But the younger brother was ever on the look out to kill his elder brother, supposing that this was his father's object in furnishing him with a guard.

In the meanwhile a heroic and wealthy young Bráhman, of the name of S'ankhadatta, who was a friend of both brothers, came and said to Samarabhaṭa, "You ought not to carry on hostility with your elder brother; it is not right, and you cannot do him an injury; on the contrary the result of a quarrel would be disgraceful to you." When he said this, Samarabhaṭa abused and threatened him; good advice given to a fool does not calm but rather enrages him. Then the resolute S'ankhadatta went away indignant at this treatment, and made a strict friendship with Bhímabhaṭa, in order to have the opportunity of conquering Samarabhaṭa.

Then a merchant, of the name of Maṇidatta, came there from a foreign country, bringing with him an excellent horse; it was as white as the moon; the sound of its neighing was as musical as that of a clear conch or other sweet-sounding instrument; it looked like the waves of the sea of milk surging on high; it was marked with curls on the neck; and adorned with the crest-jewel, the bracelet, and other signs, which it seemed as if it had acquired by being born in the race of the Gandharvas. When Bhimabhaṭa heard of that splendid horse, which was mentioned to him by S'ankhadatta, he went and bought it for a high price from that merchant-prince. At that moment Samarabhaṭa, hearing of it, came and tried to buy the horse from the merchant for double the price. But he refused to give it him, as it had already been sold to another; then Samarabhaṭa, out of envy, proceeded to carry it off by force. Then there took place a fierce combat between those two princes, as the adherents of both came running up with weapons in their hands. Then the mighty arm of Bhímabhaṭa laid low the attendants of Samarabhaṭa, and he himself abandoned the horse, and began to retire through fear of his brother. But as he was retiring, S'ankadatta, full of overpowering anger, pursued him, and laying hold of his hair behind, was on the point of killing him, when Bhímabhaṭa rushed up and prevented him, saying, "Let be for the present, it would be a grief to my father." Then S'ankhadatta let Samarabhaṭa go, and he fled in fear, discharging blood from his wounds, and repaired to his father.

Then the brave Bhímabhaṭa took possession of the horse, and immediately a Bráhman came up to him, and taking him aside, said to him, "Your mother the queen Manoramá, and the chaplain Yajuḥsvámin, and Sumati, the minister of your father, send you the following advice at this juncture. "You knew,* dear boy, how the king is always affected towards you, and

* I read *jánási* with the Sanskrit College MS. instead of *jánámi* which Dr. Brockhaus gives in his text.

he is especially angry with you at present, now that this misfortune has happened. So if you feel disposed to save your own life, and to preserve glory, and justice inviolate, if you have any regard for the future, if you consider us well disposed towards you; leave this place unobserved this very evening, as soon as the sun has set, and make for the palace of your maternal grandfather, and may good fortune attend you. This is the message they gave me for you, and they sent you this casket full of precious jewels and gold; receive it from my hand." When the wise Bhímabhaṭa heard this message, he accepted it, saying, "I consent to act thus," and he took that casket of gold and valuable jewels. And he gave him an appropriate message to take back, and then dismissed him, and mounted that horse, sword in hand. And S'ankhadatta took some gold and jewels, and mounted another horse. And then prince Bhímabhaṭa set out with him, and after he had gone a long distance, he reached at dead of night a great thicket of reeds that lay in his way. As he and his companion pursued their course through it without stopping, a couple of lions, roused by the noise, which the reeds made when trampled by the horses' hoofs, rushed out roaring, with their cubs, and began to rip up the bellies of the horses with their claws. And immediately the hero and his companion cut off the limbs of the lions with their swords, and killed them. Then he got down with his friend to look at the state of the two horses, but as their entrails were torn out, they immediately fell down dead. When Bhímabhaṭa saw that, he felt despondent, and he said to S'ankhadatta, "Friend, by a great effort we have escaped from our hostile relatives. Tell me, where, even by a hundred efforts, shall we find an escape from Fate, who has now smitten us even here, not allowing us even to retain our horses. The very horse, for which I abandoned my native land, is dead; so how can we travel on foot through this forest at night?" When he said this, his friend S'ankhadatta answered him, "It is no new thing for hostile Fate to conquer courage. This is its nature, but it is conquered by firm endurance. What can Fate do against a firm unshaken man, any more than the wind against a mountain? So come, let us mount upon the horse of endurance and so plod on here." When S'ankhadatta said this, Bhímabhaṭa set out with him. Then they slowly crossed that thicket, wounding their feet with the canes, and at last the night came to an end. And the sun, the lamp of the world, arose, dispelling the darkness of night, and the lotus-flowers in the lotus-clumps, by the side of their path, with their expanding cups and the sweet murmur of their bees, seemed to be looking at one another and saying, "It is a happy thing that this Bhímabhaṭa has crossed this thicket full of lions and other dangerous animals." So travelling on, he at last reached with his friend the sandy shore of the Ganges, dotted with the huts of hermits. There he drank its sweet waters, which seemed to be

impregnated with the nectar of the moon, from dwelling on the head of S'iva, and he bathed in them, and felt refreshed. And he ate, by way of sustenance, some venison, which they had bought from a hunter whom they happened to meet, and which S'ankhadatta brought to him roasted. And seeing that the Ganges was full and difficult to cross, for with its waves uplifted like hands it seemed again and again to warn him back, he proceeded to roam along the bank of the river. And there he saw a young Bráhman in the court of an out-of-the-way hut, engaged in the study of the Vedas. So he went up to him and said, "Who are you, and what are you doing in this solitary place?" Then the young Bráhman answered him :

"I am Nílakaṇṭha, the son of a Bráhman named S'ríkantha, who lived at Váránasí, and after all the ceremonies had been performed for me, and I had learnt knowledge in the family of my spiritual preceptor, I returned home and found all my relations dead. That left me helpless and poor, and as I was not in a position to carry on the duties of a householder, I became despondent, and repaired to this place, and had recourse to severe asceticism. Then the goddess Gangá gave me some fruits in a dream, and said to me, 'Remain here living on these fruits, until you obtain your desire.' Then I woke up and went and bathed, and when the morning came, I found in the water some fruits, that had been washed here by the stream of the Ganges. I brought those fruits, delicious as nectar, into my hut, and ate them there, and so I remain here engaged in asceticism, receiving these fruits day by day."

When he said this, Bhímabhaṭa said to S'ankhadatta, "I will give this virtuous youth enough wealth to enable him to enter the householder-state." S'ankhadatta approved his speech ; whereupon the prince gave the Bráhman the wealth that his mother gave him. For what is the use of the greatness of great ones, who have abundant courage and wealth, if they do not put a stop to the sufferings of their neighbour as soon as they hear of them ?

And after he had made the fortune of the Bráhman, Bhímabhaṭa searched in every direction for some means of crossing the Ganges, but could not find any. Then he tied his ornaments and sword on his head, and plunged in with S'ankhadatta to swim across it.

And in the middle of the river the current carried his friend to a distance from him, and he himself was swept away by the waves, and reached the bank with difficulty. When he reached the other side, he could not see his friend S'ankhadatta, and while he was looking for him along the bank, the sun set. Then he began to despair, and he exclaimed in bitter grief, "Alas my friend!" and it being now the beginning of the night, he prepared to drown himself in the waters of the Ganges. He said, "Goddess Jáhnaví, you have taken from me my life in the form of my friend, so now

receive also this empty vessel of my body," and he was on the point of plunging in, when Gangá appeared to him from the middle of the flood. And pleased with his violent agitation she said to him then and there, "Do not act rashly, my son! your friend is alive, and in a short time you shall be re-united with him. Now receive from me this charm called, 'Forwards and Backwards.' If a man repeats it forwards, he will become invisible to his neighbour, but if he repeats it backwards, he will assume whatever shape he desires.* Such is the force of this charm only seven syllables long, and by its help you shall become a king on this earth." When the goddess Gangá had said this, and given him the charm, she disappeared from his eyes, and he gave up the idea of suicide, now that he had got a hope of regaining his friend and of other successes. And being anxious to regain his friend, he passed the night in impatience, like the lotus-flower, and the next morning he set out in search of him.

Then, as he was travelling about in search of S'ankhadatta, he one day reached alone the district of Láṭa, where, though the colours of the castes are not mixed, the people lead a diversified and richly coloured life, which though a seat of fine arts, is not reputed a home of crimes.† In this city he wandered about, looking at the temples and the dwelling-houses, and at last he reached a hall of gamblers. He entered it and saw a number of fraudulent dice-players, who though they were clothed in a loin-rag only, shewed by their handsome, well-shaped, stout limbs, which indicated good living and plenty of exercise, that they were men of rank though they concealed it, and that they had resorted to that occupation for the sake of making money. They began to talk to him, so he sat down to play with them, and they fancied that they would make a fine thing out of him and his ornaments. Then he beat them at the dice-play, and won from the rogues all the wealth which they had acquired by cheating others.

Then those gamblers, having lost their wealth, were preparing to go home, when Bhímabhaṭa set his arms against the door and stopped them,

* For European methods of attaining invisibility see Brand's Popular Antiquities, Vol. I, p. 315; Bartsch, Sagen, Märchen, und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg, Vol. II, pp. 29 and 31; Kuhn, Westfälische Märchen, Vol. I, p. 276, Vol. II, p. 177. The virtues of the Tarnkappe are well-known. In Europe great results are expected from reciting certain sacred formulæ backwards. A somewhat similar belief appears to exist among the Buddhists. Milton's "backward muttering of dissevering charms" is perhaps hardly a case in point.

† An elaborate pun! *varṇa* = caste and also colour: *kalá* = digit of the moon and accomplishment, or fine art: *doshákara* = mine of crimes and also the moon. Dowson, in his Classical Dictionary of Hindu Mythology, tells us that Láṭa is a country comprising Kandesh and part of Guzerat about the Mhye river. It is now called Lár and is the Λαρικη of Ptolemy.

and said to them, "Where are you going? Take back this wealth; I do not want it. I must give it away to my friends, and are not you my friends? Where can I find* such dear friends as you?" When he said this, and they declined to take the money out of shame, a gambler there, of the name of Akshakshapanaka, said, "Undoubtedly it is the definition of gambling that what is won is not returned, but if this gentleman becomes our friend, and gives us of his own accord wealth which he has fairly won, why should we not take it?" The others, when they heard this, exclaimed, "It is fitting, if he makes such an eternal friendship with us." When they said this, he came to the conclusion that they were men of spirit, and he at once consented to swear eternal friendship to them, and gave them back their wealth. And at their request he went into a garden with them and their families, and refreshed himself with food, and wine, and other luxuries, supplied by them. Then, at the request of Akshakshapanaka and the others, he told his name, race, and history, and asked them also for theirs. Then Akshakshapanaka told him the story of his life.

*Story of Akshakshapanaka.*

There lived in Hastinápura a Bráhman named S'ivadatta, a very rich man, and I am his son, and my real name is Vasudatta. And in my youth I learnt skill in arms as well as in the Vedas. Then my father made me marry a wife from a family equal in rank to my own. But my mother was a great scold, implacable, and very passionate. And she worried my father so intolerably, that as soon as he saw me married, he left his home, and went away somewhere where he could not be traced. When I saw that, I was afraid, and I earnestly enjoined on my wife to study carefully my mother's disposition, and she, being terrified, did so. But my mother was bent on quarrelling, and it was impossible for my wife to please her in any way. The ill-natured woman interpreted her silence as contempt, her plaintive lamentation as hypocrisy, and her attempts at explanation as wrangling. For who can deprive the fire of its tendency to burn? Then her disagreeable behaviour in a short time worried my wife also so much, that she left the house and fled I know not where.

Then I was so despondent that I made up my mind to abandon family life, but my wretched relations assembled together and forced me to take another wife. That second wife of mine also was so worried by my mother, that she committed suicide by hanging herself. Then I was exceedingly vexed, and I determined to go to a foreign country. And when my relations tried to prevent me, I told them of the wickedness of my mother. They assigned another reason for my father's leaving the country, and would not believe my story; so I adopted the following artifice. I had a wooden

* I read *prápnomyaham* the reading of the Sanskṛit College MS.

doll made, and pretended to marry it privately as a third wife, and I brought it and placed it in another secluded house which I locked up. And I made another female puppet to guard her, dressed like a servant. And I said to my mother, "I have put this wife of mine in a separate house. So you and I must for the present remain apart from her in our own house; you must not go there and she must not come here. For she is timid as yet, and does not know how to win your affection." To this arrangement my mother gave her consent.

After some days had elapsed, my mother, finding that she could not manage anyhow to get at that supposed daughter-in-law of hers, who was in a private house kept always locked, took a stone one day and struck herself on the head, and remained in the courtyard in front of her own house, streaming with blood, and lamenting with loud cries. Then I and all my relations came in, hearing the cries, and when we saw her, we said, "Tell us, what is the matter?" When we asked her this question, she said spitefully, "My daughter-in-law came without any reason and reduced me to this state; so now my only remedy is death." When my relations heard this, they were furious, and they took her and me with them to the house where I kept the wooden doll. They removed the fastening, and opened the door, and went in, and lo! they saw nothing there but a wooden doll. Then they laughed at my mother, who was covered with shame, having imposed on no one but herself, and they began to repose confidence in what I had said, and so they went away again.

And I left that country, and travelled about till I came to this region, and here I happened to enter a gambling-hall. And there I saw these five men playing, this man named Chaṇḍabhujanga, and that Páśupaṭa, and this S'maśánavetála, and that Kálavaráṭaka, and this S'áriprastara, heroes equal in valour. And I gambled with them on this mutual understanding, that whoever was conquered should be the slave of the conqueror. Then they became my slaves by being beaten by me in gambling, but I have become their slave by being won over by their good qualities. And dwelling with them I have forgotten my woes.

So know that here I bear the name of Akshakshapaṇa,* a name suited to my condition. Here I have lived with these excellent men of good family, who conceal their real position, and now you have joined us. So now you are our chief, and it was with this view that we took that money of yours originally, being charmed with your virtues.

When Akshakshapaṇa had told his story in these words, all the others in succession also told their adventures. And prince Bhímabhaṭa perceived that his friends were heroes, who had disguised their real character by

* *i. e.* Dice-mendicant.

taking up gambling practices for the sake of gaining wealth, so he had much more pleasant chat with them, and spent the day in amusement, and then seeing that the eastern quarter had adorned its face with the rising moon, as with an ornamental patch, he went from that garden with Akshakshapaṇaka and the other six to their dwelling. And while he was there with them, the rainy season arrived, seeming to announce with the roarings of its joyous clouds his recovery of his friend. And then the impetuous river there, named Vipáśá, that flowed into the sea, was filled with an influx of sea-water and began to flow backwards, and it deluged that shore with a great inundation, and then owing to the cessation of that influx,* it seemed to flow on again to the sea. Now at that time the sudden influx of sea-water brought in a great fish, and on account of its unwieldy size it was stranded on the bank of the river. And the inhabitants, when they saw the fish stranded, ran forward with all kinds of weapons to kill it, and ripped open its stomach. And when its stomach was cut open, there came out of it alive a young Bráhman; and the people, astonished at that strange sight, raised a shout.† When Bhímabhaṭa heard that, he went there with his friends, and saw his friend S'ankhadatta, who had just issued from the inside of the fish. So he ran and embraced him, and bedewed him with copious tears, as if he wished to wash off the evil smell he had contracted by living in the gulf of the fish's maw.‡ S'ankhadatta, for his part, having escaped that calamity, and having found and embraced his friend, went from joy to joy. Then being questioned out of curiosity by Bhímabhaṭa, he gave this brief account of his adventures.

"On that occasion, when I was swept out of your sight by the force of the waves of the Ganges, I was suddenly swallowed by a very large fish. Then I remained for a long time inside the capacious habitation of his stomach, eating in my hunger his flesh, which I cut off with a knife. To-day Providence somehow or other brought this fish here, and threw it up upon the bank, so that it was killed by these men and I was taken out of its stomach. I have seen again you and the light of the sun, the horizon has been once more illuminated for me. This, my friend, is the story of my adventures, I know no more than this."

When S'ankhadatta said this, Bhímabhaṭa and all that were present exclaimed in astonishment, "To think that he should have been swallowed in the Ganges by a fish, and that that fish should have got into the sea, and then that from the sea it should have been brought into the Vipáśá,

* I conjecture *oghapraśántyaiva.*

† Cp. No. LXVI in the English Gesta, page 298 of Herrtage's edition, and the end of No. XII of Miss Stokes's Fairy Tales. See also Prym und Socin, Syrische Märchen, pp. 83 and 84.

‡ Cp. Odyssey, Book IV, 441-442.

and that it should have been killed, and then that S'ankhadatta should have come out of it alive. Ah! the way of fate is inscrutable, and wonderful are its works!" While uttering such remarks with Akshakshapaṇaka and the others, Bhímabhaṭa took S'ankhadatta to his own dwelling. And there in high delight he entertained with a bath, clothes, and other needful things, his friend, who had, as it were, been born a second time with the same body from the belly of a fish.

And while Bhímabhaṭa was living with him in that country, there came on there a festive procession in honour of Vásuki the king of the snakes. In order to see it, the prince went, surrounded with his friends, to the temple of that chief of the snakes, where great crowds were assembling. He worshipped there in the temple, where his idol was, which was full of long wreaths* of flowers in form like serpents, and which therefore resembled the abyss of Pátála, and then going in a southerly direction, he beheld a great lake sacred to Vásuki, studded with red lotuses, resembling the concentrated gleams of the brilliance of the jewels on snakes' crests;† and encircled with blue lotuses, which seemed like clouds of smoke from the fire of snake-poison; overhung with trees, that seemed to be worshipping with their flowers blown down by the wind. When he saw it, he said to himself in astonishment, "Compared with this expanded lake, that sea from which Vishṇu carried off the goddess of Fortune, seems to me to be only worthy of neglect, for its fortune of beauty is not to be taken from it by anything else.‡ In the meanwhile he saw a maiden, who had come there to bathe, by name Hansávalí, the beautiful daughter of Chandráditya, king of Láṭa, by Kuvalayavatí; her mortal nature, which was concealed by all her other members moulded like those of gods, was revealed by the winking of her rolling eye. She had ten million perfections darting forth from her flower-soft body, she was with her waist, that might be spanned with the hand, a very bow of Cupid, and the moment she looked at Bhímabhaṭa, she pierced him in the heart with the sidelong arrows of her eyes, and bewildered him.§ He too, who was a thief of the world's beauty, entered by the oblique path of her eyes the treasure-chamber of her heart, and robbed her of her self-control. Then she sent secretly a trustworthy and discreet maid, and enquired from his friends his name and residence. And after she had bathed, she was taken back to her palace by her attendants, frequently turning round her face to fix her eyes on him. And

* I read *dámabhiḥ* for *dhámabhiḥ*.

† Benfey (Panchatantra, Vol. I, p. 214, note,) traces this superstition through all countries.

‡ This passage is a concatenation of puns.

§ The whole passage is an elaborate pun. The lady is compared to a bow, the string of which vibrates in the notches, and the middle of which is held in the hand.

then Bhímabhaṭa, accompanied by his friends, went to his dwelling, with faltering steps, for he was entangled with the net which his beloved had cast over him.

And immediately the princess Hansávalí sent that maid to him as an ambassadress of love, with the message for which he longed. The maid came up to him and said to him in secret, "Prince, the princess Hansávalí solicits you thus, 'When you see me, who love you, being carried away by the stream of love, you should rescue me quickly, you should not remain indifferent upon the bank* ?'" When Bhímabhaṭa heard from the messenger the nectar of his beloved's message, he was delighted at having his life saved, and said to her, "I am in the current, I am not upon the bank; does not my beloved know that? But now, that I have obtained some hope to cling to,† I will gladly do her bidding. I will this night come and wait upon her in her private apartments, and no one shall see me, for I will enter concealed by a charm." When he said this to the maid, she was pleased, and went and told it to Hansávalí, and then she remained anxiously expecting an interview with him.

And he, in the early part of the night, went adorned with heavenly ornaments, and making himself invisible by repeating forwards the charm bestowed on him by Gangá, entered her splendid chamber which she had previously cleared of attendants. In that chamber, which suggested thoughts of love, which was perfumed with aloes, and adorned with nosegays of flowers of five hues‡ arranged there, and which therefore resembled the garden of the god of love, he beheld that lovely one exhaling heavenly fragrance, like a blossom put forth by the creeper of the wonderful charm bestowed by Gangá. And then the handsome prince recited the charm backwards, and immediately became visible to that princess. When he beheld her timidly trembling with a joyful agitation that made her hair stand on end, his ornaments immediately tinkled like musical instruments, and he seemed to be dancing with joy to their music. And the maiden hid her face with the shame of love, and seemed to be asking her heart, that caused all that display of emotion, what she was to do now. Then Bhímabhaṭa said to her, "Fair one, why do you allow your heart to exhibit shame, though its feelings have been already revealed? It does not deny the state of affairs; besides how is it possible to conceal this trembling of the limbs and this bursting boddice?" Then Bhímabhaṭa with such words, and other loving persuasions, made the fair one forget her modesty, and married her by the Gándharva form of marriage. And after he had spent

* I read, with the MS. in the Sanskrit College, *drutam anuddhṛitya* for *drutam anugatya*.

† As a life-buoy to prevent him from drowning.

‡ There must be a reference to the five flowery arrows of the god of Love.

that night with her, in sporting like a bee round the lotus of her mouth, he at last tore himself away, and saying, "I will come again at night," returned to his house.

And when the chamberlains belonging to Hansávalí entered her chamber the next morning, they saw that her lover had been with her. The ends of her curls were disordered, she had marks of moist teeth and nails, and she seemed as if the god of Love had appeared in person and afflicted her with the wounds of all his arrows. They immediately went and reported the matter to the king, and he secretly appointed spies to watch at night. And Bhímabhaṭa spent the day with his friends in their usual employments, and in the beginning of the night again repaired to the bower of his beloved. When the spies saw that he had entered without being seen, by virtue of his charm, and discovered that he possessed supernatural powers, they went out, and told the king, and he gave them this order, "The being, who has entered a well-guarded room without being seen, cannot be a mere man; so bring him here that I may see what this means. And say to him politely from me, 'Why did you not openly ask me for my daughter? Why did you make a secret of it? For it is difficult to obtain a bridegroom for my daughter as accomplished as yourself.'" When the king had sent off the spies with this message, they went as he commanded, and stood at the door and delivered this message to Bhímabhaṭa. And the resolute prince, perceiving that the king had discovered him, answered them boldly from inside; "Tell the king from me, that to-morrow I will enter his hall of audience, and tell him the truth, for now it is the dead of night." They then went and gave this message to the king and he remained silent." And in the morning Bhímabhaṭa went to rejoin his friends. And putting on a magnificent costume, he went with those seven heroes to the hall of king Chandráditya. When the king saw his splendour, his resolute bearing and handsome appearance, he received him kindly, and made him sit on a throne equal to his own, and then his friend, the Bráhman S'ankhadatta, said to the king, "King, this is the son of Ugrabhaṭa the king of Káḍhá, Bhímabhaṭa by name; his might is irresistible on account of the wonderful power of the charm which he possesses. And he has come here to sue for the hand of your daughter." When the king heard that, he remembered the occurrence of the night, and seeing that he was a suitable match for his daughter, he exclaimed, "I am fortunate indeed," and accepted the proposal. And after he had made splendid preparations for the marriage, he bestowed his daughter Hansávalí on Bhímabhaṭa with much wealth. Then Bhímabhaṭa, having obtained many elephants, horses, and villages, remained there in great comfort, possessed of Hansávalí and the goddess of Fortune. And in a few days his father-in-law gave him that kingdom of Láṭa, and, being childless and old, retired to

the forest. Then the successful Bhímabhaṭa, having obtained that kingdom, ruled it admirably with the help of those seven heroes, Chandradatta and the others.

Then, in the course of some days, he heard from his spies, that his father king Ugrabhaṭa had gone to Prayága and died there; and that, when he was intent on death, he had anointed his youngest son Samarabhaṭa, the son of the dancing-girl, king of Ráḍhá. Then he mourned for his father, and performed his funeral ceremonies, and sent a messenger to that Samarabhaṭa with a letter. And in the letter, he sent the following message to the pretender who was treating him unjustly, "Foolish son of a dancing-girl, what business have you to sit on my father's throne, for it belongs to me, though I have this kingdom of Láṭa ; so you must not ascend it." And the messenger went, and after announcing himself, delivered the letter to that Samarabhaṭa, when he was in the hall of assembly. And when Samarabhaṭa read this letter of such an import, under his brother's sign manual, he was angry, and answered, "This baseless presumption is becoming in this ill-conducted man, who was long ago banished by my father from the country, because he was not fit to remain in it. Even the jackal apes the lion, when he is comfortably ensconced in his native cavern, but when he comes within view of the lion, he is discovered to be only a jackal." Such was the answer he roared forth, and he wrote to the same effect in a letter, and sent his return-messenger to carry it to Bhímabhaṭa.

So the return-messenger went, and gave, when introduced by the warder, that letter to the king of Láṭa. And when Bhímabhaṭa had read that letter, he laughed loudly, and said to the return-messenger of his brother—"Go, messenger, and tell that dancing-girl's son from me, 'On that former occasion when you tried to seize the horse, I saved you from S'ankhadatta, because you were a child and dear to my father, but I will no longer endure your insolence. I will certainly send you to my father who is so fond of you. Make ready, and know that in a few days I shall have arrived.'" With these words he dismissed the messenger, and then he began his expedition. When that moon of kings, glorious in his magnificence,* mounted his elephant which resembled a hill, the great sea of his army was agitated and surged up with a roar, and the horizon was filled with innumerable feudal chiefs and princes arrived for war,† and setting out with their forces; and the earth, swiftly trampled by the elephants and horses trooping along in great numbers, groaned and trembled under the weight, as if afraid of being cleft open. In this fashion Bhímabhaṭa marched and came near Ráḍhá, eclipsing the light of the sun in the heavens with the clouds of dust raised by his army.

* When applied to the moon, it means "glorious in its rising."

† Böhtlingk and Roth give *upasankhya* as *überzählig* (?).

In the meanwhile king Samarabhaṭa heard of it, and became indignant; and armed himself, and went out with his army to meet him in battle. And those two armies met, like the eastern and western seas, and a great battle took place between the heroes on both sides, awful as the destruction of the world. Then the fire, produced by the loud clashing of swords, which seemed as if it had been kindled by the gnashing of the teeth of the angry god of Death, hid the sky; and javelins flew with their long points resembling eyelashes, and seemed like the glances of the nymphs of heaven, as they gazed on the warriors. Then the field of battle appeared like a stage; its canopy was dust, its music was the shouting of the army, and its dancers palpitating trunks. And a furious* torrent of blood, sweeping along heads, and garlanded with trunks, carried off all living creatures, like the night of destruction at the end of the world.

But the archer Bhímabhaṭa soon routed the army of his enemies, by means of a combined attack of the mighty warriors S'ankhadatta, and Akshakshapaṇaka, and Chaṇḍabhujanga and his fellows, skilled in wrestling, resembling impetuous elephants. And Samarabhaṭa was furious, when his army was routed, and he dashed forward on his chariot, and began to churn the sea of battle, as Mount Mandara churned the ocean.† Then Bhímabhaṭa, who was mounted on an elephant, attacked him, and cut his bow in two with his arrows, and also killed all the four horses of his chariot. Then Samarabhaṭa, being prevented from using his chariot, ran and struck with a javelin on the forehead the splendid elephant of Bhímabhaṭa, and the elephant, as soon as it was struck, fell dead on the ground. Then both of them, being deprived of their means of conveyance, had to fight on foot. And the two angry kings, armed with sword and shield, engaged in single combat. But Bhímabhaṭa, though he might have made himself invisible by means of his charm, and so have killed him, out of a regard for fairness, would not kill his enemy in that way. But being a skilful swordsman, he contended against him in open fight, and cut off with his sword the head of that son of the dancing-girl.

And when that Samarabhaṭa was slain with his soldiers, and the bands of the Siddhas had applauded from the heavens, and the fight had come to an end, Bhímabhaṭa with his friends entered the city of Raḍhá, being praised by heralds and minstrels. Then, returning from a long absence, after slaying his enemy, he delighted his mother, who was eager to behold him, as Ráma did Kauśalyá. And the citizens welcomed him, and then he adorned the throne of his father, and took his seat on it, honoured by his

* I adopt *pramattá* the reading of the Sanskṛit College MS.

† The gods and Asuras used it as a churning-stick at the churning of the ocean for the recovery of the Amṛita, and other precious things lost during the deluge.

father's ministers, who loved his good qualities. And then he honoured all his subjects, who made high festival; and on a lucky day he gave to S'ankhadatta the kingdom of Láṭa. And he sent him to the territory of Láṭa, escorted by a force composed of natives of that country; and he gave villages and wealth to Akshakshapaṇaka and his fellows, and he remained surrounded by them, ruling his ancestral realm, with that queen Hansávalí, the daughter of the king of Láṭa. And, in course of time, he conquered the earth, and carried off the daughters of kings, and became exclusively addicted to the enjoyment of their society. And he devolved his duties on his ministers, and amused himself with the women of his harem, and never left its precincts, being engrossed with drinking and other vices.

Then, one day, the hermit Uttanka came of his own accord to visit him, as if he were the time of accomplishment of the previous decree of S'iva. And when the hermit came to the door, the king, being blinded with passion, intoxication, and the pride of sovereignty, would not listen, though the warders announced his arrival. Then the hermit was angry, and denounced this curse on the king, "O man blinded with intoxication, you shall fall from your throne, and become a wild elephant." When the king heard that, fear dispelled his intoxication, and he went out, and prostrating himself at the foot of the hermit, began to appease him with humble words. Then the anger of the great sage was calmed, and he said to him, "King, you must become an elephant, that decree cannot be altered; but when you shall have relieved a minister of Mṛigánkadatta's, named Prachaṇḍaśakti, afflicted with the curse of a Nága and blinded, who shall become your guest, and shall tell him your story, you shall be delivered from this curse; and you shall return to the state of a Gandharva, as S'iva foretold to you, and then that guest of yours shall recover the use of his eyes." When the hermit Uttanka had said this, he returned as he came, and Bhímabhaṭa was hurled from his throne, and became an elephant.

"So know, my friend, that I am that very Bhímabhaṭa, become an elephant, and you are Prachaṇḍaśakti; I know that my curse is now at an end." When Bhímabhaṭa had said this, he abandoned the form of an elephant, and at once became a Gandharva of heavenly might. And immediately Prachaṇḍaśakti recovered, to his intense delight, the use of his eyes, and looked upon that Gandharva there. And in the meanwhile the discreet Mṛigánkadatta, who had heard their conversation from the bower of creepers, with his other ministers, having discovered that it was indeed his friend, rushed quickly and impetuously forth, and threw his arms round the neck of his minister Prachaṇḍaśakti. And Prachaṇḍaśakti looked at him, and feeling as if his body had been irrigated with a sudden flood of nectar, immediately embraced the feet of his lord.

Then the Gandharva Bhímabhaṭa comforted those two, who were

weeping, both deeply moved at being reunited after so long a separation. And Mṛigánkadatta, bowing, said to that Gandharva, "That I have recovered this friend of mine, and that he has recovered his eyesight, is all due to your wondrous might. Honour to you!" When the Gandharva heard that, he said to that prince, "You shall soon recover all your other ministers, and obtain S'asánkavatí as a wife, and become king of the whole earth. So you must not lose heart. Now, auspicious one, I depart, but I will appear to you when you think of me."

When the matchless chief of the Gandhárvas had said this to the prince, and so testified his friendship for him, as his curse was at an end, and he had obtained prosperous felicity, he flew up swiftly into the sky, making the whole air resound with the tinkling of his beautiful bracelet and necklace.

And Mṛigánkadatta, having recovered Prachaṇḍaśakti, and so regained his spirits, spent that day in the wood, accompanied by his ministers.

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## CHAPTER LXXV.

Victory to Gaṇeśa, who, when dancing, makes a shower of stars, resembling a rain of flowers, fall from the sky, by a blow of his trunk!

Then Mṛigánkadatta, having passed that night, set out in the morning from that wood, together with Prachaṇḍaśakti and his other affectionate ministers, making for Ujjayiní in order to gain S'aśánkavatí, and looking out for the rest of his ministers.

And as he was going along on his way, he saw his minister Vikramakeśarin being carried through the air by a hideously deformed man. And while he was eagerly pointing him out to his other ministers, that minister alighted from the air near him. And quickly dismounting from the shoulder of that man, he came up and embraced the feet of Mṛigánkadatta, with his eyes full of tears. And the delighted Mṛigánkadatta embraced him in return, and so did his ministers, one after another, and then Vikramakeśarin dismissed that man, saying, "Come to me, when I think of you." Then Mṛigánkadatta out of curiosity asked Vikramakeśarin for the story of his adventures, and he sat down in the forest and related them.

*The adventures of Vikramakeśarin.*

When I had been separated from you on that occasion by the curse of the Nága, and had wandered about for many days in search of you, I said to myself, "I will make for Ujjayiní, for they will go there quickly,"

and having formed this intention, I set out for that city. And in course of time I reached a village near it, named Brahmasthala, and there I sat down on the bank of a lake at the foot of a tree. There an old Bráhman, afflicted with the bite of a serpent, came up to me and said, "Rise up from this place, my son, lest you incur my fate. For there is a great serpent here, and I am so tortured by the bite which he has given me, that I am now about to drown myself in this lake." When he said this, I dissuaded him, out of compassion, from committing suicide, and I then and there counteracted the effect of the poison by my knowledge of antidotes.

Then the Bráhman eagerly, but with due politeness, asked me the whole story of my life, and when he knew the facts, said to me kindly, "You have to-day saved my life, so receive, hero, this charm for mastering Vetálas, which I inherited from my father. For it is suitable to you who possess all powers, but what, I pray, could a feeble creature, like me, do with it?" When I heard that, I answered that noble Bráhman, "What use can I make of Vetálas, now that I am separated from Mṛigánkadatta?" When the Bráhman heard that, he laughed, and went on to say to me, "Do you not know that you can obtain from a Vetála all that you desire? Did not king Trivikramasena obtain of old time the sovereignty of the Vidyádharas by the favour of a Vetála? Listen now, I will tell you his story in proof of it."

*Here begins the 1st of the 25 tales of a Demon.* (Vetála-Panchavinśatiká.)*

On the banks of the Godávarí there is a place named Pratishṭhána. In it there lived of old time a famous king, named Trivikramasena, the son of Vikramasena, equal to Indra in might. Every day, when he was in his hall of audience, a mendicant named Kshántiśíla came to him, to pay him his respects, and presented him with a fruit. And every day, the king as soon as he received the fruit, gave it into the hand of the superintendent of his treasury who was near him. In this way ten years passed, but one day, when the mendicant had left the hall of audience, after giving the fruit to the king, the king gave it to a young pet monkey, that had escaped from the hands of its keepers, and happened to enter there. While the monkey was eating that fruit, it burst open, and there came out of it a splendid

* The Mongolian form of these stories is to be found in Sagas from the Far East. This work appears to be based upon a translation made by Jülg from the Calmuck language. Oesterley, in his German version of these tales, tells us that Jülg's translation appeared in Leipzig in the year 1866 under the title of "The tales of the Siddhi-kür." Oesterley mentions a Sanskrit redaction of the tales, attributed to S'ivadása, and one contained in the Kathárnava. He also mentions a Tamul version translated into English by Babington under the title of Vetála Cadai; two Telugu versions, a Mahratta version, the well-known Hindi version, a Bengali version based upon the Hindi, and a Canarese version.

priceless jewel. When the king saw that, he took up the jewel, and asked the treasurer the following question, "Where have you put all those fruits which I have been in the habit of handing over to you, after they were given to me by the mendicant?" When the superintendent of the treasury heard that, he was full of fear, and he said to the king, "I used to throw them into the treasury from the window without opening the door; if your Majesty orders me, I will open it and look for them." When the treasurer said this, the king gave him leave to do so, and he went away, and soon returned, and said to the king "I see that those fruits have all rotted away in the treasury, and I also see that there is a heap of jewels there resplendent with radiant gleams."

When the king heard it, he was pleased, and gave those jewels to the treasurer, and the next day he said to the mendicant, who came as before, "Mendicant, why do you court me every day with great expenditure of wealth? I will not take your fruit to-day until you tell me." When the king said this, the mendicant said to him in private, "I have an incantation to perform which requires the aid of a brave man, I request, hero, that you will assist me in it." When the king heard that, he consented and promised him that he would do so. Then the mendicant was pleased and he went on to say to that king, "Then I shall be waiting for you at night-fall in the approaching black fortnight, in the great cemetery here, under the shade of a *banyan*-tree, and you must come to me there. The king said—"Well! I will do so." And the mendicant Kshántiśíla returned delighted to his own dwelling.

Then the heroic monarch, as soon as he had got into the black fortnight, remembered the request of the mendicant, which he had promised to accomplish for him, and as soon as night came, he enveloped his head in a black cloth, and left the palace unperceived, sword in hand, and went fearlessly to the cemetery. It was obscured by a dense and terrible pall of darkness, and its aspect was rendered awful by the ghastly flames from the burning of the funeral pyres, and it produced horror by the bones, skeletons, and skulls of men that appeared in it. In it were present formidable Bhútas and Vetálas, joyfully engaged in their horrible activity, and it was alive with the loud yells of jackals,* so that it seemed like a second mysterious tremendous form of Bhairava. And after he had searched about in it, he found that mendicant under a *banyan*-tree, engaged in making a circle, and he went up to him and said, "Here I am arrived, mendicant; tell me, what can I do for you?"

When the mendicant heard that, and saw the king, he was delighted,

* Here there is probably a pun. The word translated "jackal" also means the god S'iva. Bhairava is a form of S'iva.

and said to him—"King, if I have found favour in your eyes, go alone a long way from here towards the south, and you will find an *aśoka*-tree. On it there is a dead man hanging up; go and bring him here; assist me in this matter, hero." As soon as the brave king, who was faithful to his promise, heard this, he said, "I will do so," and went towards the south. And after he had gone some way in that direction, along a path revealed by the light of the flaming pyres, he reached with difficulty in the darkness that *aśoka*-tree; the tree was scorched with the smoke of funeral pyres, and smelt of raw flesh, and looked like a Bhúta, and he saw the corpse hanging on its trunk, as it were on the shoulder of a demon. So he climbed up, and cutting the string which held it, flung it to the ground. And the moment it was flung down, it cried out, as if in pain. Then the king, supposing it was alive, came down and rubbed its body out of compassion; that made the corpse utter a loud demoniac laugh. Then the king knew that it was possessed by a Vetála, and said without flinching, "Why do you laugh? Come, let us go off." And immediately he missed from the ground the corpse possessed by the Vetála, and perceived that it was once more suspended on that very tree. Then he climbed up again and brought it down, for the heart of heroes is a gem more impenetrable than adamant. Then king Trivikranasena threw the corpse possessed by a Vetála over his shoulder, and proceeded to go off with it, in silence. And as he was going along, the Vetála in the corpse that was on his shoulder said to him, "King, I will tell you a story to beguile the way, listen."

*Story of the prince, who was helped to a wife by the son of his father's minister.**

There is a city named Váráṇasí, which is the dwelling-place of S'iva, inhabited by holy beings, and thus resembles the plateau of mount Kailása. The river Ganges, ever full of water, flows near it, and appears as if it were the necklace ever resting on its neck; in that city there lived of old time a king named Pratápamukuṭa, who consumed the families of his enemies with his valour, as the fire consumes the forest. He had a son named Vajramukuṭa, who dashed the god of love's pride in his beauty, and his enemies' confidence in their valour. And that prince had a friend, named Buddhiśaríra, whom he valued more than his life, the sagacious son of a minister.

Once on a time that prince was amusing himself with that friend, and his excessive devotion to the chase made him travel a long distance. As he was cutting off the long-maned† heads of lions with his arrows, as it were the chowries that represented the glory of their valour, he entered a great forest. It seemed like the chosen home of love, with singing cuckoos

* This story is the 27th in Miss Stokes's collection.

† I read *saṭáláni*, which I find in the Sanskrit College MS., instead of *sajáláni*. The mistake may have arisen from the blending of two readings *saṭálani* and *jaṭáláni*.

for bards, fanned by trees with their clusters of blossoms, waving like chowries. In it he and the minister's son saw a great lake, looking like a second sea, the birthplace of lotuses* of various colours; and in that pool of gods there was seen by him a maiden of heavenly appearance, who had come there with her attendants to bathe. She seemed to fill the splendid tank with the flood of her beauty, and with her glances to create in it a new forest of blue lotuses. With her face, that surpassed the moon in beauty, she seemed to put to shame the white lotuses, and she at once captivated with it the heart of that prince. The youth too, in the same way, took with a glance such complete possession of her eyes, that she did not regard her own modesty or even her ornaments. And as he was looking at her with his attendants, and wondering who she was, she made, under pretence of pastime, a sign to tell him her country and other particulars about her. She took a lotus from her garland of flowers, and put it in her ear, and she remained for a long time twisting it into the form of an ornament called *dantapatra* or tooth-leaf, and then she took another lotus and placed it on her head, and she laid her hand significantly upon her heart. The prince did not at that time understand those signs, but his sagacious friend the minister's son did understand them. The maiden soon departed, being led away from that place by her attendants, and when she had reached her own house, she flung herself down on a sofa, but her heart remained with that prince, to justify the sign she had made.

The prince, for his part, when without her, was like a Vidyádhara who has lost his magic knowledge, and, returning to his own city, he fell into a miserable condition. And one day the minister's son questioned him in private, speaking of that beauty as easy to obtain, whereupon he lost his self-command and exclaimed, "How is she to be obtained, when neither her name, nor her village, nor her origin is known? So why do you offer me false comfort?" When the prince said this to the minister's son, he answered, "What! did you not see, what she told you by her signs? By placing the lotus in her ear, she meant to say this, 'I live in the realm of king Karnotpala.' By making it into the tooth-leaf ornament she meant to say, 'Know that I am the daughter of a dentist† there.' By lifting up the lotus she let you know her name was Padmávatí; and by placing her hand on her heart she told you that it was yours. Now there is a king

* In this there is a pun; the word translated "lotus" may also refer to Lakshmí the wife of Vishṇu.

† Pandit S'yámá Charan Mukhopádhyáya thinks that the word *dantaghá̤ṭaka* must mean "dentist:" the Petersburg lexicographers take it to mean, "a worker in ivory." His name Sangrámavardhana has a warlike sound. Pandit Mahesa Chandra Nyáyaratna thinks that *dantagháṭa* is a proper name. If so, *sangrámavardhana* must mean prime minister.

named Karnotpala in the country of Kalinga; he has a favourite courtier, a great dentist named Sangrámavardhana, and he has a daughter named Padmávatí, the pearl of the three worlds, whom he values more than his life. All this I knew from the talk of the people, and so I understood her signs, which were meant to tell her country and the other particulars about her.*

When that prince had been told all this by the minister's son, he was pleased with that intelligent man, and rejoiced, as he had now got an opportunity of attaining his object, and, after he had deliberated with him, he set out with him from his palace on the pretence of hunting, but really in search of his beloved, and went again in that direction. And on the way he managed to give his retinue the slip by the speed of his swift horse, and he went to the country of Kalinga accompanied by the minister's son only. There they reached the city of king Karnotpala, and searched for and found the palace of that dentist, and the prince and the minister's son entered the house of an old woman, who lived near there, to lodge. The minister's son gave their horses water and fodder, and placed them there in concealment, and then said to that old woman in the presence of the prince, "Do you know, mother, a dentist named Sangrámavardhana?" When the old woman heard that, she said to him courteously, "I know him well; I was his nurse, and he has now made me attend upon his daughter as a duenna; but I never go there at present, as I have been deprived of my clothes, for my wicked son, who is a gambler, takes away my clothes as soon as he sees them." When the minister's son heard this, he was delighted, and he gratified the old woman with the gift of his upper garment and other presents, and went on to say to her, "You are a mother to us, so do what we request you to do in secret; go to that Padmávatí, the daughter of the dentist, and say to her, 'The prince, whom you saw at the lake, has come here, and out of love he has sent me to tell you.'" When the old woman heard this, she consented, being won over by the presents, and went to Padmávatí, and came back in a moment. And when the prince and the minister's son questioned her, she said to them, "I went and told her secretly that you had come. When she heard that, she scolded me, and struck me on both cheeks with her two hands smeared with camphor. So I have come back weeping, distressed at the insult. See here, my children, these marks of her fingers on my face."

When she said this, the prince was despondent, as he despaired of attaining his object, but the sagacious minister's son said to him in private,

* Cp. the way in which Pushpadanta's preceptor guesses the riddle in page 44 of Vol I of this work; so Prince Ivan is assisted by his tutor Katoma in the story of "The Blind Man and the Cripple," Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales, p. 240. Compare also the story of Azeez and Azeezeh in Lane's Arabian Nights, Vol. I, particularly page 484. The rapid manner, in which the hero and heroine fall in love in these stories, is quite in the style of Greek romances. See Rohde, Der Griechische Roman, p. 148.

"Do not despond, for by keeping her own counsel and scolding the ol woman, and striking her on the face with her ten fingers white with camphor, she meant to say, 'Wait for these remaining ten moonlight nights of the white fortnight, for they are unfavourable to an interview.'"

After the minister's son had comforted the prince with these words, he went and sold secretly in the market some gold, which he had about him, and made that old woman prepare a splendid meal, and then those two ate it with that old woman. After the minister's son had spent ten days in this fashion, he again sent the old woman to Padmávatí, to see how matters stood. And she, being fond of delicious food, liquor, and other enjoyments of the kind, went again to the dwelling-house of Padmávatí, to please her guests, and returned and said to them, "I went there to-day and remained silent, but she of her own accord taunted me with that crime of having brought your message, and again struck me here on the breast with three fingers dipped in red dye, so I have returned here thus marked by her." When the minister's son heard this, he said, of his own accord, to the prince, "Do not entertain any despondent notions, for by placing the impression of her three fingers marked with red dye on this woman's heart, she meant to say; 'I cannot receive you for three nights.'"

When the minister's son had said this to the prince, he waited till three days had passed, and again sent the old woman to Padmávatí. She went to her palace, and Padmávatí honoured her and gave her food, and lovingly entertained her that day with wine and other enjoyments. And in the evening, when the old woman wished to go back to her house, there arose outside a terrible tumult. Then the people were heard exclaiming, "Alas! Alas! a mad elephant has escaped from the post to which he was tied, and is rushing about, trampling men to death." Then Padmávatí said to that old woman, "You must not go by the public road, which is rendered unsafe by the elephant, so we will put you on a seat, with a rope fastened to it to support it, and let you down by this broad window here into the garden of the house, there you must get up a tree and cross this wall, and then let yourself down by another tree and go to your own house." After she had said this, she had the old woman let down from the window by her maid into the garden, by means of that seat with a rope fastened to it. She went by the way pointed out to her, and related the whole story, exactly as it happened, to the prince and the minister's son. Then the minister's son said to the prince, "Your desire is accomplished, for she has shewn you by an artifice the way you should take; so go there this very day, as soon as evening sets in, and by this way enter the palace of your beloved."

When the minister's son said this, the prince went with him into the garden, by the way over the wall pointed out by the old woman. There

he saw that rope hanging down with the seat, and at the top of it were some maids, who seemed to be looking out for his arrival. So he got on to the seat, and the moment those female servants saw him, they pulled him up with the rope, and he entered the presence of his beloved through the window. When he had entered, the minister's son returned to his lodging. And when the prince entered, he beheld that Padmávatí with a face like a full moon, shedding forth beauty like beams, like the night of the full moon remaining concealed through fear of the black fortnight. As soon as she saw him, she rose up boldly, and welcomed him with affectionate embraces and other endearments natural in one who had waited for him so long. Then the prince married that fair one by the Gándharva form of marriage, and all his wishes being now fulfilled, remained with her in concealment.

And after he had lived with her some days, he said to her one night, "My friend the minister's son came with me and is staying here, and he is now left alone in the house of your duenna; I must go and pay him a visit, fair one, and then I will return to you." When the cunning Padmávatí heard that, she said to her lover, "Come now, my husband, I have a question to ask you; did you guess the meaning of those signs which I made, or was it that friend of yours the minister's son?" When she said this, the prince said to her, "I did not guess anything at all, but that friend of mine, the minister's son, who is distinguished for superhuman insight, guessed it all, and told it to me." When the fair one heard this, she reflected, and said to him, "Then you have acted wrongly in not telling me about him before. Since he is your friend, he is my brother, and I must always honour him before all others with gifts of betel and other luxuries." When she had dismissed him with these words, the prince left the palace at night by the way by which he came, and returned to his friend. And in the course of conversation he told him, that he had told his beloved how he guessed the meaning of the signs which she made. But the minister's son did not approve of this proceeding on his part, considering it imprudent. And so the day dawned on them conversing.

Then, as they were again talking together after the termination of the morning prayer, the confidante of Padmávatí came in with betel and cooked food in her hand. She asked after the health of the minister's son, and after giving him the dainties, in order by an artifice to prevent the prince from eating any of them, she said, in the course of conversation, that her mistress was awaiting his arrival to feast and spend the day with her, and immediately she departed unobserved. Then the minister's son said to the prince; "Now observe, prince, I will shew you something wonderful." Thereupon he gave that cooked food to a dog to eat, and

the dog, as soon as he had eaten it, fell dead upon the spot. When the prince saw that, he said to the minister's son, "What is the meaning of this marvel?" And he answered him, "The truth is that the lady has found out that I am intelligent, by the fact that I guessed the meaning of her signs, and so she has sent me this poisoned food in order to kill me, for she is deeply in love with you, and thinks that you, prince, will never be exclusively devoted to her while I am alive, but being under my influence, will perhaps leave her, and go to your own city. So give up the idea of being angry with her, persuade the high-spirited woman to leave her relations, and I will invent and tell you an artifice for carrying her off."

When the minister's son had said this, the prince said to him, "You are rightly named Buddhiśaríra as being an incarnation of wisdom;" and at the very moment that he was thus praising him, there was suddenly heard outside a general cry from the sorrowing multitude, "Alas! Alas! the king's infant son is dead." The minister's son was much delighted at hearing this, and he said to the prince, "Repair now to Padmávatí's palace at night, and there make her drink so much, that she shall be senseless and motionless with intoxication, and apparently dead. And when she is asleep, make a mark on her hip with a red hot iron spike, and take away all her ornaments, and return by letting yourself down from the window by a rope; and after that I will take steps to make everything turn out prosperously." When the minister's son had said this, he had a three-pronged spike made, with points like the bristles of a boar, and gave it to the prince. And the prince took in his hand that weapon which resembled the crooked hard hearts of his beloved and of his friend, which were firm as black iron; and saying, "I will do as you direct," went at night to the palace of Padmávatí as before, for princes should never hesitate about following the advice of an excellent minister. There he made his beloved helpless with drink, and marked her on the hip with the spike, and took away her ornaments, and then he returned to that friend of his. And he shewed him the ornaments, and told him what he had done. Then the minister's son considered his design as good as accomplished.

And the next morning the minister's son went to the cemetery, and promptly disguised himself as an ascetic, and he made the prince assume the guise of a disciple. And he said to him, "Go and take the pearl necklace which is part of this set of ornaments, and pretend to try to sell it in the market, but put a high price on it, that no one may be willing to buy it, and that every one may see it being carried about, and if the police here should arrest you, say intrepidly, "My spiritual preceptor gave it me to sell."

When the minister's son had sent off the prince on this errand, he went and wandered about in the market-place, publicly showing the neck-

lace. And while he was thus engaged, he was seen and arrested by the police, who were on the lookout for thieves, as information had been given about the robbery of the dentist's daughter. And they immediately took him to the chief magistrate of the town; and he, seeing that he was dressed as an ascetic, said to him courteously, "Reverend sir, where did you get this necklace of pearls which was lost in this city, for the ornaments of the dentist's daughter were stolen during the night?" When the prince, who was disguised as an ascetic, heard this, he said, "My spiritual preceptor gave it me; come and question him." Then the magistrate of the city came to the minister's son, and bowed, and said to him, "Reverend sir, where did you get this pearl necklace that is in the possession of your pupil?" When the cunning fellow heard that, he took him aside and said, "I am an ascetic, in the habit of wandering perpetually backwards and forwards in the forests. As chance would have it, I arrived here, and as I was in the cemetery at night, I saw a band of witches collected from different quarters. And one of them brought the prince, with the lotus of his heart laid bare, and offered him to Bhairava. And the witch, who possessed great powers of delusion, being drunk, tried to take away my rosary, while I was reciting my prayers, making horrible contortions with her face. And as she carried the attempt too far, I got angry, and heating with a charm the prongs of my trident, I marked her on the loins. And then I took this necklace from her neck. And now I must sell this necklace, as it does not suit an ascetic."

When the magistrate heard this, he went and informed the king. When the king heard it, he concluded that that was the pearl necklace which had been lost, and he sent a trustworthy old woman to see if the dentist's daughter was really marked with a trident on the loins. The old woman came back and said that the mark could be clearly seen. Then the king made up his mind that she was a witch, and had really destroyed his child. So he went in person to that minister's son, who was personating an ascetic, and asked him how he ought to punish Padmávatí; and by his advice he ordered her to be banished from the city, though her parents lamented over her. And when she was banished, and was left in the forest, though naked, she did not abandon the body, supposing that it was all an artifice devised by the minister's son. And in the evening the minister's son and the prince, who had abandoned the dress of ascetics, and were mounted on their horses, came upon her lamenting. And they consoled her, and mounted her upon a horse, and took her to their own kingdom. There the prince lived happily with her. But the dentist, supposing that his daughter had been devoured by wild beasts in the forest, died of grief, and his wife followed him.

When the Vetála had said this, he went on to say to the king, "Now I have a doubt about this story, resolve it for me; Was the minister's son guilty of the death of this married couple, or the prince, or Padmávatí? Tell me, for you are the chief of sages. And if, king, you do not tell me the truth, though you know it, this head of yours shall certainly split in a hundred pieces."

When the Vetála said this, the king, who discerned the truth, out of fear of being cursed, gave him this answer—"O thou skilled in magic arts, what difficulty is there about it? Why, none of the three was in fault, but the whole of the guilt attaches to king Karnotpala." The Vetála then said, "Why, what did the king do? Those three were instrumental in the matter. Are the crows in fault when the swans eat the rice?" Then the king said, "Indeed no one of the three was in fault, for the minister's son committed no crime, as he was forwarding his master's interests, and Padmávatí and the prince, being burnt with the fire of the arrows of the god of Love, and being therefore undiscerning and ignorant, were not to blame, as they were intent on their own object. But the king Karnotpala, as being untaught in treatises of policy, and not investigating by means of spies the true state of affairs even among his own subjects, and not comprehending the tricks of rogues, and inexperienced in interpreting gestures and other external indications, is to be considered guilty, on account of the indiscreet step which he took."

When the Vetála, who was in the corpse, heard this, as the king by giving this correct answer had broken his silence, he immediately left his shoulder, and went somewhere unobserved by the force of his magic power, in order to test his persistence; and the intrepid king at once determined to recover him.

## *Note.*

An account of the various forms of the introduction to the XXV Tales of a Demon will be found in Oesterley's German translation of the Baitál Pachísí. The Hindi version contains the well-known story of Theodosius the younger and his wife Athenais or Eudokia. The Mongolian form differs widely from that in our text. Seven brothers, sorcerers, live in India; a mile from them live two Khan's sons; the elder of these studies magic under the seven enchanters for seven years, but learns nothing; the younger acquires their art in a moment, and both return to their palace. The younger turns himself into a horse, which the elder by his order sells to the seven enchanters. These try to kill the horse, but the Khan's son then turns himself into a fish, which the enchanters pursue in the form of seven sea-gulls, then into a dove, which they pursue as seven hawks, then he takes refuge with Nágárjuna, becoming the chief bead in his rosary, and asks him to put this bead in his mouth and to strew the rest on the ground. The beads then become worms which the sorcerers pick up in the form of hens. The Khan's son changes himself into a man, and kills the hens with a stick, when lo! seven human corpses are seen lying on the ground. As a penance for

this crime the Khan's son is sent to fetch the Siddhi-kür, which he fastens up in a bag, and which behaves in much the same way as the Vetála does in our text.

It is remarkable that there are no questions addressed by the Siddhi-kür to his captor. At the end of every story the Khan's son utters an involuntary, often meaningless exclamation, of which the Siddhi-kür takes advantage. (Oesterley's Baitál Pachísí, pp. 174 and 175.)

Oesterley refers to an Arabian form of the 1st story in Scott's Tales, Anecdotes and Letters, 1800, p. 108. A painter falls in love with the picture of a beauty, and finds that the original is in the possession of a certain minister. He penetrates in disguise into the minister's harem, wounds his beloved in the hand and takes away her veil. He then goes in the disguise of a pilgrim to the king, and says that he has seen six witches, and that he has wounded one of them, who left her veil behind her. The veil is recognized, the owner produced, convicted by her veil, and as a witch flung into a chasm. There the painter finds her, rescues her, and carries her off. See also the 1001 Nights Breslau, 1, p. 245 (Oesterley's Baitál Pachísí, pp. 182 and 183).

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## CHAPTER LXXVI.

(Vetála 2.)

Then king Vikramasena again went to the *aśoka*-tree to fetch the Vetála. And when he arrived there, and looked about in the darkness by the help of the light of the funeral pyres, he saw the corpse lying on the ground groaning. Then the king took the corpse, with the Vetála in it, on his shoulder, and set out quickly and in silence to carry it to the appointed place. Then the Vetála again said to the king from his shoulder, "King, this trouble, into which you have fallen, is great and unsuitable to you; so I will tell you a tale to amuse you, listen."

*Story of the three young Bráhmans who restored a dead lady to life*

There is, on the banks of the river Yamuná, a district assigned to Bráhmans, named Brahmasthala. In it there lived a Bráhman, named Agnisvámin, who had completely mastered the Vedas. To him there was born a very beautiful daughter named Mandáravatí. Indeed, when Providence had created this maiden of novel and priceless beauty, he was disgusted with the nymphs of Heaven his own previous handiwork. And when she grew up, there came there from Kanyakubja three young Bráhmans, equally matched in all accomplishments. And each one of these demanded the maiden from her father for himself, and would sooner sacrifice his life than allow her to be given to another. But her father would not give her to any one of them, being afraid that, if he did so, he would cause the death of the others; so the damsel remained unmarried. And

those three remained there day and night, with their eyes exclusively fixed on the moon of her countenance, as if they had taken upon themselves a vow to imitate the partridge.*

Then the maiden Mandáravatí suddenly contracted a burning fever, which ended in her death. Then the young Bráhmans, distracted with grief, carried her when dead, after she had been duly adorned, to the cemetery, and burnt her. And one of them built a hut there and made her ashes his bed, and remained there living on the alms he could get by begging. And the second took her bones and went with them to the Ganges, and the third became an ascetic and went travelling through foreign lands.

As the ascetic was roaming about, he reached a village named Vajraloka. And there he entered as a guest the house of a certain Bráhman. And the Bráhman received him courteously. So he sat down to eat; and in the meanwhile a child there began to cry. When, in spite of all efforts to quiet it, it would not stop, the mistress of the house fell into a passion, and taking it up in her arms, threw it into the blazing fire. The moment the child was thrown in, as its body was soft, it was reduced to ashes. When the ascetic, who was a guest, saw this, his hair stood on end, and he exclaimed, "Alas! Alas! I have entered the house of a Bráhman-demon. So I will not eat food here now, for such food would be sin in a visible material shape." When he said this, the householder said to him, "See the power of raising the dead to life inherent in a charm of mine, which is effectual as soon as recited." When he had said this, he took the book containing the charm and read it, and threw on to the ashes some dust, over which the charm had been recited.† That made the boy rise up alive, exactly as he was before. Then the mind of the Bráhman ascetic was quieted, and he was able to take his meal there. And the master of the house put the book up on a bracket, and after taking food, went to bed at night, and so did the ascetic. But when the master of the house was asleep, the ascetic got up timidly, and took the book, with the desire of restoring his beloved to life.

* The Chakora is fabled to subsist upon moonbeams.

† See the numerous parallels in Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales, p. 232; and Grimm's Teutonic Mythology, p. 185, note, where he refers to the story of the Machandel boom (Kinder und Hausmärchen, No. 47), the myth of Zeus and Tantalus, and other stories. In the 47th tale of the Pentamerone of Basile, one of the five sons raises the princess to life and then demands her in marriage. In fact Basile's tale seems to be compounded of this and the 5th of the Vetála's stories. In Prym and Socin's Syrische Märchen, No. XVIII, the bones of a man who had been killed ten years ago, are collected, and the water of life is poured over them with the same result as in our text. There is a "*Pergamentblatt*" with a life-restoring charm written on it, in Waldau's Böhmische Märchen, p. 353.

And he left the house with the book, and travelling day and night at last reached the cemetery, where that beloved of his had been burnt. And at that moment he saw the second Bráhman arrive there, who had gone to throw her bones into the river Ganges. And having also found the one who remained in the cemetery sleeping on her ashes, having built a hut over them, he said to the two, "Remove this hut, in order that by the power of a certain charm I may raise up my beloved alive from her ashes." Having earnestly solicited them to do this, and having overturned that hut, the Bráhman ascetic opened the book, and read the charm. And after thus charming some dust, he threw it on the ashes, and that made Mandáravatí rise up alive. And as she had entered the fire, she possessed, when resuscitated, a body that had come out of it more splendid than before, as if made of gold.*

When the three Bráhmans saw her resuscitated in this form, they immediately became love-sick, and quarrelled with one another, each desiring her for himself. And the first said, "She is my wife, for she was won by the power of my charm." And the second said, "She belongs to me, for she was produced by the efficacy of sacred bathing-places." And the third said, "She is mine, for I preserved her ashes, and resuscitated her by asceticism."

"Now king, give judgment to decide their dispute; whose wife ought the maiden to be? If you know and do not say, your head shall fly in pieces."

When the king heard this from the Vetála, he said to him, "The one who restored her to life by a charm, though he endured hardship, must be considered her father, because he performed that office for her, and not her husband; and he who carried her bones to the Ganges is considered her son; but he, who out of love lay on her ashes, and so remained in the cemetery embracing her and practising asceticism, he is to be called her husband, for he acted like one in his deep affection."†

When the Vetála heard this from king Trivikramasena, who had broken silence by uttering it, he left his shoulder, and went back invisible to his own place. But the king, who was bent on forwarding the object of the mendicant, made up his mind to fetch him again, for men of firm resolution do not desist from accomplishing a task they have promised to perform, even though they lose their lives in the attempt.

### *Note.*

Oesterley, in the notes to his German translation of the Baitál Pachísí, refers to the Turkish Tutínámah in which the lady dies of despair at the difficulty of the

* *Nishkántam* is perhaps a misprint for *nishkrántam* the reading of the Sanskṛit College MS.

† Cp. Sagas from the Far East, p. 303.

choice, as in the Tamul version. [In the Hindi version she dies of snake-bite.] She is brought back to life by a good beating. The first suitor opens the grave, the second advises the use of the cudgel, the third carries it out.

This method of restoring people, who die suddenly, to life by a good beating, is found in a Persian story, professing to be derived from a book "Post nubila Phœbus," in which the physician bears the name of Kati, and asserts that he learnt the method from an old Arab. The story is found in Epistolæ Turcicæ et Narrationes Persicæ editæ et Latine conversæ a Joh. Ury. Oxonii, 1771, 4°, pp. 26 and 27. This collection, which contains not the least hint of its origin, is particularly interesting as it contains the VIIIth story of the Siddhikür; "The Painter and the Wood-carver." [See Sagas from the Far East, p. 97.] The Episode of the stealing of the magic book is found, quite separated from the context, in many MS. versions of the Gesta Romanorum: see Appendix to Oesterley's edition. (Oesterley's Baitál Pachisi, pp. 183-185.)

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## CHAPTER LXXVII.

### (Vetála 3.)

Then the heroic king Trivikramasena again went to the *aśoka*-tree, to fetch the Vetála. And he found him there in the corpse, and again took him up on his shoulder, and began to return with him in silence. And as he was going along, the Vetála, who was on his back, said to him, "It is wonderful, king, that you are not cowed with this going backwards and forwards at night. So I will tell you another story to solace you, listen."

*Story of the king, and the two wise birds.*

There is on the earth a famous city named Pâṭaliputra. In it there lived of old time a king named Vikramakeśarin, whom Providence made a storehouse of virtues as well as of jewels. And he possessed a parrot of godlike intellect, knowing all the *śástras*, that had been born in that condition owing to a curse, and its name was Vidagdhachúḍámaṇi. And the prince married as a wife, by the advice of the parrot, a princess of equal birth, of the royal family of Magadha, named Chandraprabhá. That princess also possessed a similar hen-*maina*, of the name of Somiká, remarkable for knowledge and discernment. And the two, the parrot and the *maina*, remained there in the same cage, assisting with their discernment their master and mistress.

One day the parrot became enamoured of the *maina*, and said to her, "Marry me, fair one, as we sleep, perch, and feed in the same cage." But the *maina* answered him, "I do not desire intimate union with a male, for

all males are wicked and ungrateful." The parrot retorted, "It is not true that males are wicked, but females are wicked and cruel-hearted." And so a dispute arose between them. The two birds then made a bargain that, if the parrot won, he should have the *maina* for wife, and if the *maina* won, the parrot should be her slave, and they came before the prince to get a true judgment. The prince, who was in his father's judgment-hall, heard the point at issue between them, and then said to the *maina*, "Tell me, how are males ungrateful?" Then the *maina* said, "Listen," and in order to establish her contention, proceeded to relate this story illustrating the faults of males.

*The maina's story.**

There is on the earth a famous city, of the name of Kámandakí. In it there was a rich merchant, of the name of Arthadatta. And he had a son born to him, of the name of Dhanadatta. When his father died, the young man became dissipated. And rogues got round him, and plunged him in the love of gambling and other vices. In truth the society of the wicked is the root of the tree of vice. In a short time his wealth was exhausted by dissipation, and being ashamed of his poverty, he left his own country, to wander about in foreign lands.

And in the course of his travels, he reached a place named Chandanapura, and desiring food, he entered the house of a certain merchant. As fate would have it, the merchant, seeing that he was a handsome youth, asked him his descent and other things, and finding out that he was of good birth, entertained him, and adopted him as a *protégé*. And he gave him his daughter Ratnávalí, with a dower, and thenceforth Dhanadatta lived in his father-in-law's house.

And in the course of some days, he forgot in his present happiness his former misery, and having acquired wealth, and longing for fresh dissipation, he wished to go back to his own land. Then the rascal with difficulty wrung a permission from his unwilling father-in-law, whose daughter was his only child, and taking with him his wife, covered with ornaments, accompanied by an old woman, set out from that place, with a party of three in all. And in course of time he reached a distant wood, and on the plea that there was danger of robbers, he took those ornaments from his wife and got them into his own possession. Alas! Observe that the heart of ungrateful males, addicted to the hateful vices of dicing and drabbing, is as hard as a sword.

Then the villain, being determined to kill his wife, though she was virtuous, for the sake of her wealth, threw her and the old woman into a ravine. And after he had thrown them there, he went away. The old woman was killed, but his wife was caught in a mass of creepers and did

* Cp. the story told by the "faucon peregryn" in Chaucer's Squire's Tale.

not die. And she slowly climbed up out of the chasm, weeping bitterly, supporting herself by clinging to grass and creepers, for the appointed end of her life had not yet come. And asking her way, step by step, she arrived, by the road by which she came, at the house of her father, with difficulty, for her limbs were sorely bruised. When she arrived there suddenly, in this state, her mother and father questioned her eagerly. And the virtuous lady weeping told this tale, "We were robbed on the way by bandits, and my husband was dragged away bound; the old woman died, but I survived, though I fell into a ravine. Then I was dragged out of the ravine by a certain benevolent traveller, who came that way, and by the favour of destiny I have arrived here." When the good Ratnávalí said this, her father and mother comforted her, and she remained there, thinking only of her husband.

And in course of time her husband Dhanadatta, who had gone back to his own country, and wasted that wealth in gambling, said to himself, "I will go and fetch more wealth, begging it from my father-in-law, and I will tell him that I have left his daughter in my house here." Thinking thus in his heart, he set out for that house of his father-in-law, and when he drew near, his wife beheld him from a distance, and she ran and fell at his feet, though he was a villain. For, though a husband is wicked, a good wife does not alter her feelings towards him. And when he was frightened, she told him all the fictitious story she had previously told her parents about the robbery, her fall, and so on. Then he entered fearlessly with her the house of his father-in-law; and his father-in-law and mother-in-law, when they saw him, welcomed him joyfully. And his father-in-law called his friends together, and made a great feast on the occasion, exclaiming, "It is indeed a happy thing, that my son-in-law has been let go with life by the robbers." Then Dhanadatta lived happily with that wife of his Ratnávalí, enjoying the wealth of his father-in-law. But, fie! what the cruel man did one night, though it should not be told for shame, must still for the story's sake be related. He killed his wife when asleep in his bosom, and took away all her ornaments, and then went away unobserved to his own country.

"So wicked are males!" When the *maina* had said this, the king said to the parrot—"Now say your say."—Then the parrot said—"King, females are of intolerable audacity, immoral and wicked; hear a tale in proof of it."

*The parrot's story.**

There is a city of the name of Harshavatí, and in it there was a leading merchant named Dharmadatta, possessed of many crores. And that merchant had a daughter named Vasudattá, matchless in beauty,

* The following story is the Xth in Sagas from the Far East.

whom he loved more than his life. And she was given to an excellent young merchant named Samudradatta, equal to her in rank, distinguished for wealth and youth, who was an object that the eyes of lovely women loved to feast on, as the partridges on the rays of the moon, and who dwelt in the city of Támraliptí which is inhabited by honourable men. Once on a time, the merchant's daughter, while she was living in her father's house, and her husband was in his own country, saw at a distance a certain young and good-looking man. The fickle woman, deluded by Mára,* invited him by means of a confidante, and made him her secret paramour. And from that time forth she spent every night with him, and her affections were fixed upon him only.

But one day the husband of her youth returned from his own land, appearing to her parents like delight in bodily form. And on that day of rejoicing she was adorned, but she would have nothing to say to her husband in spite of her mother's injunctions, but when he spoke to her, she pretended to be asleep, as her heart was fixed on another. And then her husband, being drowsy with wine, and tired with his journey, was overpowered by sleep. In the meanwhile, as all the people of the house, having eaten and drunk, were fast asleep, a thief made a hole in the wall and entered their apartment. At that very moment the merchant's daughter rose up, without seeing the thief, and went out secretly, having made an assignation with her lover. When the thief saw that, his object being frustrated, he said to himself, "She has gone out in the dead of night adorned with those very ornaments which I came here to steal; so I will watch where she goes." When the thief had formed this intention, he went out, and followed that merchant's daughter Vasudattá, keeping an eye on her, but himself unobserved.

But she, with flowers and other things of the kind in her hands, went out, accompanied by a single confidante, who was in the secret, and entered a garden at no great distance outside the city.

And in it she saw her lover, who had come there to meet her, hanging dead on a tree, with a halter round his neck, for the city-guards had caught him there at night and hanged him, on the supposition that he was a thief. Then she was distracted and beside herself, and exclaiming, "I am ruined," she fell on the ground and lamented with plaintive cries. Then she took down her dead paramour from the tree, and placing him in a sitting position, she adorned him with unguents and flowers, and though he was senseless, embraced him, with mind blinded by passion and grief. And when in her sorrow she raised up his mouth and kissed it, her dead paramour, being animated by a Vetála, suddenly bit off her nose. Then she left him

* The god of love, with Buddists the Devil. Benfey considers that the Vetála Panchavínśati was originally Buddhistic.

in confusion and agony, but still the unfortunate woman came back once more, and looked at him to see if he was still alive. And when she saw that the Vetála had left his body, and that he was dead and motionless, she departed slowly, weeping with fear and humiliation.

In the meanwhile the thief, who was hidden there, saw all, and said to himself, "What is this that this wicked woman has done? Alas! the mind of females is terrible and black like a dark well, unfathomable, exceedingly deep for a fall.* So I wonder what she will do now." After these reflections, the thief again followed her at a distance, out of curiosity.

She went on and entered her own chamber, where her husband was asleep, and cried out weeping, "Help! Help! This wicked enemy, calling himself a husband, has cut off my nose, though I have done nothing wrong." Then her husband, and her father, and the servants, hearing her repeated cries, woke up, and arose in a state of excitement. Then her father, seeing that her nose had been recently taken off, was angry, and had her husband bound as having injured his wife. But even while he was being bound, he remained speechless, like a dumb man, and said nothing, for all the listeners, his father-in-law and the others, had altogether turned against him.†

When the thief had seen all this, he slipped away nimbly, and the night, which was spent in tumult, gradually passed away, and then the merchant's son was taken by his father-in-law to the king, together with his wife who had been deprived of her nose. And the king, after he had been informed by them of the circumstances, ordered the execution of the young merchant, on the ground that he had maimed his own wife, rejecting with contempt his version of the story. Then, as he was being led to the place of execution, with drums beating, the thief came up to the king's officers and said to them, "You ought not to put this man to death without cause; I know the circumstances, take me to the king, that I may tell him the whole story." When the thief said this, they took him to the king, and after he had received a promise of pardon, he told him the whole history of the night from the beginning. And he said, "If your Majesty does not believe my words, look at once at the woman's nose, which is in the mouth of that corpse." When the king heard that, he sent servants to look, and finding that the statement was true, he gave orders that the young merchant should not suffer capital punishment. But he banished his wicked wife from the country, after cutting off her ears also, and punished his father-in-law by confiscating all his wealth, and being pleased with the thief, he made him chief magistrate of the city.

* A pun difficult to render in English.

† The Sanskrit College MS. reads *vibuddhesvatha*, *i. e.*, being awake.

"So you see that females are naturally wicked and treacherous." When the parrot had told this tale, the curse imposed on him by Indra lost its force, and he became once more the Gandharva Chitraratha, and assuming a celestial form, he went to heaven. And at the same moment the *maina's* curse came to an end, and she became the heavenly nymph Tilottamá, and went at once to heaven. And so their dispute remained undecided in the judgment-hall.

When the Vetála had told this tale, he again said to the king, "So let your Majesty decide, which are the worst, males or females. But if you know and do not say, your head shall split in pieces."

When the king was asked this question by the Vetála, that was on his shoulder, he said to him, "Chief of magicians, women are the worst. For it is possible that once in a way a man may be so wicked, but females are, as a rule, always such everywhere." When the king said this, the Vetála disappeared, as before, from his shoulder, and the king once more resumed the task of fetching him.

### *Note.*

Oesterley tells us that in the Vetála Cadai the two stories are told by two parrots, and the same is the case in the Turkish Tútínámah, Rosen, 2, p. 92.

The 1st story is found in the Turkish Tútínámah. The principal difference is that the parents of the extravagant man die after his first crime; after he has spent his property, he begs in a cemetery, and is there recognized by his wife; they live some time together, and then set out to return to his house. On the way they pass the old well, and there he murders her. There are some similar points in the 11th story of the Siddhikür. [See Sagas from the Far East, pp. 120-125.]

The second story is found in Babington's Vetála Cadai, p. 44. The lover receives a mortal wound, being taken for a thief, and in the agony of death bites off the nose of the adulteress. She smears her husband's betel-knife with the blood, and accuses him of the murder. The city-guards clear the matter up.

The 2nd story is found in a very different form in the Siddhikür, No. 10; in Jülg, p. 100. [See Sagas from The Far East, pp. 115-119.] Here a younger brother is not invited to supper by an elder, so he determines to rob him out of revenge. He observes his brother's wife go to a cemetery to see her dead lover, who, when she tries to feed him by force, bites off her nose and the tip of her tongue. Of course when she accuses her husband, the younger brother reveals the secret.

The story in the Turkish Tútínámah, Rosen, 2, p. 96, Wickerhauser, p. 212, closely resembles Somadeva's. The lovers are surprised by the city-guards, who crucify the man, and let the woman go. The man in the agony of death bites her nose off, and she accuses her husband of the deed; he is then condemned to lose his nose. But a thief, who has crept into the house, and has then followed the adulteress, reveals the secret, and the woman is thereupon drowned. The story in the Panchatantra, Benfey, II, p. 40, only resembles this in its conclusion. [See Johnson's Hitopadeśa, p. 85.] It is no doubt a clever adaptation of the end of this story. The tale has been traced through all its migrations by Benfey, Vol. I, p. 140. (Oesterley's Baitál Pachísí pp. 187-191.)

## CHAPTER LXXVIII.

### (Vetála 4.)

Then king Trivikramasena again went at night to that *aśoka*-tree in the cemetery: and he fearlessly took that Vetála that was in the corpse, though it uttered a horrible laugh, and placed it on his shoulder, and set out in silence. And as he was going along, the Vetála, that was on his shoulder, said to him again, "King, why do you take all this trouble for the sake of this wicked mendicant? In truth you show no discrimination in taking all this fruitless labour. So hear from me this story to amuse you on the way."

*Story of Víravara.*

There is a city on the earth rightly named S'obhávatí. In it there lived a king of great valour, called S'údraka. The fire of that victorious king's might was perpetually fanned by the wind of the chowries waved by the captured wives of his enemies. I ween that the earth was so glorious during the reign of that king, owing to the uninterrupted practice of righteousness that prevailed, that she forgot all her other sovereigns, even Ráma.

Once on a time a Bráhman, of the name of Víravara, came from Málava to take service under that king who loved heroes. His wife's name was Dharmavatí, his son was Sattvavara, and his daughter was Víravatí. These three composed his family; and his attendants were another three, at his side a dagger, a sword in one hand, and a splendid shield in the other. Although he had so small a retinue, he demanded from the king five hundred *dinárs* a day by way of salary. And king S'údraka, perceiving that his appearance indicated great courage, gave him the salary he desired. But he felt curious to know whether, as his retinue was so small, he employed so many gold coins to feed his vices, or lavished them on some worthy object. So he had him secretly dogged by spies, in order to discover his mode of life. And it turned out that every day Víravara had an interview with the king in the morning, and stood at his palace-gate in the middle of the day, sword in hand; and then he went home and put into the hand of his wife a hundred *dínárs* of his salary for food, and with a hundred he bought clothes, unguents and betel; and after bathing, he set apart a hundred for the worship of Vishṇu and S'iva; and he gave two hundred by way of charity to poor Bráhmans. This was the distribution which he made of the five hundred every day. Then he fed the sacrificial fire with clarified butter and performed other ceremonies, and took food, and then he again went and kept guard at the gate of the palace alone at night, sword in hand.

When the king Súdraka heard from his spies, that Víravara always followed this righteous custom, he rejoiced in his heart; and he ordered those spies, who had dogged his path, to desist; and he considered him worthy of especial honour as a distinguished hero.

Then in course of time, after Víravara had easily tided through the hot weather, when the rays of the sun were exceedingly powerful, the monsoon came roaring, bearing a brandished sword of lightning, as if out of envy against Víravara, and smiting* with rain-drops. And though at that time a terrible bank of clouds poured down rain day and night, Víravara remained motionless, as before, at the gate of the palace. And king S'údraka, having beheld him in the day from the top of his palace, again went up to it at night, to find out whether he was there or not; and he cried out from it,—"Who waits there at the palace-gate?" When Víravara heard that, he answered, "I am here, your Majesty." Then king S'údraka thought to himself, "Ah! Víravara is a man of intrepid courage and devotedly attached to me. So I must certainly promote him to an important post." After the king had said this to himself, he came down from the roof of his palace, and entering his private apartments, went to bed.

And the next evening, when a cloud was violently raining with a heavy downfall, and black darkness was spread abroad, obscuring the heaven,† the king once more ascended the roof of the palace to satisfy his curiosity, and being alone, he cried out in a clear voice, "Who waits there at the palace-gate?" Again Víravara said, "I am here." And while the king was lost in admiration at seeing his courage, he suddenly heard a woman weeping in the distance, distracted with despair, uttering only the piteous sound of wailing. When the king heard that, pity arose in his mind, and he said to himself, "There is no oppressed person in my kingdom, no poor or afflicted person; so who is this woman, that is thus weeping alone at night?" Then he gave this order to Víravara, who was alone below, "Listen, Víravara; there is some woman weeping in the distance; go and find out who she is and why she is weeping."

When Víravara heard that, he said, "I will do so," and set out thence with his dagger in his belt, and his sword in his hand. He looked upon the world as a Rákshasa black with fresh clouds, having the lightning flashing from them by way of an eye, raining large drops of rain instead of stones. And king S'údraka, seeing him starting alone on such a night, and being penetrated with pity and curiosity, came down from the top of the palace, and taking his sword, set out close behind him, alone and unobserv-

* I conjecture *prahárí* for the *pahárí* of Brockhaus' edition. In *dhárá* there is a pun as it also means the "edge of a sword."

† I read with the Sanskrit College MS. *gupta-bhuvane kálatamasi.*

ed. And Víravara went on persistently in the direction of the weeping, and reached a tank outside the city, and saw there that woman in the middle of the water uttering this lament, "Hero! merciful man! Generous man! How can I live without you?" And Víravara, who was followed by the king, said with astonishment, "Who are you, and why do you thus weep?"—Then she answered him, "Dear Víravara, know that I am this earth, and king S'údraka is now my righteous lord, but on the third day from this his death will take place, and whence shall I obtain such another lord? So I am grieved, and bewail both him and myself."* When Víravara heard this, he said, like one alarmed, "Is there then, goddess, any expedient to prevent the death of this king, who is the protecting amulet of the world?"

When the earth heard this, she answered, "There is one expedient for averting it, and one which you alone can employ." Then Víravara said,—"Then, goddess, tell it me at once, in order that I may quickly put it in operation: otherwise what is the use of my life?" When the earth heard this, she said,—"Who is as brave as you, and as devoted to his master? So hear this method of bringing about his welfare. If you offer up your child Sattvavara to this glorious goddess Chaṇḍí, famous for her exceeding readiness to manifest herself to her votaries, to whom the king has built a temple† in the immediate vicinity of his palace, the king will not die, but live another hundred years. And if you do it at once, his safety will be ensured, but if not, he will assuredly have ceased to live on the third day from this time."

When the goddess Earth said this to Víravara, he said, "Goddess, I will go, and do it this very instant." Then Earth said, "May success attend you!" and disappeared; and the king, who was secretly following Víravara, heard all this.

Then Víravara went quickly in the darkness to his own house, and king S'údraka, out of curiosity, followed him unobserved. There he woke up his wife Dharmavatí, and told her how the goddess Earth had directed him to offer up his son for the sake of the king. When she heard it, she said, "My lord, we must ensure the prosperity of the king; so wake up this young boy of ours and tell it him yourself." Then Víravara woke up his young son Sattvavara, who was asleep, and told him what had occurred, and said to him, "So, my son, the king will live if you are offered up to the goddess Chaṇḍí, but if not, he will die on the third day." When Sattvavara heard it, though he was a mere child, he shewed a heroic soul, and justified his name.‡ He said "I shall have obtained all I desire, if the

* Cp. the way in which the Banshi laments in Grimm's Irische Märchen, pp. 121 and 122.

† I read *kṛitapratishṭhá* which I find in the Sanskrit College MS.

‡ Sattvavara means distinguished for courage.

sacrifice of my life saves that of the king, for so I shall have repaid him for his food which I have eaten. So why should there be any delay? Take me and offer me up immediately before the adorable goddess. Let me be the means of bringing about the happiness of my lord."

When Sattvavara said this, Víravara answered, "Bravo! you are in truth my own son." And the king, who had followed them, and heard all this conversation from outside, said to himself, "Ah! they are all equal in courage."

Then Víravara took his son Sattvavara on his shoulder, and his wife Dharmavatí took their daughter Víravatí, and they both went that very night to the temple of Chaṇḍí, and king S'údraka followed them unobserved. Then Sattvavara was taken down by his father from his shoulder, and placed in front of the idol, and the boy, who was full of courage, bowed before the goddess, and said, "May the sacrifice of my head ensure the life of king S'údraka! May he rule unopposed, goddess, for another hundred years!" When the boy Sattvavara said this, Víravara exclaimed, "Bravo!" and drew his sword and cut off his son's head, and offered it to the goddess, saying, "May the sacrifice of my son save the king's life!"—Immediately a voice was heard from the air, "Bravo! Víravara! What man is as devoted to his sovereign as thou, who, by the sacrifice of thy noble only son, hast bestowed on this king S'údraka life and a kingdom?" Then that young girl Víravatí, the daughter of Víravara, came up, and embraced the head of her slain brother, and weeping, blinded with excessive grief, she broke her heart and so died. And the king saw and heard all this from his concealment.

Then Víravara's wife Dharmavatí said to him, "We have ensured the prosperity of the king, so now I have something to say to you. Since my daughter, though a child and knowing nothing, has died out of grief for her brother, and I have lost these two children of mine, what is the use of life to me? Since I have been so foolish as not to offer my own head long ago to the goddess for the welfare of the king, give me leave to enter the fire with my children's bodies." When she urged this request, Víravara said to her, "Do so, and may prosperity attend you, for what pleasure could you find, noble woman, in continuing a life, that would for you be full of nothing but grief for your children. But do not be afflicted, because you did not sacrifice yourself. Would not I have sacrificed myself, if the object could have been attained by the sacrifice of any victim but our son? So wait until I have made a pyre for you with these pieces of timber, collected to build the fence round the sanctuary of the goddess."

When Víravara had said this, he made a funeral pyre with the timber, and placed on it the bodies of his two children, and lighted it with the flame of a lamp. Then his virtuous wife Dharmavatí fell at his feet, and,

after worshipping the goddess Chaṇḍí, she addressed to her this prayer, "May my present husband be my husband also in a future birth! And may the sacrifice of my life procure prosperity for the king his master!" When the virtuous woman had said this, she threw herself fearlessly into the burning pyre, from which the flames streamed up like hair.

Then the hero Víravara said to himself, "I have done what the king's interests required, as the celestial voice testified, and I have paid my debt to my master for his food which I have eaten: so, as I am now left alone, why should I thus cling to life? It does not look well for a man like me to nurse his own life only, after sacrificing all his dear family, which it is his duty to maintain. So why should I not gratify Durgá by sacrificing myself?" Having thus reflected, he first approached the goddess with this hymn of praise:

"Hail to thee, thou slayer of the Asura Mahisha, destroyer of the Dánava Ruru, trident-bearing goddess! Hail to thee, best of mothers, that causest rejoicing among the gods, and upholdest the three worlds! Hail thou whose feet are worshipped by the whole earth, the refuge of those that are intent on final beatitude! Hail thou that wearest the rays of the sun, and dispellest the accumulated darkness of calamity! Hail to thee, Kálí, skull-bearing goddess, wearer of skeletons! Hail, S'ivá! Honour to thee! Be propitious now to king S'údraka on account of the sacrifice of my head!" After Víravara had praised the goddess in these words, he cut off his head with a sudden stroke of his sword.

King S'udraka, who was a witness of all this from his place of concealment, was full of bewilderment, sorrow, and astonishment, and said to himself, "This worthy man and his family have performed for my sake a wonderful and difficult exploit never seen or heard of anywhere else. Though the world is wide and various, where could there be found a man so resolute as secretly to sacrifice his life for his master, without proclaiming the fact abroad? And if I do not requite this benefit, what is the use of my sovereignty, and of my protracting my life, which would only be like that of an animal?"

When the heroic king had thus reflected, he drew his sword from the sheath, and approaching the goddess, prayed thus to her, "Be propitious to me now, goddess, on account of this sacrifice of my head, and confer a boon on me, thy constant votary. Let this Bráhman Víravara, whose acts are in accordance with his name, and who sacrificed his life for my sake, be resuscitated with his family!" After uttering this prayer, king S'údraka was preparing to cut off his head with his sword, but at that moment a voice was heard from the air, "Do not act rashly; I am pleased with this courage of thine; let the Bráhman Víravara be restored to life, together with his wife and his children!"—Having uttered so much, the voice ceased,

and Víravara rose up alive and unwounded, with his son, his daughter, and his wife. When the king, who quickly concealed himself again, saw that marvel, he was never tired of looking at them with an eye full of tears of joy.

And Víravara quickly awoke as if from sleep, and, beholding his children and wife alive, and also himself, he was confused in mind. And he asked his wife and children, addressing them severally by name, "How have you returned to life after having been reduced to ashes? I too cut off my head: what is the meaning of my being now alive? Is this a delusion, or the manifest favour of the goddess?" When he said this, his wife and children answered him, "Our being alive is due to a merciful interposition of the goddess, of which we were not conscious." Then Víravara came to the conclusion that it was so, and after worshipping the goddess, he returned home with his wife and children, having accomplished his object.

And after he had left his son, wife, and daughter there, he returned that very night to the palace-gate of the king, and stood there as before. King S'údraka, for his part, who had beheld all unobserved, again went up to the roof of his palace. And he cried out from the roof, "Who is in attendance at the palace-gate?" Then Víravara said, "I myself am in waiting here, your Majesty. And in accordance with your orders I went in search of that woman, but she disappeared somewhere as soon as seen, like a Rákshasí." When the king heard the speech of that Víravara, he was very much astonished, as he had himself seen what took place, and he said to himself, "Indeed people of noble spirit are deep and self-contained of soul as the sea, for when they have performed an unparalleled exploit, they do not utter any description of it." Thus reflecting, the king silently descended from the roof of the palace, and entered his private apartments, and there spent the rest of the night.

And the next morning, Víravara came to present himself at the time of audience, and then the delighted king related to the ministers all that Víravara had gone through during the night, so that they were all, as it were, thunderstruck with wonder. Then the king gave to Víravara and his son the sovereignty over the provinces of Láṭa and Karṇáta, as a token of his regard. Then the two kings, Víravara and S'údraka, being equal in power, lived happily in the interchange of mutual good offices.

When the Vetála had told this exceedingly wonderful story, he went on to say to king Trivikramasena, "So tell me, king, who was the bravest of all these, and if you know and do not tell, the curse, which I before mentioned, shall descend upon you."

When the king heard this, he answered the Vetála, "King S'údraka was the greatest hero of them all." Then the Vetála said, "Was not Víravara greater, for his equal is not found on this earth? And was not

his wife braver, who, though a mother, endured to witness with her own eyes the offering up of her son as a victim? And was not his son Sattvavara braver, who, though a mere child, displayed such preëminent courage? So why do you say that king S'údraka was more heroic than these?"

When the Vetála said this, the king answered him, "Do not say so! Víravara was a man of high birth, one in whose family it was a tradition that life, son, and wife must be sacrificed to protect the sovereign. And his wife also was of good birth, chaste, worshipping her husband only, and her chief duty was to follow the path traced out for her by her husband. And Sattvavara was like them, being their son; assuredly, such as are the threads, such is the web produced from them. But S'údraka excelled them all, because he was ready to lay down his life for those servants, by the sacrifice of whose lives kings are wont to save their own."

When the Vetála heard that speech from that king, he at once left his shoulder, and returned invisibly to his former place by his supernatural power, but the king resolutely set out on his former path in that cemetery at night to bring him back again.

### *Note.*

For the story of Víravara, see Vol. I, pp. 253 and 519. Oesterley refers us to Benfey's Panchatantra, Vol. I, p. 414, where it is shown to be based upon the Asadṛiśa Játaka of Buddha. The story is found in the Persian Tutinámah, No 21, (in Iken, p. 89,) in a form resembling that in the Hitopadeśa. But there is another form which is No. 2 in the same work of Kaderi and found in the older Tútínámah, (p. 17 in Iken,) which seems to be based on the Vetála Panchavinśati. This is also found in the Turkish Tútínámah. Jánbás saves the life of a king by the mere determination to sacrifice himself and his whole family. (Oesterley's Baitál Pachísi, pp. 185-187.) Benfey refers us to No. 39 in Basile's Pentamerone, [Liebrecht's German translation, Vol. II, pp. 116-134,] and to No. 6 in Grimm's Kinder-Märchen.

## CHAPTER LXXIX.

### (Vetála 5.)

Then king Trivikramasena went back again to that *aśoka*-tree, and saw the Vetála in the corpse again hanging on it as before, and took him down, and after showing much displeasure with him, set out again rapidly towards his goal. And as he was returning along his way, in silence as before, through the great cemetery by night, the Vetála on his shoulder said

to him, "King, you have embarked on a toilsome undertaking, and I liked you from the moment I first saw you, so listen, I will tell you a tale to divert your mind."

*Story of Somaprabhá and her three suitors.*

In Ujjayiní there lived an excellent Bráhman, the dear dependent and minister of king Puṇyasena, and his name was Harisvámin. That householder had by his wife, who was his equal in birth, an excellent son like himself, Devasvámin by name. And he also had born to him a daughter, famed for her matchless beauty, rightly named Somaprabhá.* When the time came for that girl to be given away in marriage, as she was proud of her exceeding beauty, she made her mother give the following message to her father and brother, "I am to be given in marriage to a man possessed of heroism or knowledge, or magic power;† you must not give me in marriage to any other, if you value my life.

When her father Harisvámin heard this, he was full of anxiety, trying to find for her a husband coming under one of these three categories. And while so engaged, he was sent as ambassador by king Puṇyasena to negotiate a treaty with a king of the Dekkan, who had come to invade him. And when he had accomplished the object, for which he was sent, a noble Bráhman, who had heard of the great beauty of his daughter, came and asked him for her hand. Harisvámin said to the Bráhman suitor, "My daughter will not have any husband who does not possess either valour, knowledge, or magic power; so tell me which of the three you possess." When Harisvámin said this to the Bráhman suitor, he answered, "I possess magic power." Thereupon Harisvámin rejoined, "Then shew me your magic power." So that possessor of supernatural power immediately prepared by his skill a chariot that would fly through the air. And in a moment he took Harisvámin up in that magic chariot, and shewed him heaven and all the worlds. And he brought him back delighted to that very camp of the king of the Dekkan, to which he had been sent on business. Then Harisvámin promised his daughter to that man possessed of magic power, and fixed the marriage for the seventh day from that time.

And in the meanwhile another Bráhman, in Ujjayiní, came and asked Harisvámin's son Devasvámin for the hand of his sister. Devasvámin answered, "She does not wish to have a husband who is not possessed of either knowledge, or magic power, or heroism." Thereupon he declared himself to be a hero. And when the hero displayed his skill in the use of missiles and hand-to-hand weapons, Devasvámin promised to give him his sister, who

* *i. e.*, Moonlight.

† *Vijnána* appears to have this meaning here. In the Pentamerone of Basile (Liebrecht's translation, Vol. I, p. 266) a princess refuses to marry, unless a bridegroom can be found for her with a head and teeth of gold.

was younger than himself. And by the advice of the astrologers he told him, as his father had told the other suitor, that the marriage should take place on that very same seventh day, and this decision he came to without the knowledge of his mother.

At that very same time a third person came to his mother, the wife of Harisvámin, and asked her privately for the hand of her daughter. She said to him, "Our daughter requires a husband who possesses either knowledge, or heroism, or magic power;" and he answered, "Mother, I possess knowledge." And she, after questioning him about the past and the future, promised to give the hand of her daughter to that possessor of supernatural knowledge on that same seventh day.

The next day Harisvámin returned home, and told his wife and his son the agreement he had made to give away his daughter in marriage; and they told him separately the promises that they had made; and that made him feel anxious, as three bridegrooms had been invited.

Then, on the wedding-day, three bridegrooms arrived in Harisvámin's house, the man of knowledge, the man of magic power, and the man of valour. And at that moment a strange thing took place: the intended bride, the maiden Somaprabhá, was found to have disappeared in some inexplicable manner, and though searched for, was not found. Then Harisvámin said eagerly to the possessor of knowledge; "Man of knowledge, now tell me quickly where my daughter is gone." When the possessor of knowledge heard that, he said, "The Rákshasa Dhúmraśikha has carried her off to his own habitation in the Vindhya forest." When the man of knowledge said this to Harisvámin, he was terrified and said, "Alas! Alas! How are we to get her back, and how is she to be married?" When the possessor of magic power heard that, he said, "Be of good cheer! I will take you in a moment to the place where the possessor of knowledge says that she is." After he had said this, he prepared, as before, a chariot that would fly through the air, provided with all kinds of weapons, and made Harisvámin, and the man of knowledge, and the brave man get into it, and in a moment he carried them to the habitation of the Rákshasa in the Vindhya forest, which had been described by the man of knowledge. The Rákshasa, when he saw what had happened, rushed out in a passion, and then the hero, who was put forward by Harisvámin, challenged him to fight. Then a wonderful fight took place between that man and that Rákshasa, who were contending for a woman with various kinds of weapons, like Ráma and Rávaṇa. And in a short time the hero cut off the head of that Rákshasa with a crescent-headed arrow, though he was a doughty champion. When the Rákshasa was slain, they carried off Somaprabhá whom they found in his house, and they all returned in the chariot of the suitor who possessed magic power.

When they had reached Harisvámin's house, the marriage did not go forward, though the auspicious moment had arrived, but a great dispute arose between the man of knowledge, the man of magic power, and the man of valour. The man of knowledge said, "If I had not known where this maiden was, how would she have been discovered when concealed?—So she ought to be given to me." But the man of magic power said, "If I had not made this chariot that can fly through the air, how could you all have gone and returned in a moment like gods? And how could you, without a chariot, have fought with a Rákshasa, who possessed a chariot? So you ought to give her to me for I have secured by my skill this auspicious moment." The brave man said, "If I had not slain the Rákshasa in fight, who would have brought this maiden back here in spite of all your exertions? So she must be given to me." While they went on wrangling in this style, Harisvámin remained for a moment silent, being perplexed in mind.

"So tell me, king, to whom she ought to have been given, and if you know and do not say, your head shall split asunder." When Trivikramasena heard this from the Vetála, he abandoned his silence, and said to him; "She ought to be given to the brave man; for he won her by the might of his arms, at the risk of his life, slaying that Rákshasa in combat. But the man of knowledge and the man of magic power were appointed by the Creator to serve as his instruments; are not calculators and artificers always subordinate assistants to others?"

When the Vetála heard this answer of the king's, he left his seat on the top of his shoulder, and went, as before, to his own place; and the king again set out to find him, without being in the slightest degree discomposed.

## *Note.*

The above story bears a slight resemblance to No. 71 in Grimm's Kinder-und Hausmärchen, *Sechse kommen durch die ganze Welt;* see the note in the 3rd volume of the third edition, page 120. Cp. also the 74th story in Laura Gonzenbach's Sicilianische Märchen, Part II, page 96, and the 45th story in the same book, Part I, p. 305, with Köhler's notes. The 9th story in Sagas from the Far East, p. 105, is no doubt the Mongolian form of the tale in our text. It bears a very strong resemblance to the 47th tale in the Pentamerone of Basile, (see Liebrecht's translation, Vol. II, p. 212,) and to Das weise Urtheil in Waldau's Böhmische Märchen. In this tale there are three rival brothers; one has a magic mirror, another a magic chariot, a third three magic apples. The first finds out that the lady is desperately ill, the second takes himself and his rivals to her, the third raises her to life. An old man decides that the third should have her, as his apples were consumed as medicine, while the other two have still their chariot and mirror respectively. Oesterley refers us to Benfey's articles in Ausland, 1858, pp. 969, 995, 1017, 1038, 1067, in which this story is treated in a masterly and exhaustive manner. He compares a story in the Siddhikür, No. 1, p. 55, in Jülg's

version, which seems to be the one above referred to in Sagas from the Far East. The 22nd story in the Persian Tútínámah (Iken, p. 93,) which is found with little variation in the Turkish Tútínámah (Rosen, II, p. 165,) closely resembles the story in our text. The only difference is that a magic horse does duty for a magic chariot, and the lady is carried away by fairies. There is a story in the Tútínámah which seems to be made up of No. 2, No. 5 and No. 21 in this collection. [No. 22, in Somadeva.] It is No. 4 in the Persian Tútínámah, (Iken, p. 37,) and is also found in the Turkish version, (Rosen I, p. 151.) The lady is the work of four companions. A carpenter hews a figure out of wood, a goldsmith adorns it with gems, a tailor clothes it, and a monk animates it with life. They quarrel about her, and lay the matter before a Dervish. He avows that he is her husband. The head of the police does the same, and the Kazi, to whom it is then referred, takes the same line. At last the matter is referred to a divinity, and the lady is again reduced to wood. This form is the exaggeration of a story in Ardschi Bordschi translated by Benfey in Ausland, 1858, p. 845, (cp. Göttinger gel. Anz. 1858, p. 1517, Benfey's Panchatantra, Vol. I, p. 490 and *ff.*) A shepherd boy hews a female figure out of wood, a second paints her, a third improves her [by giving her wit and understanding, according to Sagas from the Far East,] a fourth gives her life. Naran Dákiní awards her to the last. (Oesterley's Baitál Pachísí, pp. 192-194). The story in Ardschi Bordschi will be found in Sagas from the Far East, pp. 298-303.

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## CHAPTER LXXX.

### (Vetála 6.)

Then king Trivikramasena again went to the *aśoka*-tree, and carried off from it that Vetála on his shoulder, as before, and began to return with him swiftly in silence. And on the way the Vetála again said to him, "King, you are wise and brave, therefore I love you, so I will tell you an amusing tale, and mark well my question."

*Story of the lady who caused her brother and husband to change heads.*

There was a king famous on the earth by the name of Yaśaḥketu, and his capital was a city of the name of S'obhávatí. And in that city there was a splendid temple of Gaurí,* and to the south of it there was a lake, called Gaurítírtha. And every year, during a feast on the fourteenth day of the white fortnight of the month Áshádha, large crowds came there to bathe from every part of the world.†

And once there came there to bathe, on that day, a young washerman of the name of Dhavala, from a village called Brahmasthala. He saw there

* The wife of S'iva, called also Párvátí and Durgá.

† The word *s'ukláyám*, which is found in the Sanskrit College MS., is omitted by Professor Brockhaus.

the virgin daughter of a man named S'uddhapaṭa, a girl called Madanasundarí, who had come to bathe in the sacred water.* His heart was captivated by that girl who eclipsed the beauty of the moon, and after he had enquired her name and family, he went home love-smitten. There he remained fasting and restless without her, but when his mother asked him the cause, he told her the truth about his desire.† She went and told her husband Vimala, and when he came, and saw his son in that state, he said to him, "Why are you so despondent, my son, about an object so easily attained? S'uddhapaṭa will give you his daughter, if I ask him. For we are equal to him in family, wealth, and occupation; I know him and he knows me; so this is not a difficult matter for me to arrange." With these words Vimala comforted his son, and induced him to take food, and other refreshments, and the next day he went with him to the house of S'uddhapaṭa. And there he asked his daughter in marriage for his son Dhavala, and S'uddhapaṭa courteously promised to give her. And so, after ascertaining the auspicious moment, he gave his daughter Madanasundarí, who was of equal birth with Dhavala, in marriage to him the next day. And after Dhavala had been married, he returned a happy man to his father's house, together with his wife, who had fallen in love with him at first sight.

And one day, while he was living there in happiness, his father-in-law's son, the brother of Madanasundarí, came there. All received him courteously,‡ and his sister embraced him and welcomed him, and his connections asked him how he was, and at last, after he had rested, he said to them, "I have been sent here by my father, to invite Madanasundarí and his son-in-law, since we are engaged in a festival in honour of the goddess Durgá." And all his connections and their family approved his speech, and entertained him that day with appropriate meats and drinks.

Early the next day Dhavala set out for his father-in-law's house, with Madanasundarí and his brother-in-law. And he reached with his two companions the city of S'obhávatí, and he saw the great temple of Durgá, when he arrived near it; and then he said to his wife and brother-in-law, in a fit of pious devotion, "Come and let us visit the shrine of this awful

* So in the Hero and Leander of Musæus the two lovers meet in the temple of Venus at Sestos, and in the Aethiopica of Heliodorus Theagenes meets Chariclea at a festival at Delphi. Petrarch met Laura for the first time in the chapel of St. Clara at Avignon, and Boccacio fell in love with Maria, the daughter of Robert of Naples, in the Church of the bare-footed friars in Naples. (Dunlop's History of Fiction, translated by Liebrecht, p. 9.) Rohde remarks that in Greek romances the hero and heroine usually meet in this way. Indeed it was scarcely possible for two young people belonging to the upper classes of Greek society to meet in any other way, (Der Griechische Roman, p. 146 and note). See also pp. 385 and 486.

† For *tayá* in ś́l. 10. b, the Sanskrit College MS. reads *tathá*.

‡ *Praśnayaḥ* in Professor Brockhaus's text should be *praśrayaḥ*.

goddess." When the brother-in-law heard this, he said to him, in order to dissuade him, "How can so many of us approach the goddess empty-handed?" Then Dhavala said, "Let me go alone, and you can wait outside." When he had said this, he went off to pay his respects to the goddess.

When he had entered her temple, and had worshipped, and had meditated upon that goddess, who with her eighteen mighty arms had smitten terrible Dánavas, and who had flung under the lotus of her foot and trampled to pieces the Asura Mahisha, a train of pious reflection was produced in his mind by the impulse of Destiny, and he said to himself, "People worship this goddess with various sacrifices of living creatures, so why should not I, to obtain salvation, appease her with the sacrifice of myself?" After he had said this to himself, he took from her inner shrine, which was empty of worshippers, a sword which had been long ago offered to her by some pilgrims, and, after fastening his own head by his hair to the chain of the bell, he cut it off with the sword, and when cut off, it fell on the ground.

And his brother-in-law, after waiting a long time, without his having returned, went into that very temple of the goddess to look for him. But when he saw his sister's husband lying there decapitated, he also was bewildered, and he cut off his head in the same way with that very same sword.

And when he too did not return, Madanasundarí was distracted in mind, and then she too entered the temple of the goddess. And when she had gone in, and seen her husband and her brother in such a state, she fell on the ground, exclaiming, "Alas! what is the meaning of this? I am ruined." And soon she rose up, and lamented those two that had been so unexpectedly slain, and said to herself, "Of what use is this life of mine to me now?" and being eager to abandon the body, she said to that goddess, "O thou that art the chief divinity presiding over blessedness, chastity, and holy rule, though occupying half the body of thy husband S'iva,* thou that art the fitting refuge of all women, that takest away grief, why hast thou robbed me at once of my brother and my husband? This is not fitting on thy part towards me, for I have ever been a faithful votary of thine. So hear one piteous appeal from me who fly to thee for protection. I am now about to abandon this body which is afflicted with calamity, but grant that in all my future births, whatever they may be, these two men may be my husband and brother."

In these words she praised and supplicated the goddess, and bowed before her again, and then she made a noose of a creeper and fastened it to an *aśoka*-tree. And while she was stretching out her neck, and putting it into the noose, the following words resounded from the expanse of air:

* An allusion to the Ardhanáríśa, (*i. e.* half male half female,) representation of S'iva.

"Do not act rashly, my daughter! I am pleased with the exceeding courage which thou hast displayed, though a mere girl; let this noose be, but join the heads of thy husband and thy brother to their bodies, and by virtue of my favour they shall both rise up alive."*

When the girl Madanasundarí heard this, she let the noose drop, and went up to the corpses in great delight, but being confused, and not seeing in her excessive eagerness what she was doing, she stuck, as fate would have it, her husband's head on to her brother's trunk, and her brother's head on to her husband's trunk, and then they both rose up alive, with limbs free from wound, but from their heads having been exchanged their bodies had become mixed together.†

Then they told one another what had befallen them, and were happy, and after they had worshipped the goddess Durgá, the three continued their journey. But Madanasundarí, as she was going along, saw that she had changed their heads, and she was bewildered and puzzled as to what course to take.

"So tell me, king, which of the two people, thus mixed together, was her husband; and if you know and do not tell, the curse previously denounced shall fall on you!" When king Trivikramasena heard this tale and this question from the Vetála, he answered him as follows: "That one of the two, on whom her husband's head was fixed, was her husband, for the head is the chief of the limbs, and personal identity depends upon it." When the king had said this, the Vetála again left his shoulder unperceived, and the king again set out to fetch him.

### *Note.*

Oesterley remarks that the Hindi version of this story has been translated into French by Garcin de Tassy in the Journal des Savants, 1836, p. 415, and by Lancereau in the Journal Asiatique, Ser. 4, Tom. 19, pp. 390-395. In the Tútínámah, (Persian, No. 24, in Iken, No. 102; Turkish, Rosen, II, p. 169) the washerman is replaced by an Indian prince, his friend by a priest, and the rest is the same as in our text. That Goethe took that part of his Legende, which is based on this tale, from Iken's translation, has been shewn by Benfey in Orient und Occident, Vol. I, p. 719. (Oesterley's Baitál Pachísí, pp. 195, 196.)

* Grimm in his Teutonic Mythology, p. 185, note, seems to refer to a similar story. He says, "The fastening of heads, that have been chopped off, to their trunks in Waltharius 1157 seems to imply a belief in their reanimation;" see also Schmidt's Griechische Märchen, p. 111. So St. Beino fastened on the head of Winifred after it had been cut off by Caradoc; (Wirt Sikes, British Goblins, p. 348).

† Cp. Giles's Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio, pp. 98, 99; De Gubernatis, Zoological Mythology, Vol. I, pp. 303 and 304.

## CHAPTER LXXXI.

Then king Trivikramasena went back to the *aśoka*-tree, and again found the Vetála there, and took him on his shoulder. As he was going along with him, the Vetála said to him on the way, "King, listen to me, I will tell you a story to make you forget your fatigue."

*Story of the king who married his dependent to the Nereid.*

There is a city on the shore of the eastern sea, named Támraliptí; in that city there was a king of the name of Chaṇḍasinha; he turned away his face from the wives of others, but not from battle-fields; he carried off the fortune of his foes, but not the wealth of his neighbours.

Once on a time a popular Rájpút of the Dekkan, named Sattvaśíla, came to the palace-gate of that king. And he announced himself, and then, on account of his poverty, he and some other Rájpúts tore a ragged garment in the presence of that king. Thus he became a dependent,* and remained there for many years perpetually serving the king, but he never received any reward from him. And he said to himself, "If I have been born in a royal race, why am I so poor? And considering my poverty is so great, why did the Creator make my ambition so vast? For though I serve the king so diligently, and my followers are sorely afflicted, and I have long been pining with hunger, he has never, up to the present time, deigned to notice me."

While such were the reflections of the dependent, the king one day went out to hunt. And he went, surrounded with horses and footmen, to the forest of wild beasts, while his dependent ran in front of him bearing a stick. And after he had hunted for some time, he followed up closely a boar that had escaped, and soon he reached another distant wood. And in that vast jungle, where the path was obscured with leaves and grass, the king lost the boar, and he became exhausted, and was unable to find his way. And the dependent was the only one that kept up with him, running on foot, regardless of his own life, tortured with hunger and thirst, though the king was mounted upon a horse swift as the wind. And the king, when he saw that the dependent had followed him, in spite of his being in such a condition, said to him in a kind voice, "Do you know the way by which we came?" When the dependent heard that, he put his hands together in an attitude of supplication, and said, "I do know it, but let

* The word translated "ragged garment" is *karpaṭa*. The word translated "dependent" is *kárpaṭika*. Cp. the story in the 53rd Chapter.

my lord rest here for some time. For the sun, which is the centre-jewel of the girdle of the sky-bride, is now burning fiercely with all its rays flickering forth." When the king heard this, he said to him graciously, "Then see if you can find water anywhere here." The dependent said, "I will," and he climbed up a high tree, and saw a river, and then he came down again, and led the king to it. And he took the saddle off his horse, and let him roll, and gave him water and mouthfuls of grass, and so refreshed him. And when the king had bathed, he brought out of a corner of his garment delicious* *ámalaka* fruits, and washed them, and gave them to him. And when the king asked where he got them, he said to him kneeling with the *ámalakas* in his hand, "Ten years have now passed since I, living continually on these fruits, have been performing, in order to propitiate my sovereign, the vow of a hermit that does not dwell in solitude." When the king heard that, he answered him, "It cannot be denied that you are rightly named Sattvaśíla." And being filled with compassion and shame, he said to himself; "Fie on kings who do not see who among their servants is comfortable or miserable, and fie on their courtiers who do not inform them of such matters!" Such were the king's thoughts, but he was at last induced by the importunity of the dependent to take two *ámalakas* from him. And after eating them and drinking water, he rested for a while in the company of the dependent, having satiated his hunger and thirst on fruits and water.

Then his dependent got his horse ready, and he mounted it, and the dependent went in front of him to shew him the way, but however much the king entreated him, he would not get up on the horse behind him, and so the king returned to his own city, meeting his army on the way. There he proclaimed the devotion of the dependent, and he loaded him with wealth and territories, and did not consider even then that he had recompensed him as he deserved. Then Sattvaśíla became a prosperous man, and discarding the life of a dependent, he remained henceforth about the person of king Chaṇḍasena.

And one day the king sent him to the island of Ceylon, to demand for him the hand of the king's daughter. He had to go there by sea; so he worshipped his patron divinity, and went on board a ship with the Bráhmans, whom the king appointed to accompany him. And when the ship had gone half-way, there suddenly rose from the sea a banner that excited the wonder of all in the ship. It was so lofty that its top touched the clouds, it was made of gold, and emblazoned like a waving flag of various hues. And at that very moment a bank of clouds suddenly arose, and began to pour down rain, and a mighty wind blew. And the ship was

* *Hṛidayáni* should of course be *hṛidyáni*, as in the Sanskṛit College MS.

forced on to that flag by the rain and the wind, and thus fastened to it, as elephant-drivers force on an elephant and bind him to a post. And then the flag began to sink with the ship in the billowy sea.

And then the Bráhmans in the ship, distracted with fear, called on their king Chaṇḍasinha, crying out for help. And when Sattvaśíla heard their cries, so great was his devotion to his master that he could not restrain himself, but with his sword in his hand, and his upper garment girded round him, the brave fellow daringly plunged into the billows, following the flag, in order to counteract the violence of the sea, not suspecting the real cause. And as soon as he had plunged in, that ship was carried to a distance by the wind and waves, and all the people, who were in it, fell into the mouths of the sea-monsters.

And when Sattvaśíla, who had fallen into the sea, began to look about him, he found that he was in a splendid city,* but he could not see the sea anywhere. That city glittered with palaces of gold supported on pillars of jewels, and was adorned with gardens in which were tanks with steps of precious gems, and in it he beheld the temple of Durgá, lofty as mount Meru, with many walls of costly stone, and with a soaring banner studded with jewels. There he prostrated himself before the goddess, and praised her with a hymn, and sat down wondering whether it was all the effect of enchantment.

And in the meanwhile a heavenly maiden suddenly opened a door, and issued from a bright enclosure in front of the temple of the goddess. Her eyes were like blue lotuses, her face full-blown, her smile like a flower, her body was soft like the taper fibre of a water-lily's root, so that she resembled a moving lotus-lake. And waited on by a thousand ladies, she entered the inner shrine of the goddess and the heart of Sattvaśíla at the same time. And after she had worshipped, she left the inner shrine of the goddess, but nothing would make her leave the heart of Sattvaśíla. And she entered once more into the shining enclosure, and Sattvaśíla entered after her.

* Cp. the palace of Morgan la Fay in the Orlando Innamorato, canto 36, (Dunlop's History of Fiction, p. 168, Liebrecht's translation, p. 76); also the continuation of the romance of Huon de Bourdeaux, (Dunlop's History of Fiction, p. 262, Liebrecht's translation, p. 128); and the romance of Ogier le Danois, (Dunlop's History of Fiction, p. 286, Liebrecht's translation. p. 141); cp. also the 6th Fable in the IInd book of the Hitopadeśa, (Johnson's translation, p. 57). Stories in which human beings marry dwellers in the water are common enough in Europe, see Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales, p. 116, and *ff*, Weckenstedt's Wendische Märchen, p. 192, and La Motte Fouqué's story of Undine. The present story resembles in many points "Der rothe Hund" in Gaal's Märchen der Magyaren. There is a similar castle in the sea in Prym und Socin, Syrische Märchen, p. 125.

And when he had entered, he beheld another splendid city, which seemed like a garden where all the enjoyments of the world had agreed to meet. In it Sattvaśíla saw that maiden sitting on a couch studded with gems, and he went up to her, and sat down by her side. And he remained with his eyes fixed on her face, like a man in a painting, expressing his passion by his trembling limbs, the hairs on which stood erect. And when she saw that he was enamoured of her, she looked at the faces of her attendants, and then they, understanding the expression of her face, said to him, "You have arrived here as a guest, so enjoy the hospitality provided by our mistress, rise up, bathe, and then take food." When he heard that, he entertained some hope, and he rose up, though not without a struggle, and he went to a tank in the garden which they shewed him. And the moment that he plunged into it, he rose up, to his astonishment, in the middle of a tank in the garden of king Chaṇḍasinha in Támraliptí.* And seeing himself suddenly arrived there, he said to himself, "Alas! what is the meaning of this? Now I am in this garden, and a moment ago I was in that splendid city; I have exchanged in an instant the nectarous vision of that fair one for the grievous poison of separation from her. But it was not a dream, for I saw it all clearly in a waking state. It is clear that I was beguiled like a fool by those maidens of Pátála."

Thus reflecting, he wandered about in that garden like a madman, being deprived of that maiden, and wept in the anguish of disappointed passion. And the gardeners, when they beheld him in that state, with body covered with the yellow pollen of flowers wafted by the wind, as if with the fires of separation, went and told king Chaṇḍasinha, and he, being bewildered, came himself and saw him; and after calming him, he said to him, "Tell me, my friend; what is the meaning of all this? You set out for one place and reached another, your arrows have not struck the mark at which they were aimed." When Sattvaśíla heard that, he told the king all his adventures, and he, when he heard them, said to himself, "Strange to say, though this man is a hero, he has, happily for me,† been beguiled by love, and I now have it in my power to discharge my debt of gratitude to him." So the brave king said to him, "Abandon now your needless grief, for I will conduct you by the same course into the presence of that beloved Asura maiden." With these words the king comforted him, and refreshed him with a bath and other restoratives.

The next day the king entrusted the kingdom to his ministers, and embarking on a ship, set out on the sea with Sattvaśíla, who shewed him

* Cp. the 26th Taranga of this work, and the parallels referred to there. See also the Losakajátaka, the 41st in Fausböll's edition. Oesterley refers us to Benfey's Panchatantra, 151 and following pages.

† More literally "through my merits in a former state of existence."

the way. And when they had got to that half-way spot, Sattvaśíla saw the wonderful flagstaff rising out of the sea with the banner on it, as before, and he said to the king, "Here is that great flagstaff with such wonderful properties, towering aloft out of the sea: I must plunge in here, and then the king must plunge in also and dive down after the flagstaff." After Sattvaśíla had said this, they got near the flagstaff, and it began to sink. And Sattvaśíla first threw himself in after it, and then the king also dived in the same direction, and soon after they had plunged in, they reached that splendid city. And there the king beheld with astonishment and worshipped that goddess Párvatí, and sat down with Sattvaśíla.

And in the meanwhile there issued from that glittering enclosure a maiden, accompanied by her attendant ladies, looking like the quality of brightness in concrete form. Sattvaśíla said, "This is that fair one," and the king, beholding her, considered that his attachment to her was amply justified. She, for her part, when she beheld that king with all the auspicious bodily marks, said to herself, "Who can this exceedingly distinguished man be?" And so she went into the temple of Durgá to pray, and the king contemptuously went off to the garden, taking Sattvaśíla with him. And in a short time the Daitya maiden came out from the inner shrine of the goddess, having finished her devotions, and having prayed that she might obtain a good husband; and after she had come out, she said to one of her attendants, "My friend, go and see where that distinguished man is whom I saw; and entreat him to do us the favour of coming and accepting our hospitality, for he is some great hero deserving special honour." When the attendant had received this order, she went and looked for him, and bending low, delivered to him in the garden the message of her mistress. Then the heroic king answered in a carelessly negligent tone, "This garden is sufficient entertainment for me: what other entertainment do I require?" When that attendant came and reported this answer to the Daitya maiden, she considered that the king was a man of a noble spirit and deserving of the highest regard.

And then the Asura maiden, (being, as it were, drawn towards himself with the cord of his self-command by the king, who shewed a lofty indifference for hospitality far above mortal desert,) went in person to the garden, thinking that he had been sent her by way of a husband, as a fruit of her adoration of Durgá. And the trees seemed to honour her, as she approached, with the songs of various birds, with their creepers bending in the wind like arms, and showers of blossoms. And she approached the king and bowing courteously before him, entreated him to accept of her hospitality. Then the king pointed to Sattvaśíla, and said to her, "I came here to worship the image of the goddess of which this man told me. I have reached her marvellous temple, guided to

it by the banner, and have seen the goddess, and after that, you; what other hospitality do I require?" When the maiden heard that, she said, "Then come, out of curiosity, to see my second city, which is the wonder of the three worlds." When she said this, the king laughed and said, "Oh! he told me of this also, the place where there is the tank to bathe in." Then the maiden said, "King, do not speak thus, I am not of a deceitful disposition, and who would think of cheating one so worthy of respect? I have been made the slave of you both by your surpassing excellence; so you ought not thus to reject my offer."

When the king heard this, he consented, and taking Sattvaśíla with him, he accompanied the maiden to that glittering enclosure. And the door of it was opened, and she conducted him in, and then he beheld that other splendid city of hers. The trees in it were ever producing flowers and fruits, for all seasons were present there at the same time;* and the city was all composed of gold and jewels like the peak of mount Meru. And the Daitya maiden made the king sit down on a priceless jewelled throne, and offered him the *arghya* in due form, and said to him, "I am the daughter of Kálanemi the high-souled king of the Asuras, but my father was sent to heaven by Vishṇu, the discus-armed god. And these two cities, which I inherit from my father, are the work of Viśvakarman; they furnish all that heart can wish, and old age and death never invade them. But now I look upon you as a father, and I, with my cities, am at your disposal." When she had in these words placed herself and all that she possessed at the king's disposal, he said to her, "If this be so, then I give you, excellent daughter, to another, to the hero Sattvaśíla, who is my friend and relation." When the king, who seemed to be the favour of the goddess Durgá in bodily form, said this, the maiden, who understood excellence when she saw it, acquiesced submissively. When Sattvaśíla had attained the wish of his heart by marrying that Asura maiden, and had had the sovereignty of those cities bestowed on him, the king said to him, "Now I have repaid you for one of those *ámalakas* which I ate, but I am still indebted to you for the second, for which I have never recompensed you." When the king had said this to Sattvaśíla, who bowed before him, he said to that Daitya maiden, "Now shew me the way to my own city." Then the Daitya maiden gave him a sword named "Invincible," and a fruit to eat, which was a remedy against old age and death, and with these he plunged into the tank which she pointed out, and the next thing that happened to him was, that he rose up in his own land with all

* Cp. Spenser's Fairy Queen, Book III, canto 6. stanza 42.

There is continual spring, and harvest there
Continual, both meeting at one tyme.

Cp. also Odyssey VII 117, Milton, P. L., IV. 148.

his wishes gratified. And Sattvaśíla ruled as king over the cities of the Daitya princess.

"Now tell me: which of those two shewed most courage in plunging into the water?" When the Vetála put this question to the king, the latter, fearing to be cursed, thus answered him; "I consider Sattvaśíla the braver man of the two, for he plunged into the sea without knowing the real state of the case, and without any hope, but the king knew what the circumstances were when he plunged in, and had something to look forward to, and he did not fall in love with the Asura princess, because he thought no longing would win her." When the Vetála received this answer from the king, who thereby broke silence, he left his shoulder, as before, and fled to his place on the *aśoka*-tree. And the king, as before, followed him quickly to bring him back again; for the wise never flag in an enterprise which they have begun, until it is finished.

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## CHAPTER LXXXII.

(Vetála 8.)

Then king Trivikramasena returned to the *aśoka*-tree, and again caught the Vetála, and put him on his shoulder, and set out with him. And as he was going along, the Vetála again said to him from his shoulder, "King, in order that you may forget your toil, listen to this question of mine."

*Story of the three fastidious men.*

There is a great tract of land assigned to Bráhmans in the country of Anga, called Vṛikshaghaṭa. In it there lived a rich sacrificing Bráhman named Vishṇusvámin. And he had a wife equal to himself in birth. And by her he had three sons born to him, who were distinguished for preternatural acuteness. In course of time they grew up to be young men. One day, when he had begun a sacrifice, he sent those three brothers to the sea to fetch a turtle. So off they went, and when they had found a turtle, the eldest said to his two brothers,—"Let one of you take the turtle for our father's sacrifice, I cannot take it, as it is all slippery with slime." When the eldest brother said this, the two younger ones answered him, "If you hesitate about taking it, why should not we?" When the eldest heard that, he said, "You two must take the turtle; if you do not, you will have obstructed our father's sacrifice; and then you and he will certainly sink down to hell." When he told the younger brothers this, they laughed, and

said to him, "If you see our duty so clearly, why do you not see that your own is the same?" Then the eldest said, "What, do you not know how fastidious I am? I am very fastidious about eating, and I cannot be expected to touch what is repulsive." The middle brother, when he heard this speech of his, said to his brother,—"Then I am a more fastidious person than you, for I am a most fastidious connoisseur of the fair sex." When the middle one said this, the eldest went on to say, "Then let the younger of you two take the turtle!" Then the youngest brother frowned, and in his turn said to the two elder, "You fools, I am very fastidious about beds, so I am the most fastidious of the lot."

So the three brothers fell to quarrelling with one another, and being completely under the dominion of conceit, they left that turtle and went off immediately to the court of the king of that country, whose name was Prasenajit, and who lived in a city named Viṭankapura, in order to have the dispute decided. There they had themselves announced by the warder, and went in, and gave the king a circumstantial account of their case. The king said, "Wait here, and I will put you all in turn to the proof:" so they agreed and remained there. And at the time that the king took his meal, he had them conducted to a seat of honour, and given delicious food fit for a king, possessing all the six flavours. And while all were feasting around him, the Bráhman, who was fastidious about eating, alone of all the company did not eat, but sat there with his face puckered up with disgust. The king himself asked the Bráhman why he did not eat his food, though it was sweet and fragrant, and he slowly answered him, "I perceive in this cooked rice an evil smell of the reek from corpses, so I cannot bring myself to eat it, however delicious it may be." When he said this before the assembled multitude, they all smelled it by the king's orders, and said, "This food is prepared from white rice and is good and fragrant." But the Bráhman, who was so fastidious about eating, would not touch it, but stopped his nose. Then the king reflected, and proceeded to enquire into the matter, and found out from his officers*, that the food had been made from rice which had been grown in a field near the burning-*ghát* of a certain village. Then the king was much astonished, and being pleased, he said to him, "In truth you are very particular as to what you eat; so eat of some other dish."

And after they had finished their dinner, the king dismissed the Bráhmans to their apartments, and sent for the loveliest lady of his court. And in the evening he sent that fair one, all whose limbs were of faultless

* *Niyogajanitas* is a misprint for *niyogijanatas*, as is evident from the Sanskrit College MS.

beauty, splendidly adorned, to the second Bráhman, who was so squeamish about the fair sex. And that matchless kindler of Cupid's flame, with a face like the full moon of midnight, went, escorted by the king's servants, to the chamber of the Bráhman. But when she entered, lighting up the chamber with her brightness, that gentleman, who was so fastidious about the fair sex, felt quite faint, and stopping his nose with his left hand, said to the king's servants, "Take her away; if you do not, I am a dead man, a smell comes from her like that of a goat." When the king's servants heard this, they took the bewildered fair one to their sovereign, and told him what had taken place. And the king immediately had the squeamish gentleman sent for, and said to him, "How can this lovely woman, who has perfumed herself with sandal-wood, camphor, black aloes, and other splendid scents, so that she diffuses exquisite fragrance through the whole world, smell like a goat?" But though the king used this argument with the squeamish gentleman, he stuck to his point; and then the king began to have his doubts on the subject, and at last by artfully framed questions he elicited from the lady herself, that, having been separated in her childhood from her mother and nurse, she had been brought up on goat's milk.

Then the king was much astonished, and praised highly the discernment of the man who was fastidious about the fair sex, and immediately had given to the third Bráhman who was fastidious about beds, in accordance with his taste, a bed composed of seven mattresses placed upon a bedstead. White smooth sheets and coverlets were laid upon the bed, and the fastidious man slept on it in a splendid room. But, before half a watch of the night had passed, he rose up from that bed, with his hand pressed to his side, screaming in an agony of pain. And the king's officers, who were there, saw a red crooked mark on his side, as if a hair had been pressed deep into it. And they went and told the king, and the king said to them, "Look and see if there is not something under the mattresses." So they went and examined the bottom of the mattresses one by one, and they found a hair in the middle of the bedstead underneath them all. And they took it and shewed it to the king, and they also brought the man who was fastidious about beds, and when the king saw the state of his body, he was astonished. And he spent the whole night in wondering how a hair could have made so deep an impression on his skin through seven mattresses.

And the next morning the king gave three hundred thousand gold pieces to those three fastidious men, because they were persons of wonderful discernment and refinement. And they remained in great comfort in the king's court, forgetting all about the turtle, and little did they reck of the fact that they had incurred sin by obstructing their father's sacrifice.

When the Vetála, seated on the shoulder of the king, had told him this wonderful tale, he again asked him a question in the following words, "King, remember the curse I previously denounced, and tell me which was the most fastidious of these three, who were respectively fastidious about eating, the fair sex, and beds?" When the wise king heard this, he gave the Vetála the following answer, "I consider the man who was fastidious about beds, in whose case imposition was out of the question, the most fastidious of the three, for the mark produced by the hair was seen conspicuously manifest on his body, whereas the other two may have previously acquired their information from some one else." When the king said this, the Vetála left his shoulder, as before, and the king again went in quest of him, as before, without being at all depressed.

*Note.*

The above story resembles No. 2, in the Cento Novelle Antiche, and one in the Addition to the Arabian tales published by Mr. Scott. (Dunlop's History of Fiction, Vol. I, p. 415; Liebrecht's translation, p. 212 and note 282.) See also Liebrecht, Zur Volkskunde, p. 203. In the Cento Novelle Antiche a prisoner informs the king of Greece, that a horse has been suckled by a she-ass, that a jewel contains a worm, and that the king himself is the son of a baker.

The incident of the mattress reminds one of the test applied by the queen to her son's wife in "The Palace that stood on Golden Pillars," (Thorpe's Yuletide Stories, p. 64). In order to find out whether her daughter-in-law is of high birth, she puts first a bean, then peas, under her pillow. The prince's wife, who is really the daughter of a peasant, is apprised of the stratagem by her cat, which resembles Whittington's. Rohde in his Griechische Novellistik, p. 62, compares a story told by Aelian about the Sybarite Smindyrides, who slept on a bed of rose-leaves and got up in the morning covered with blisters. He also quotes from the Chronicle of Tabari a story of a princess who was made to bleed by a rose-leaf lying in her bed. Oesterley refers us to Babington's Vetála Cadai, p. 33, and the Chevalier de Mailly's version of the three Princes of Serendip. The three are sitting at table, and eating a leg of lamb, sent with some splendid wine from the table of the Emperor Behram. The eldest maintains that the wine was made of grapes that grew in a cemetery, the second that the lamb was brought up on dog's milk, the third says that the emperor had put to death the *vazír's* son, and the latter was bent on vengeance. All three statements turn out to be well-grounded. There are parallel stories in the 1001 Nights (Breslau). In Night 458 it is similarly conjectured that the bread was baked by a sick woman, that the kid was suckled by a bitch, and that the Sultan is illegitimate. In Night 459 a gem-cutter guesses that a jewel has an internal flaw, a man skilled in the pedigrees of horses divines that a horse is the offspring of a female buffalo, and a man skilled in human pedigrees that the mother of the favourite queen was a rope-dancer. Cp. also the decisions of Hamlet in Saxo Grammaticus, 1839, p. 138, in Simrock's Quellen des Shakespeare, 1, 81—85; 5, 170; he lays down that some bread tastes of blood, (the corn was grown on a battle-field), that some liquor tastes of iron, (the malt was mixed with water taken from a well, in which some rusty swords had lain,) that some bacon tastes of corpses, (the pig had eaten a corpse), lastly that the king is a servant

and his wife a serving-maid. Oesterley refers also to the beginning of Donatus' life of Virgil, and to Heraclius Von Otte, also to the parallels quoted above from Liebrecht. The brother, who was so fastidious about beds, may be compared with a princess in Andersen's Tale of "The Princess on a pea," Gesammelte Märchen, Part III, 8, 62, (Leipzig, 1847). This is identical with a tale found in Cavallius' Schwedische Volkssagen und Märchen, German version, Vienna, 1848, p. 222, which resembles No. 182 in the older editions of Grimm's Kindermärchen. (Andersen's story is clearly the same as Thorpe's referred to above.) Nearly akin is Diocletian's test in the Seven Wise Masters. His masters put an ash-leaf under the bed; and he remarks, "Either the floor has risen, or the roof sunk." (Oesterley, p. 215.) In the version in Simrock's Deutsche Volks-bücher, Vol. XII, p. 122, it is an ivy-leaf. See also Ellis's Metrical Romances, p. 412.

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## CHAPTER LXXXIII.

### (Vetála 9.)

So king Trivikramasena again went to the *aśoka*-tree, and taking the Vetála down from it, placed him on his shoulder, and set out. Then the Vetála said to him; "King, this wandering about in a cemetery at night is inconsistent with your kingly rank. Do you not see that this place of the dead* is full of ghosts, and terrible at night, and full of darkness as of the smoke of funeral pyres. Alas! what tenacity you display in this undertaking you have engaged in, to please that mendicant! So listen to this question from me which will render your journey more agreeable."

*Story of Anangarati and her four suitors.*

There is in Avanti a city built by gods at the beginning of the world, which is limitless as the body of S'iva, and renowned for enjoyment and prosperity, even as his body is adorned with the snake's hood and ashes.† It was called Padmávatí in the Kṛita Yuga, Bhogavatí in the Tretá Yuga, Hiraṇyavatí in the Dvápara Yuga, and Ujjayiní in the Kali Yuga. And in it there lived an excellent king, named Víradeva, and he had a queen named Padmarati. The king went with her to the bank of the Mandákiní, and propitiated S'iva with austerities, in order to obtain a son. And after he had remained a long time engaged in austerities, he performed the ceremonies of bathing and praying, and then he heard this voice from heaven, uttered by S'iva, who was pleased with him, "King, there shall be born to thee a brave son to be the head of thy family, and a daughter, who with her matchless beauty shall put to shame the nymphs

* Literally "grove of ancestors," *i. e.*, cemetery.

† Here we have one of the puns in which our author delights.

of heaven." When king Víradeva had heard this voice from heaven, he returned to his city with his consort, having gained all he desired.

There he first had a son born to him named S'úradeva, and after a time queen Padmarati gave birth to a daughter. And her father gave her the name of Anangarati, on the ground that she was beautiful enough to inspire love in the breast of Cupid. And, when she grew up, in his desire to procure for her a suitable husband, he had brought the portraits of all the kings of the earth, painted on canvass. And as no one of them seemed a match for her, he said to his daughter, in his tenderness for her; "I cannot find a suitable match for you, my daughter, so summon all the kings of the earth, and select your own husband." When the princess heard that, she said to her father, "My father, I am too modest to select my own husband, but I must be given in marriage to a good-looking young man, who is a perfect master of one art; I do not want any other better man."

When the king heard this speech of his daughter Anangarati, he proceeded to search for a young man, such as she had described, and while he was thus engaged, there came to him from the Dekkan four magnificent men, brave and skilful, who had heard from the people what was going on. Those four suitors for the hand of the princess were received with respect by the king, and one after another they told to him in her presence their respective acquirements.

The first said; "I am a S'údra, Panchaphuṭṭika by name; I make every day five splendid pairs of garments: The first of them I give to my god, and the second to a Bráhman, the third I retain for my own wearing,* the fourth I should give to my wife, if this maid here were to become my wife, the fifth I sell, and procure myself meat and drink: as I possess this art, let Anangarati be given to me."

When he had said this, the second man said, "I am a Vaiśya, Bháshájna by name, I know the speech of all beasts and birds;† so let the princess be given to me."

When the second had said this, the third said, "I am a Kshatriya king, by name Khaḍgadhara, renowned for might of arm: my equal in the art of swordsmanship does not exist upon the earth, so bestow this maiden on me, O king."

When the third had said this, the fourth said, "I am a Bráhman, named Jívadatta, and I possess the following art; I can restore to life dead

* More literally, "for my own two garments." A Hindu wears two pieces of cloth.

† See note on Vol. I, p. 499, Liebrecht's translation of the Pentamerone of Basile, Vol. II, p. 215, Herrtage's edition of the English Gesta Romanorum, p. 55, the Greek fable of Teiresias, Waldau, Böhmische Märchen, p. 1.

creatures, and exhibit them alive;* so let this maiden obtain for a husband me, who am renowned for daring exploits."

When they had thus spoken, the king Víravara, with his daughter by his side, seeing that they were like gods in shape and dress, remained lost in doubt.

When the Vetála had told this story, he said to king Trivikramasena, menacing him with the before-mentioned curse, "So tell me, king, to which of these four ought the maiden Anangarati to be given?"

When the king heard this, he gave the Vetála the following answer; "You are thus repeatedly making me break silence simply in order to waste time; otherwise, master of magic, how could you possibly ask such an absurd question? How can a woman of Kshatriya caste be given to a S'údra weaver? Moreover, how can a Kshatriya woman be given to a Vaiśya? And as to the power of understanding the language of beasts and birds, which he possesses, what is the practical use of it? And as for the third, the Bráhman, who fancies himself such a hero, of what worth is he, as he is a sorcerer, and degraded by abandoning the duties of his caste? Accordingly the maiden should be given to the fourth suitor, the Kshatriya Khaḍgadhara, who is of the same caste and distinguished for his skill and valour."

When the Vetála heard this, he left the king's shoulder, as before, and quickly returned by the power of his magic to his own place, and the king again pursued him, as before, to recover him, for despondency never penetrates into a hero's heart, that is cased in armour of fortitude.

*Note.*

This story is found on page 498 and *ff* of Vol. I. It bears a close resemblance to Tale 5, and many of the parallels there quoted are applicable to it. In the 47th tale of the Pentamerone of Basile, the sons boast of their accomplishments in a very similar manner.

## CHAPTER LXXXIV.

### (Vetála 10.)

Then Trivikramasena went and took the Vetála from the *aśoka*-tree, and put him on his shoulder once more, and set out; and as he was going

* This idea is common enough in this work, and I have already traced it in other lands. I wish now to refer to Rohde, der Griechische Roman, p. 126, note. It will be found specially illustrative of a passage in Vol. II, p. 144 of this work. Cp. also

along, the Vetála said from the top of his shoulder, "You are weary, king, so listen to this tale that is capable of dispelling weariness."

*Story of Madanasená and her rash promise.*

There was an excellent king of the name of Vírabáhu, who imposed his orders on the heads of all kings: he had a splendid city named Anangapura, and in it there lived a rich merchant, named Arthadatta; that merchant prince had for elder child a son named Dhanadatta, and his younger child was a pearl of maidens, named Madanasená.

One day, as she was playing with her companions in her own garden, a young merchant, named Dharmadatta, a friend of her brother's, saw her. When he saw that maiden, who with the full streams of her beauty, her breasts like pitchers half-revealed, and three wrinkles like waves, resembled a lake for the elephant of youth to plunge in in sport, he was at once robbed of his senses by the arrows of love, that fell upon him in showers. He thought to himself, "Alas, this maiden, illuminated with this excessive beauty, has been framed by Mára, as a keen arrow to cleave asunder my heart." While, engaged in such reflections, he watched her long, the day passed away for him, as if he were a *chakraváka*. Then Madanasená entered her house, and grief at no longer beholding her entered the breast of Dharmadatta. And the sun sank red into the western main, as if inflamed with the fire of grief at seeing her no more. And the moon, that was surpassed by the lotus of her countenance, knowing that that fair-faced one had gone in for the night, slowly mounted upward.

In the meanwhile Dharmadatta went home, and thinking upon that fair one, he remained tossing to and fro on his bed, smitten by the rays of the moon. And though his friends and relations eagerly questioned him, he gave them no answer, being bewildered by the demon of love. And in the course of the night he at length fell asleep, though with difficulty, and still he seemed to behold and court that loved one in a dream; to such lengths did his longing carry him. And in the morning he woke up, and went and saw her once more in that very garden, alone and in privacy, waiting for her attendant. So he went up to her, longing to embrace her, and falling at her feet, he tried to coax her with words tender from affection. But she said to him with great earnestness, "I am a maiden, betrothed to another, I cannot now be yours, for my father has bestowed me on the merchant Samudradatta, and I am to be married in a few days. So depart quietly, let not any one see you; it might cause mischief." But Dharmadatta said to her, "Happen what may, I cannot live without you." When the merchant's daughter heard this, she was afraid that he

the Volsunga-Saga, in Hagen's Helden-Sagen Vol. III, p. 33, and Murray's Ancient Mythology, p. 43. So Hanumán, in the Rámáyaṇa, brings medicinal herbs from the Himálaya.

would use force to her, so she said to him, "Let my marriage first be celebrated here, let my father reap the long-desired fruit of bestowing a daughter in marriage; then I will certainly visit you, for your love has gained my heart." When he heard this, he said, "I love not a woman that has been embraced by another man; does the bee delight in a lotus on which another bee has settled?" When he said this to her, she replied, "Then I will visit you as soon as I am married, and afterwards I will go to my husband." But though she made this promise, he would not let her go without further assurance, so the merchant's daughter confirmed the truth of her promise with an oath. Then he let her go, and she entered her house in low spirits.

And when the lucky day had arrived, and the auspicious ceremony of marriage had taken place, she went to her husband's house and spent that day in merriment, and then retired with him. But she repelled her husband's caresses with indifference, and when he began to coax her, she burst into tears. He thought to himself, "Of a truth she cares not for me," and said to her, "Fair one, if you do not love me, I do not want you; go to your darling, whoever he may be." When she heard this, she said slowly, with downcast face, "I love you more than my life, but hear what I have to say. Rise up cheerfully, and promise me immunity from punishment; take an oath to that effect, my husband, in order that I may tell you."

When she said this, her husband reluctantly consented, and then she went on to say with shame, despondency, and fear; "A young man of the name of Dharmadatta, a friend of my brother's, saw me once alone in our garden, and smitten with love he detained me; and when he was preparing to use force, I being anxious to secure for my father the merit of giving a daughter in marriage, and to avoid all scandal, made this agreement with him; 'When I am married, I will pay you a visit, before I go to my husband;' so I must now keep my word, permit me, my husband; I will pay him a visit first, and then return to you, for I cannot transgress the law of truth which I have observed from my childhood." When Samudradatta had been thus suddenly smitten by this speech of hers, as by a down-lighting thunderbolt, being bound by the necessity of keeping his word, he reflected for a moment as follows; "Alas! she is in love with another man, she must certainly go; why should I make her break her word? Let her depart! Why should I be so eager to have her for a wife?" After he had gone through this train of thought, he gave her leave to go where she would; and she rose up, and left her husband's house.

In the meanwhile the cold-rayed moon ascended the great eastern mountain, as it were the roof of a palace, and the nymph of the eastern quarter smiled, touched by his finger. Then, though the darkness was

still embracing his beloved herbs in the mountain caves and the bees were settling on another cluster of *kumudas*, a certain thief saw Madanasená, as she was going along alone at night, and rushing upon her, seized her by the hem of her garment. He said to her, "Who are you, and where are you going?" When he said this, she, being afraid, said, "What does that matter to you? Let me go; I have business here." Then the thief said, "How can I, who am a thief, let you go?" Hearing that, she replied, "Take my ornaments." The thief answered her, "What do I care for these gems, fair one? I will not surrender you, the ornament of the world, with your face like the moonstone, your hair black like jet, your waist like a diamond,* your limbs like gold, fascinating beholders with your ruby-coloured feet."

When the thief said this, the helpless merchant's daughter told him her story, and entreated him as follows, "Excuse me for a moment, that I may keep my word, and as soon as I have done that, I will quickly return to you, if you remain here. Believe me, my good man, I will never break this true promise of mine." When the thief heard that, he let her go, believing that she was a woman who would keep her word, and he remained in that very spot, waiting for her return.

She, for her part, went to that merchant Dharmadatta. And when he saw that she had come to that wood, he asked her how it happened, and then, though he had longed for her, he said to her, after reflecting a moment, "I am delighted at your faithfulness to your promise; what have I to do with you, the wife of another? So go back, as you came, before any one sees you." When he thus let her go, she said, "So be it," and leaving that place, she went to the thief, who was waiting for her in the road. He said to her, "Tell me what befell you when you arrived at the trysting-place." So she told him how the merchant let her go. Then the thief said, "Since this is so, then I also will let you go, being pleased with your truthfulness: return home with your ornaments!"

So he too let her go, and went with her to guard her, and she returned to the house of her husband, delighted at having preserved her honour. There the chaste woman entered secretly, and went delighted to her husband; and he, when he saw her, questioned her; so she told him the whole story. And Samudratta, perceiving that his good wife had kept her word without losing her honour, assumed a bright and cheerful expression, and welcomed her as a pure-minded woman, who had not disgraced her family, and lived happily with her ever afterwards.

When the Vetála had told this story in the cemetery to king Trivikramasena, he went on to say to him; "So tell me, king, which was the really generous man of those three, the two merchants and the thief?"

* The word *vajra* also means thunderbolt.

And if you know and do not tell, your head shall split into a hundred pieces."

When the Vetála said this, the king broke silence, and said to him, "Of those three the thief was the only really generous man, and not either of the two merchants. For of course her husband let her go, though she was so lovely and he had married her; how could a gentleman desire to keep a wife that was attached to another? And the other resigned her because his passion was dulled by time, and he was afraid that her husband, knowing the facts, would tell the king the next day. But the thief, a reckless evildoer, working in the dark, was really generous, to let go a lovely woman, ornaments and all."

When the Vetála heard that, he left the shoulder of the king, and returned to his own place, as before, and the king, with his great perseverance no whit dashed, again set out, as before, to bring him.

*Note.*

This story is the same as the 19th of Campbell's West Highland Tales, The Inheritance, Vol. II, pp. 16—18. Dr. Köhler, (Orient und Occident, Vol. II, p. 317), compares the Story in the 1,001 Nights of Sultan Akschid and his three sons. He tells us that it is also found in the Turkish Tales, called The Forty Vazírs, in the Turkish Tútínáma, and in Johann Andreæ's Chymische Hochzeit Christiani Rosencreutz. The form of it best known to the general reader is probably the 5th story in the Xth day of Boccacio's Decameron. The tale is no doubt originally Buddhistic, and the king's cynical remarks a later addition. Dunlop considers that Boccacio's story gave rise to Chaucer's Frankeleyne's Tale, the 12th Canto of the Orlando Inamorato, and Beaumont and Fletcher's Triumph of Honour.

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## CHAPTER LXXXV.

(Vetála 11.)

Then king Trivikramasena again went and took that Vetála from the *aśoka*-tree and put him on his shoulder, and set out with him; and as he was going along, the Vetála on his shoulder said to him; "Listen, king; I will tell you an interesting story."

*Story of king Dharmadhvaja and his three very sensitive wives.*

There lived of old in Ujjayiní a king of the name of Dharmadhvaja, he had three wives, who were all daughters of kings, and whom he held very dear. The first of them was called Indulekhá, the second Ṭárávalí, and the third Mṛigánkavatí; and they were all possessed of extraordinary

personal charms. And the successful king, who had conquered all his enemies, lived happily, amusing himself with all those three queens.

Once on a time, when the festival of the spring-season had arrived, he went with all those three wives to the garden to amuse himself. There he beheld the creepers weighed down with flowers, looking like Cupid's bows, with rows of bees for strings, strung for him by the Spring. And the king, who resembled the mighty Indra, hearing the notes which the cuckoos uttered on the sprays of the garden-trees, like the edict of Love, the god of enjoyment, betook himself with his wives to wine, which is the very life of that intoxication, by which Cupid lives. And he joyed in drinking the liquor first tasted by them, perfumed with their sighs, red as their *bimba* lips.

Then, as Indulekhá was playfully pulling the hair of the king, a blue lotus leaped from her ear, and fell on her lap. Immediately a wound was produced on the front of her thigh by the blow, and the delicate princess exclaimed "Oh! Oh!" and fainted. When the king and the attendants saw that, they were distracted with grief, but they gradually brought her round with cold water and fanning. Then the king took her to the palace, and had a bandage applied to the wound, and treated her with preparations made by the physicians.

And at night, seeing that she was going on well, the king retired with the second, Táráválí, to an apartment on the roof of the palace exposed to the rays of the moon. There the rays of the moon, entering through the lattice, fell on the body of the queen, who was sleeping by the king's side, where it was exposed by her garment blowing aside. Immediately she woke up, exclaiming, "Alas! I am burnt," and rose up from the bed rubbing her limbs. The king woke up in a state of alarm, crying out, "What is the meaning of this?" Then he got up and saw that blisters had been produced on the queen's body. And the queen Táráválí said to him when he questioned her, "The moon's rays falling on my exposed body have done this to me." When she said this and burst into tears, the king, being distressed, summoned her attendants, who ran there in trepidation and alarm. And he had made for her a bed of lotus-leaves, sprinkled with water, and sandal-wood lotion applied to her body.

In the meanwhile his third wife Mṛigánkavatí heard of it, and left her palace to come to him. And when she had got into the open air, she heard distinctly, as the night was still, the sound of a pestle pounding rice in a distant house. The moment the gazelle-eyed one heard it, she said, "Alas I am killed," and she sat down on the path, shaking her hands in an agony of pain. Then the girl turned back, and was conducted by her attendants to her own chamber, where she fell on the bed, and groaned. And when her weeping attendants examined her, they saw that her hands

were covered with bruises, and looked like lotuses upon which black bees had settled. So they went and told the king. The king Dharmadhvaja arrived in a state of consternation, and asked his beloved what it all meant. Then the tortured queen showed him her hands, and said to him, "As soon as I heard the sound of the pestle, these became covered with bruises." Then the king, filled with surprise and despondency, had sandal-wood unguent and other remedies applied to her hands, in order to allay the pain.

He reflected, "One of my queens has been wounded by the fall of a lotus, the second has had her body burned even by the rays of the moon, and alas! the third has got such terrible bruises produced on her hands by the mere sound of a pestle. By a dispensation of fate the excessive delicacy, which is the distinguishing excellence of my queens, has now become in them all, at one and the same time, a defect." Engaged in such reflections the king wandered round the women's apartments, and the night of three watches passed for him as tediously as if it had consisted of a hundred watches. But the next morning, the physician and surgeons took measures, which caused him soon to be comforted by the recovery of his wives.

When the Vetála had told this very wonderful story, he put this question to king Trivikramasena from his seat on his shoulder: "Tell me, king, which was the most delicate of those queens; and the curse I before mentioned will take effect, if you know and do not say."

When the king heard that, he answered, "The most delicate of all was the lady upon whose hand bruises were produced by merely hearing the sound of the pestle, without touching it. But the other two were no match for her, because the wound of the one and the blisters of the other were produced by contact with the lotus and the rays of the moon respectively."

When the king had said this, the Vetála again left his shoulder, and returned to his own place, and the persevering king again set out to fetch him.

*Note.*

Rohde in his Griechische Novellistik, p. 62, compares with this a story told by Timæus of a Sybarite, who saw a husbandman hoeing a field, and contracted a rupture from it. Another Sybarite, to whom he told his piteous tale, got ear-ache from hearing it. Oesterley in his German translation of the Baitál Pachisi, p. 199, refers us to Lancereau, No. 5, pp. 396-399, and Babington's Vetála Cadai, No. 11, p. 58. He points out that Grimm, in his Kindermärchen, 3, p. 238, quotes a similar incident from the travels of the three sons of Giaffar. Out of four princesses, one faints because a rose-twig is thrown into her face among some roses, a second shuts her eyes in order not to see the statue of a man, a third says "Go away, the hairs in your fur-cloak run

into me," and the fourth covers her face, fearing that some of the fish in a tank may belong to the male sex. He also quotes a striking parallel from the E'lite des contes du Sieur d'Ouville. Four ladies dispute as to which of them is the most delicate. One has been lame for three months owing to a rose-leaf having fallen on her foot, another has had three ribs broken by a sheet in her bed having been crumpled, a third has held her head on one side for six weeks owing to one half of her head having three or four more hairs on it than the other, a fourth has broken a blood-vessel by a slight movement, and the rupture cannot be healed without breaking the whole limb.

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## CHAPTER LXXXVI.

### (Vetála 12)

Then king Trivikramasena again went to the *aśoka*-tree, and recovered the Vetála, and placed him on his shoulder, and set out with him again silently, as before. Then the Vetála again said to him from his seat on his shoulder; "King, I love you much because you are so indomitable, so listen, I will tell you this delightful story to amuse you."

*Story of king Yaśahketu, his Vidyádharí wife, and his faithful minister.*

In the land of Anga there was a young king named Yaśaḥketu, like a second and unburnt god of love come to earth to conceal his body.* He conquered by his great valour all his enemies; and as Indra has Vṛihaspati for a minister, he had Dírghadarśin. Now, in course of time, this king, infatuated with his youth and beauty, entrusted to that minister his realm, from which all enemies had been eradicated. and became devoted to pleasure only. He remained continually in the harem instead of the judgment-hall; he listened to delightful songs in the womens' apartments, instead of hearkening to the voice of his well-wishers; in his thoughtlessness, he was devoted to latticed windows and not to the affairs of his kingdom, though the latter also were full of holes.

But the great minister Dírghadarśin continued unweariedly upholding the burden of his kingdom's cares, day and night. And a general rumour spread to the following effect, "Dírghaḍarśin has plunged in dissipation the sovereign, who is satisfied with the mere name of king, and so he manages now to enjoy himself all his master's power." Then the minister Dírghadarśin said of himself to his wife Medhávatí, "My dear, as the king

* Or "to protect the realm of Anga;" a shameless pun! The god of Love was consumed by the fire of S'iva's eye.

is addicted to pleasure, and I do his work, a calumny has been circulated among the people against me, to the effect that I have devoured the realm. And a general rumour, though false, injures even great men in this world; was not Ráma compelled by a slanderous report to abandon his wife Sítá? So what course must I adopt in this emergency?" When the minister said this, his firm-souled wife Medhávatí,* who was rightly named, said to him; "Take leave of the king on the pretext of a pilgrimage to holy bathing-places; it is expedient, great-minded Sir, that you should go to a foreign land for a certain time. So you will be seen to be free from ambition, and the calumny against you will die out; and while you are absent, the king will bear the burden of the kingdom himself, and then this vicious tendency of his will gradually diminish, and when you return, you will be able to discharge your office of minister without blame.

When Dírghadarśin's wife said this to him, he said, "I will do so," and he went and said to the king Yaśaḥketu in the course of conversation, "Give me leave to depart, king, I am going on a pilgrimage for some days, for my heart is set on that religious duty." When the king heard that, he said, "Do not do so! Cannot you, without going on pilgrimages, perform in your house noble religious duties, such as charity and so on, which will procure you heaven?" When the minister heard this, he said, "King, that purity which comes of wealth is sought by charity and so on, but holy bathing-places have an everlasting purity. And a wise man must visit them, while he is young; for otherwise how can he be sure of reaching them, as this body cannot be relied on?" While he was saying this, and the king was still trying to dissuade him, a warder entered, and said to the king, "King, the sun is plunging into the middle of the lake of heaven, so rise up, this is the hour appointed for you to bathe in, and it is rapidly passing away." When the king heard this, he immediately rose up to bathe, and the minister, whose heart was set on pilgrimage, bowed before him, and went home to his own house.

There he left his wife, whom he forbade to follow him, and managed cunningly to set out in secret, without even his servants suspecting his departure. And alone he wandered from country to country with resolute perseverance, and visited holy bathing-places, and at last he reached the land of Pauṇḍra. In a certain city in that country not far from the sea, he entered a temple of S'iva, and sat down in a courtyard attached to it. There a merchant, named Nidhidatta, who had come to worship the god, saw him exhausted with the heat of the sun's rays, dusty with his long journey. The merchant, being a hospitable man, seeing that the traveller, who was in such a state, wore a Bráhmanical thread, and had auspicious

* *i. e.* wise.

marks, concluded that he was a distinguished Bráhman, and took him home to his own house. There he honoured him with a bath, food, and other refreshments in the most luxurious style, and when his fatigue was removed, he said to him, "Who are you, whence do you come, and where are you going?" And the Bráhman gave him this reserved answer; "I am a Bráhman of the name of Dírghadarśin; I have come here on pilgrimage from the land of Anga." Then the merchant prince Nidhidatta said to him, "I am about to go on a trading expedition to the Island of Gold; so you must live in my house, until I return; and then you will have recovered from the fatigue which you have incurred by roaming to holy places, and you can go home." When Dírghadarśin heard that, he said, "Why should I remain here? I will go with you, great merchant, if you like." The good man said, "So be it," and then the minister, who had long discarded the use of beds, spent that night in his house.

The next day he went with that merchant to the sea, and embarked on a ship laden with his merchandise. He travelled along in that ship, and beheld the awful and wonderful ocean, and in course of time reached the Isle of Gold. What had a man holding the office of prime minister to do with sea-voyages? But what will not men of honour do to prevent their fame from being sullied? So he remained some time in that island with that merchant Nidhidatta, who was engaged in buying and selling.

And as he was returning with him on the ship, he suddenly saw a wave rise up, and then a wishing-tree arise out of the sea; it was adorned with boughs glittering with gold, which were embellished with sprays of coral, and bore lovely fruits and flowers of jewels. And he beheld on its trunk a maiden, alluring on account of her wonderful beauty, reclining on a gem-bestudded couch. He reflected for a moment, "Dear me! What can this be?" And thereupon the maiden, who had a lyre in her hand, began to sing this song, "Whatever seed of works any man has sown in a former life, of that he, without doubt, eats the fruit; for even fate cannot alter what has been done in a previous state of existence." When the heavenly maiden had sung this song, she immediately plunged into that sea, with the wishing-tree, and the couch on which she was reclining. Then Dírghadarśin reflected, "I have to-day seen a wonderful sight; one would never have expected to find in the sea a tree, with a heavenly maiden singing on it, appearing and disappearing as soon as beheld. Or rather, this admirable treasure-house of the sea is ever the same; did not Lakshmí, and the moon, and the Párijáta tree, and other precious things come out of it?" But the steersman and the rest of the crew, perceiving that Dírghadarśin was astonished and puzzled, said to him, "This lovely woman always appears here in the same way, and sinks down again at once; but this sight is new to you."

This is what they said to the minister, but he still continued in a state of wonder, and so he reached in course of time on the ship, with that Nidhidatta, the coast for which they were making. There the merchant disembarked his wares, gladdening the hearts of his servants, and the minister went in high spirits with him to his house, which was full of mirth at his arrival. And after he had remained there a short time, he said to Nidhidatta, "Merchant prince, I have long reposed comfortably in your house, now I wish to return to my own land; I wish you all happiness." With these words he took leave of the merchant prince, who was sorely unwilling to let him go, and with his virtue for his only companion he set out thence, and having in course of time accomplished the long journey, he reached his own native land of Anga.

There the spies, who had been placed by king Yaśaḥketu to watch for his return, saw him coming, before he entered the city, and informed the king; and then the king, who had been much afflicted by his absence, went out from the city to meet him; and came up to him and welcomed him with an embrace. Then the king conducted into the palace his minister, who was emaciated and begrimed with his long journey, and said to him, "Why did you leave me, bringing your mind to this cruel heartless step, and your body into this squalid state from its being deprived of unguents?* But who knows the way of the mighty god Fate, in that you suddenly fixed your mind on pilgrimage to holy waters and other sacred places? So tell me, what lands have you wandered through, and what novel sights have you seen?" Then Dírghadarśin described his journey to the Island of Gold, in all its stages, and so was led to tell the king of that maiden, the jewel of the three worlds, whom he had seen rise out of the sea, and sit on the wishing-tree singing. All this he narrated exactly as it took place.

The moment the king heard all this, he fell so deeply in love with her, that he considered his kingdom and life valueless without her. And taking his minister aside, he said to him, "I must certainly see that maiden, otherwise I cannot live. I will go by the way which you have described, after worshipping Fate. And you must not dissuade, and you must by no means follow me, for I will travel alone *incognito*, and in the meanwhile you must take care of my kingdom. Do not disobey my order, otherwise my death will lie at your door." Thus spake the king, and refused to hear his minister's answer, and then dismissed him to his own house to see his relations, who had long been wishing for his return. There, in the midst of great rejoicing Dírghadarśin remained despondent; how can good ministers be happy, when their lord's vices are incurable?

And the next night the king Yaśaḥketu set out, disguised as an ascetic, having entrusted his kingdom to the care of that minister. And

* One of our author's puns.

on the way, as he was going along, he saw a hermit, named Kuśanábha, and he bowed before him. The hermit said to the king who was disguised as an ascetic, "Go on your way boldly; by going to sea in a ship with the merchant Lakshmídatta you shall obtain that maiden whom you desire." This speech delighted the king exceedingly, and bowing again before the hermit, he continued his journey; and after crossing many countries, rivers, and mountains, he reached the sea, which seemed to be full of eagerness to entertain him. Its eddies looked like eyes expanded to gaze at him, eyes of which waves were the curved brows, and which were white with shrill-sounding conchs for pupils. On the shore he met the merchant Lakshmídatta spoken of by the hermit, who was on the point of setting out for the Isle of Gold. The merchant prostrated himself before him, when he saw the signs of his royal birth, such as the discus-marked foot-print and so on; and the king embarked on the ship with him, and set out with him on the sea. And when the ship had reached the middle of the ocean, that maiden arose from the water, seated on the trunk of the wishing-tree, and while the king was gazing at her, as a partridge at the moonlight, she sang a song which the accompaniment of her lyre made more charming; "Whatever seed of works any man has sown in a former life, of that he, without doubt, eats the fruit, for even Fate cannot alter what has been done in a previous state of existence. So a man is helplessly borne along to experience precisely that lot which Fate has appointed for him, in that place and in that manner which Fate has decreed; of this there can be no doubt." When the king heard her singing this song, and thus setting forth the thing that must be, he was smitten with the arrow of love, and remained for some time motionless, gazing at her. Then he began, with bowed head, to praise the sea in the following words, "Hail, to thee, store-house of jewels, of unfathomable heart, since by concealing this lovely nymph thou hast cheated Vishṇu out of Lakshmí. So I throw myself on thy protection, thou who canst not be sounded even by gods, the refuge of mountains* that retain their wings; grant me to obtain my desire." While he was uttering this, the maiden disappeared in the sea, with the tree, and when the king saw that, he flung himself into the sea after her, as if to cool the flames of love's fire.

When the merchant Lakshmídatta saw that unexpected sight, the good man thought the kiug had perished, and was so afflicted that he was on the point of committing suicide, but he was consoled by the following utterance, that came from the heavens, "Do not act rashly; he is not in danger, though he has plunged into the sea; this king, Yaśaḥketu by name, has come, disguised as an ascetic, to obtain this very maiden, for she was his wife in a former state of existence, and as soon as he has won

* The word that means "mountain" also means "king."

her, he shall return to his realm of Anga." Then the merchant continued his intended voyage, to accomplish his purposes.

But when king Yaśaḥketu plunged into the sea, he suddenly beheld to his astonishment a splendid city. It gleamed with palaces that had bright pillars of precious stone, walls flashing with gold, and latticed windows of pearl. It was adorned with gardens in which were tanks with flights of steps composed of slabs of every kind of gem, and wishing-trees that granted every desire. He entered house after house in that city, which, though opulent, was uninhabited, but he could not find his beloved anywhere. Then, as he was looking about, he beheld a lofty jewelled palace, and going up to it he opened the door and went in. And when he had entered it, he beheld a solitary human form stretched out upon a gem-bestudded couch, with its whole length covered with a shawl. Wondering whether it could be that very lady, he uncovered its face with eager expectation, and saw his lady-love. Her beautiful moon-like countenance smiled, when the black robe fell from it like darkness; and she seemed like a night, illumined with moonlight, gone to visit Pátála in the day. At sight of her the king was in a state of ecstasy, like that which a man, travelling through a desert in the season of heat, experiences on beholding a river. She, for her part, opened her eyes, and when she saw that hero of auspicious form and bodily marks thus suddenly arrived, sprang from her couch in a state of excitement. She welcomed him, and with downcast countenance, seemed to honour him by flinging on his feet the full-blown lotuses of her wide-expanded eyes; and then she slowly said to him, "Who are you, and why have you come to this inaccessible lower region? And why, though your body is marked with the signs of royalty, have you undertaken the vow of an ascetic? Condescend to tell me this, distinguished Sir, if I have found favour in your sight." When the king had heard this speech of hers, he gave her this answer; "Fair one, I am the king of Anga, by name Yaśaḥketu, and I heard from a friend on whom I can rely, that you were to be seen here every day in the sea. So I assumed this disguise, and abandoned my kingdom for your sake, and I have come here and followed you down through the sea. So tell me who you are." When he said this, she answered him with mixed feelings of shame, affection, and joy; "There is a fortunate king of the Vidyádharas named Mṛigáukasena; know that I am his daughter, Mṛigánkavatí by name. That father of mine, for some reason unknown to me, has left me alone in this city of his, and has gone somewhere or other with his subjects. So I, feeling melancholy in my solitary abode, rise up out of the sea on a moveable* wishing-tree, and sing of the decrees of Fate." When she had said this, the brave king, remembering the

* The Sanskrit College MS. reads *yantra* for Brockhaus's *yatra*. The wishing-tree was moved by some magical or mechanical contrivance.

speech of the hermit, courted her so assiduously with speeches tender with love, that she was overpowered with affection, and promised to become his wife at once, but insisted on the following condition; "My husband, for four days in every month, the fourteenth and eighth of the white and black fortnights, I am not my own mistress;* and whithersoever I may go on those days, you must not question me on the subject nor forbid me, for there is a reason for it."† When the heavenly maiden had stated in these words the only condition on which she would consent to marry the king, he agreed to it, and married her by the Gándharva form of marriage.

And one day, while the king was living happily with Mṛigánkavatí, she said to him, "You must stop here, while I go somewhere for a certain business, for to-day is the fourteenth day of the black fortnight of which I spoke to you. And while you are waiting here, my husband, you must not enter this crystal pavilion, lest you should fall into a lake there and go to the world of men." When she had said this, she took leave of him, and went out of that city, and the king took his sword and followed her secretly, determined to penetrate the mystery.

Then the king saw a terrible Rákshasa approaching, looking like Hades embodied in a human shape, with his cavernous mouth, black as night, opened wide. That Rákshasa uttered an appalling roar, and swooping down on Mṛigánkavatí, put her in his mouth and swallowed her. When the mighty king saw that, he was at once, so to speak, on fire with excessive anger, and rushing forward with his great sword, black as a snake that has cast its slough,‡ drawn from the sheath, he cut off with it the head of the charging Rákshasa, the lips of which were firmly pressed together. Then the burning fire of the king's anger was quenched by the stream of blood that poured forth from the trunk of the Rákshasa, but not the fire of his grief at the loss of his beloved. Then the king was blinded with the darkness of bewilderment, and at a loss what to do, when suddenly Mṛigánkavatí cleft asunder the body of that Rákshasa, which was dark as a cloud, and emerged alive and uninjured, illuminating all the horizon like a spotless moon When the king saw his beloved thus delivered from danger, he rushed eagerly forward and embraced her, exclaiming, "Come!

* The Sanskrit College MS. reads *anáyattá*, which Dr. Kern has conjectured.

† This part of the story may remind the reader of the story of Melusina the European snake-maiden: see Simrock's Deutsche Volksbücher, Vol. VI. It bears a certain resemblance to that of the Knight of Stauffenberg (Simrock's Deutsche Volksbücher, Vol. III.) Cp. also Ein Zimmern und die Meerfrauen, in Birlinger, Aus Schwaben, p. 7. Cp. also De Gubernatis, Zoological Mythology, Vol. II, p. 206. There is a slight resemblance in this story to the myth of Cupid and Psyche.

‡ For *bhujagaḥ* the Sanskrit College MS. reads *bhujaga*, which seems to give a better sense than the reading in Brockhaus's text.

Come!" And he said to her, "My beloved, what does all this mean? Is it a dream or a delusion?" When the king asked the Vidyádharí this question, she remembered the truth, and said: "Listen, my husband! This is no delusion, nor is it a dream; but such was the curse imposed upon me by my father, a king of the Vidyádharas. For my father, who formerly lived in this city, though he had many sons, was so fond of me, that he would never take food when I was not present. But I, being devoted to the worship of S'iva, used always to come to this uninhabited place on the fourteenth and eighth days of the two fortnights.

"And one fourteenth day I came here and worshipped Gaurí for a long time; and, as fate would have it, so ardent was my devotion that the day came to an end before my worship was finished. That day my father ate nothing and drank nothing, though he was hungry and thirsty, as he waited for me, but he was very angry with me. And when I returned in the evening with downcast countenance, conscious of my fault, his love for me was so completely overpowered by the force of Destiny, that he cursed me in the following words; 'As owing to your arrogance I was devoured to-day by hunger, so on the eighth and fourteenth days of the two fortnights of every month, and on those days only, a Rákshasa named Kṛitánta-santrása shall swallow you, when you go to that place outside the city to worship S'iva; and on every occasion you shall make your way through his heart and come out alive. But you shall not remember the curse, nor the pain of being swallowed; and you shall remain alone here.'* When my father had uttered this curse, I managed gradually to propitiate him, and after thinking a little he appointed this termination to my curse; 'When a king named Yaśaḥketu, lord of the land of Anga, shall become your husband, and shall see you swallowed by the Rákshasa, and shall slay him, then you shall issue from his heart, and shall be delivered from your curse, and you shall call to mind your curse and the other circumstances, and all your supernatural sciences.'

"When he had appointed this end of my curse, he left me alone here, and went with his retinue to the mountain of Nishada in the world of men. And I remained here, thus engaged, bewildered by the curse. But that curse has now come to an end, and I remember all. So I will immediately go to my father on the Nishadha mountain; the law, that governs us celestial beings, is, that when our curse is at an end we return to our own place. You are perfectly free to remain here or go to your kingdom, as you like." When she had said this, the king was sorry, and he made this request to her; "Fair one, do me the favour not to go for seven days. Let us in the mean-

* Oesterley (Baital Pachisi, 201) compares the 12th chapter of the Vikrama-charitam in which Vikramáditya delivers a woman, who was afflicted every night by a Rákshasa in consequence of her husband's curse.

while cheat the pain of parting by amusing ourselves here in the garden. After that you shall go to your father's abode, and I will return to mine." When he made this proposal, the fair one agreed to it. Then the king diverted himself with her for six days in the gardens, and in tanks, the lotus-eyes of which were full of tears, and that seemed to toss aloft their waves like hands, and in the cries of their swans and cranes to utter this plaintive appeal, "Do not leave us!" And on the seventh day he artfully decoyed his darling to that pavilion, where was the tank that served as a magic gate* conducting to the world of men; and throwing his arms round her neck, he plunged into that tank, and rose up with her from a tank in the garden of his own city. When the gardeners saw that he had arrived with his beloved, they were delighted, and they went and told his minister Dírghadarśin. And the minister came and fell at his feet, and seeing that he had brought with him the lady of his aspirations, he and the citizens escorted him into the palace. And he thought to himself, "Dear me! I wonder how the king has managed to obtain this celestial nymph, of whom I caught a transient glimpse in the ocean, as one sees in the heaven a lightning-flash. But the fact is, whatever lot is written for a man by the Disposer in the inscription on his forehead, infallibly befalls him, however improbable."

Such were the reflections of the prime minister; while the rest of his subjects were full of joy at the return of the king, and of astonishment at his having won the celestial nymph. But Mṛigánkavatí, seeing that the king had returned to his own kingdom, longed, as the seven days were completed, to return to the home of the Vidyádharas. But the science of flying up into the air did not appear to her, though she called it to mind. Then she felt as one robbed of a treasure, and was in the deepest despondency. And the king said to her, "Why do you suddenly appear despondent, tell me, my darling?" Then the Vidyádharí answered him, "Because I remained so long, after I had been released from my curse, out of love for you, my science has abandoned me, and I have lost the power of returning to my heavenly home." When king Yasaḥketu heard this, he said, "Ha! I have now won this Vidyádharí," and so his rejoicing was complete.

When the minister Dírghadarśin saw this, he went home, and at night, when he was in bed, he suddenly died of a broken heart. And Yasaḥketu, after he had mourned for him, remained long bearing the burden of empire himself, with Mṛigánkavatí for his consort.

When the Vetála, seated on the shoulder of king Trivikramasena, had told him this story on the way, he went on to say to him, "So tell me,

* I follow the reading of a MS. in the Sanskrit College *yantradváravápiká.*

king ; why did the heart of that great minister suddenly break, when his master had thus succeeded so completely? Did his heart break through grief at not having won the nymph himself? Or was it because he longed for the sovereign power, and thus was disappointed at the king's return? And if you know this, king, and do not tell me on the spot, your merit will at once disappear, and your head will fly in pieces." When king Trivikramasena heard that, he said to the Vetála ; "Neither of these two feelings actuated that excellent and virtuous minister. But he said to himself; 'This king neglected his kingdom out of devotion to mere human females, much more will he do so now, that he is attached to a heavenly nymph. So, though I have gone through much suffering, the disease has been aggravated by it, instead of being cured, as I had hoped.' It was under the influence of such reflections that the minister's heart broke." When the king had said this, that juggling Vetála returned to his own place, and the resolute king ran swiftly after him, to bring him back again by force.

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## CHAPTER LXXXVII.

(Vetála 13.)

Then the king went back to the *aśoka*-tree,* and taking the Vetála from it, placed him on his shoulder, and brought him along, and as he was going along with him, the Vetála again said to the king, "Listen, king, I will tell you a short story."

*The story of Harisvámin, who first lost his wife, and then his life.*

There is a city of the name of Váránasí, the abode of S'iva. In it there lived a Bráhman, named Devasvámin, honoured by the king. And that rich Bráhman had a son named Harisvámin; and he had an exceedingly lovely wife, named Lávanyavatí. I think the Disposer must have made her after he had acquired skill by making Tilottamá and the other nymphs of heaven, for she was of priceless beauty and loveliness.

Now, one night Harisvámin fell asleep, as he was reposing with her in a palace cool with the rays of the moon. At that very moment a

* In the original *śinśapá*, which Professor Monier Williams renders thus; "the tree Dalbergia Sisu; the Aśoka tree." Dr. King informs me that these two trees are altogether different. The translation which I have given of the word *śinśapá*, throughout these tales of the Vetála, is, therefore, incorrect. The tree to which the Vetála so persistently returns, is a Dalbergia Sisu.

Vidyádhara prince, by name Madanavega, roaming about at will, came that way through the air. He saw that Lávaṇyavatí sleeping by the side of her husband, and her robe, that had slipped aside, revealed her exquisitely moulded limbs. His heart was captivated by her beauty; and blinded by love, he immediately swooped down, and taking her up in his arms asleep, flew off with her through the air.

Immediately her husband, the young man Harisvámin, woke up, and not seeing his beloved, he rose up in a state of distraction. He said to himself, "What can this mean? Where has she gone? I wonder if she is angry with me. Or has she hidden herself to find out my real feelings, and is making fun of me?" Distracted by many surmises of this kind, he wandered hither and thither that night, looking for her on the roof, and in the turrets of the palace. He even searched in the palace-garden, and when he could not find her anywhere, being scorched with the fire of grief, he sobbed and lamented, "Alas! my beloved with face like the moon's orb, fair as the moonlight; did this night grudge your existence, hating your charms that rival hers*? That very moon, that, vanquished by your beauty, seemed to be in fear, and comforted me with its rays cool as sandalwood, now that I am bereaved of you, seems to have seen its opportunity, and smites me with them, as if with burning coals, or arrows dipped in poison." While Harisvámin was uttering these laments, the night at last slowly passed away, not so his grief at his bereavement.

The next morning the sun dispelled with his rays the deep darkness that covered the world, but could not dispel the dense darkness of despondency that had settled on him. The sound of his bitter lamentations, that seemed to have been reinforced by wailing power bestowed on him by the *chakravákas*, whose period of separation was at an end with the night, was magnified a hundredfold. The young Bráhman, though his relations tried to comfort him, could not recover his self-command, now that he was bereaved of his beloved, but was all inflamed with the fire of separation. And he went from place to place, exclaiming with tears, "Here she stood, here she bathed, here she adorned herself, and here she amused herself."

But his friends and relations said to him, "She is not dead, so why do you kill yourself? If you remain alive, you will certainly recover her somewhere or other. So adopt a resolute tone, and go in search of your beloved; there is nothing in this world that a resolute man, who exerts himself, cannot obtain." When Harisvámin had been exhorted in these terms by his friends and relations, he managed at last, after some days, to recover his spirits by the aid of hope. And he said to himself, "I will give away all that I have to the Bráhmans, and visit all the holy waters, and wash away all my sins. For if I wipe out my sin, I may perhaps, in the course

* *Dveshá* must be a misprint for *dveshát*.

of my wanderings, find that beloved of mine." After going through these reflections suitable to the occasion, he got up and bathed, and performed all his customary avocations, and the next day he bestowed on the Bráhmans at a solemn sacrifice various meats and drinks, and gave away to them all his wealth without stint.

Then he left his country, with his Bráhman birth as his only fortune, and proceeded to go round to all the holy bathing-places in order to recover his beloved. And as he was roaming about, there came upon him the terrible lion of the hot season, with the blazing sun for mouth, and with a mane composed of his fiery rays. And the winds blew with excessive heat, as if warmed by the breath of sighs furnaced forth by travellers grieved at being separated from their wives. And the tanks, with their supply of water diminished by the heat, and their drying white mud, appeared to be shewing their broken hearts. And the trees by the roadside seemed to lament* on account of the departure of the glory of spring, making their wailing heard in the shrill moaning of their bark,† with leaves, as it were lips, parched with heat. At that season Harisvámin, wearied out with the heat of the sun, with bereavement, hunger and thirst, and continual travelling, disfigured,‡ emaciated and dirty, and pining for food, reached in the course of his wanderings, a certain village, and found in it the house of a Bráhman called Padmanábha, who was engaged in a sacrifice. And seeing that many Bráhmans were eating in his house, he stood leaning against the door-post, silent and motionless. And the good wife of that Bráhman named Padmanábha, seeing him in this position, felt pity for him, and reflected; "Alas! mighty is hunger! Whom will it not bring down? For here stands a man at the door, who appears to be a householder, desiring food, with downcast countenance; evidently come from a long journey, and with all his senses impaired by hunger. So is not he a man to whom food ought to be given?" Having gone through these reflections, the kind woman took up in her hands a vessel full of rice boiled in milk, with ghee and sugar, and brought it, and courteously presented it to him, and said; "Go and eat this somewhere on the bank of the lake, for this place is unfit to eat in, as it is filled with feasting Bráhmans."

He said, "I will do so," and took the vessel of rice, and placed it at no great distance under a banyan-tree on the edge of the lake; and he washed his hands and feet in the lake, and rinsed his mouth, and then

* For *arudanniva* the Sanskrit College MS. reads *abhavanniva*.

† Böhtlingk and Roth s. v. say that *chíra* in Taranga 73, śloka 240, is perhaps a mistake for *chírí*, grasshopper; the same may perhaps be the case in this passage.

‡ For *virúpa* the Sanskrit College MS. gives *virúksha*.

came back in high spirits to eat the rice. But while he was thus engaged, a kite, holding a black cobra with its beak and claws, came from some place or other, and sat on that tree. And it so happened that poisonous saliva issued from the mouth of that dead snake, which the bird had captured and was carrying along. The saliva fell into the dish of rice which was placed underneath the tree, and Harisvámin, without observing it, came and ate up that rice.* As soon as in his hunger he had devoured all that food, he began to suffer terrible agonies produced by the poison. He exclaimed, "When fate has turned against a man, everything in this world turns also; accordingly this rice dressed with milk, ghee and sugar, has become poison to me."

Thus speaking, Harisvámin, tortured with the poison, tottered to the house of that Bráhman, who was engaged in the sacrifice, and said to his wife; "The rice, which you gave me, has poisoned me; so fetch me quickly a charmer who can counteract the operation of poison; otherwise you will be guilty of the death of a Bráhman." When Harisvámin had said this to the good woman, who was beside herself to think what it could all mean, his eyes closed, and he died.

Accordingly the Bráhman, who was engaged in a sacrifice, drove out of his house his wife, though she was innocent and hospitable, being enraged with her for the supposed murder of her guest. The good woman, for her part, having incurred groundless blame from her charitable deed, and so become branded with infamy, went to a holy bathing-place to perform penance.

Then there was a discussion before the superintendent of religion, as to which of the four parties, the kite, the snake, and the couple who gave the rice, were guilty of the murder of a Bráhman, but the question was not decided †

"Now you, king Trivikramasena, must tell me, which was guilty of the murder of a Bráhman; and if you do not, you will incur the before-mentioned curse."

* Oesterley refers to Benfey's Panchatantra, Vol. I, p. 362, for stories in which snakes spit venom into food. Benfey gives at length a fable found in the Latin translation of John of Capua and compares a story in the Sindibád-námah, Asiatic Journal, 1841, XXXVI, 17; Syntipas, p. 149; Scott's Tales of the Seven Vizirs, 196; The 1001 Nights (Breslau) XV, 241; Seven Wise Masters in Grässe, Gesta Romanorum II, 195; Bahár Dánush 1, second and third stories; Keller, Romans des Sept Sages, CL; Dyocletian, Einleitung, 49; Loiseleur-Deslongchamps, Essai, 119, 1.

† *I. e.*, *Dharmarája*, possibly the officer established by Aśoka in his fifth edict; (see Senart, Les Inscriptions de Piyadasi, p. 125.) The term *Dharmarája* is applied to Yudhishṭhira and Yama. It means literally king of righteousness or religion. There is a Dharm Raja in Bhútán. Böhtlingk and Roth seem to take it to mean Yama in this passage.

When the king heard this from the Vetála, he was forced by the curse to break silence, and he said, "No one of them could be guilty of the crime; certainly not the serpent, for how could he be guilty of anything, when he was the helpless prey of his enemy, who was devouring him? To come to the kite; what offence did he commit in bringing his natural food which he had happened to find, and eating it, when he was hungry? And how could either of the couple, that gave the food, be in fault, since they were both people exclusively devoted to righteousness, not likely to commit a crime? Therefore I think the guilt of slaying a Bráhman would attach to any person, who should be so foolish as, for want of sufficient reflection, to attribute it to either of them."

When the king had said this, the Vetála again left his shoulder, and went to his own place, and the resolute king again followed him.

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## CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

### (Vetála 14.)

Then king Trivikramasena went to the *aśoka*-tree, and again got hold of the Vetála, and took him on his shoulder; and when the king had set out, the Vetála again said to him, "King, you are tired; so listen, I will tell you an interesting tale.

*Story of the Merchant's daughter who fell in love with a thief.*

There is a city of the name of Ayodhyá, which was the capital of Vishṇu, when he was incarnate as Ráma, the destroyer of the Rákshasa race. In it there lived a mighty king, of the name of Víraketu, who defended this earth, as a rampart defends a city. During the reign of that king there lived in that city a great merchant, named Ratnadatta, who was the head of the mercantile community. And there was born to him, by his wife Nandayantí, a daughter named Ratnavatí, who was obtained by propitiating the deities. And that intelligent girl grew up in her father's house, and as her body grew, her innate qualities of beauty, gracefulness, and modesty developed also. And when she attained womanhood, not only great merchants, but even kings asked her in marriage from her father. But she disliked the male sex so much that she did not desire even Indra for a husband, and would not even hear of marriage, being determined to die, sooner than consent to it. That made her father secretly sorrow much, on account of his affection for her, and the report of her conduct spread all over the city of Ayodhyá.

At that time all the citizens were continually being plundered by thieves, so they assembled together, and made this complaint to king Víraketu; "Your Majesty, we are continually being robbed by thieves every night, and we cannot detect them, so let your Highness take the necessary steps." When the king had received this petition from the citizens, he stationed watchmen in plain clothes all round the city, in order to try and discover the thieves.

But they could not find them out, and the city went on being robbed; so one night the king himself went out to watch; and as he was roaming about armed, he saw in a certain part of the town a single individual going along the rampart. He shewed great dexterity in his movements, as he made his footfall perfectly noiseless, and he often looked behind him with eyes anxiously rolling. The king said to himself, "Without doubt this is the thief, who sallies out by himself and plunders my city;" so he went up to him. Then the thief, seeing the king, said to him, "Who are you," and the king answered him, "I am a thief." Then the thief said, "Bravo! you are my friend, as you belong to the same profession as myself; so come to my house, I will entertain you." When the king heard that, he consented, and went with him to his dwelling, which was in an underground cavern in a forest. It was luxuriously and magnificently furnished, illuminated by blazing lamps, and looked like a second Pátála, not governed by king Bali.

When the king had entered, and had taken a seat, the robber went into the inner rooms of his cave-dwelling. At that moment a female slave came and said to the king, "Great Sir, how came you to enter this mouth of death? This man is a notable thief; no doubt, when he comes out from those rooms, he will do you some injury: I assure you, he is treacherous; so leave this place at once." When the king heard this, he left the place at once, and went to his own palace and got ready his forces that very night.

And when his army was ready for battle, he came and blockaded the entrance of that robber's cave with his troops, who sounded all their martial instruments.* Then the brave robber, as his hold was blockaded, knew that his secret had been discovered, and he rushed out to fight, determined to die. And when he came out, he displayed superhuman prowess in battle; alone, armed with sword and shield, he cut off the trunks of elephants, he slashed off the legs of horses, and lopped off the heads of soldiers. When he had made this havoc among the soldiers, the king himself attacked him. And the king, who was a skilful swordsman, by a dexterous trick of fence forced his sword from his hand, and then the dagger which he drew; and

* I prefer the reading of the Sanskrit College MS. *túryakulaiḥ*.

as he was now disarmed, the king threw away his own weapon, and grappling with him, flung him on the earth, and captured him alive. And he brought him back as a prisoner to his own capital, with all his wealth. And he gave orders that he should be put to death by impalement next morning.

Now, when that robber was being conducted with beat of drum to the place of execution, that merchant's daughter Ratnavatí saw him from her palace. Though he was wounded, and his body was begrimed with dust, she was distracted with love as soon as she saw him, so she went and said to her father Ratnadatta, "I select as my husband this man here, who is being led off to execution, so ransom him from the king, my father; if you will not, I shall follow him to the other world. When her father heard this he said, "My daughter, what is this that you say? Before you would not accept suitors endowed with all virtues, equal to the god of love. How comes it that you are now in love with an infamous brigand chief?" Though her father used this argument, and others of the same kind with her, she remained fixed in her determination. Then the merchant went quickly to the king, and offered him all his wealth, if he would grant the robber his life. But the king would not make over to him, even for hundreds of crores of gold pieces, that thief who had robbed on such a gigantic scale, and whom he had captured at the risk of his own life. Then the father returned disappointed, and his daughter made up her mind to follow the thief to the other world, though her relations tried to dissuade her; so she bathed, and got into a palanquin, and went to the spot where his execution was taking place, followed by her father and mother and the people, all weeping.

In the meanwhile the robber had been impaled by the executioners, and as his life was ebbing away on the stake, he saw her coming there with her kinsfolk. And when he heard the whole story from the people, he wept for a moment, and then he laughed a little, and then died on the stake. Then the merchant's virtuous daughter had the thief's body taken down from the stake, and she ascended the funeral pyre with it.*

And at that very moment the holy S'iva, who was invisibly present in the cemetery, spake from the air, "Faithful wife, I am pleased with thy devotedness to thy self-chosen husband, so crave a boon of me." When she heard that, she worshipped and prayed the god of gods to grant her the following boon, "Lord, may my father, who has now no sons, have a hundred,

* See note on page 13. Rohde, (Der Griechische Roman, p. 111,) points out that there are traces of this practice in the mythology of Ancient Greece. Evadne is said to have burnt herself with the body of her husband Capaneus. So Œnone, according to one account, leapt into the pyre on which the body of Paris was burning. See also Zimmer, Alt-Indisches Leben, pp. 329-331.

for otherwise, as he has no children but me, he would abandon his life."* When the good woman had said this, the god once more spake to her, saying, "Let thy father have a hundred sons! choose another boon; for such a steadfastly good woman, as thou art, deserves something more than this."

When she heard this, she said, "If the Lord is pleased with me, then let this husband of mine rise up alive, and be henceforth a well conducted man!" Thereupon S'iva, invisible in the air, uttered these words, "Be it so; let thy husband rise up alive, and lead henceforth a life of virtue, and let king Víraketu be pleased with him!" And immediately the robber rose up alive with unwounded limbs.

Then the merchant Ratnadatta was delighted, and astonished at the same time; and with his daughter Ratnavatí and the bandit his son-in-law, and his delighted relations, he entered his own palace, and as he had obtained from the god the promise of sons, he held a feast suitable to his own joy on the occasion. And when king Víraketu heard what had taken place, he was pleased, and he immediately summoned that heroic thief, and made him commander of his army. And thereupon the heroic thief gave up his dishonest life, and married the merchant's daughter, and led a respectable life, honoured by the king.

When the Vetála, seated on the shoulder of king Trivikramasena, had told him this tale, he asked him the following question, menacing him with the before-mentioned curse; "Tell me, king, why that thief, when impaled, first wept and then laughed, when he saw the merchant's daughter come with her father." Then the king said; "He wept for sorrow that he had not been able to repay the merchant for his gratuitous kindness to him; and he laughed out of astonishment, as he said to himself, 'What! has this maiden, after rejecting kings who asked for her hand, fallen in love with me? In truth a woman's heart is an intricate labyrinth.'" When the king had said this, the mighty Vetála, by means of the magic power which he possessed, again left the king's shoulder and returned to his station on the tree, and the king once more went to fetch him.

* Cp. Mahábhárata, Vanaparvan, Adhyáya 297, S'l. 39.

## CHAPTER LXXXIX.

### (Vetála 15.)

Then king Trivikramasena again went back to the *aśoka*-tree and took the Vetála from it, and set out with him once more; and as the king was going along, the Vetála, perched on his shoulder, said to him; "Listen, king, I will tell you another story."

*Story of the magic globule.*

There was in the kingdom of Nepála a city named S'ivapura, and in it there lived of old time a king rightly named Yaśaḥketu. He devolved upon his minister, named Prajnáságara, the burden of his kingdom, and enjoyed himself in the society of his queen Chandraprabhá. And in course of time that king had born to him, by that queen, a daughter named S'aśiprabhá, bright as the moon, the eye of the world.

Now in course of time she grew up to womanhood, and one day, in the month of spring, she went to a garden, with her attendants, to witness a festive procession. And in a certain part of that garden a Bráhman, of the name of Manaḥsvámin, the son of a rich man, who had come to see the procession, beheld her engaged in gathering flowers, raising her lithe arm, and displaying her graceful shape; and she looked charming when the grasp of her thumb and forefinger on the stalks of the flowers relaxed. When the young man Manaḥsvámin saw her, she at once robbed him of his heart, and he was bewildered by love and no longer master of his feelings.* He said to himself, "Can this be Rati come in person to gather the flowers accumulated by spring, in order to make arrows for the god of love? Or is it the presiding goddess of the wood, come to worship the spring?" While he was making these surmises, the princess caught sight of him. And as soon as she saw him, looking like a second god of love created with a body, she forgot her flowers, and her limbs, and her own personal identity.

While those two were thus overpowered by the passion of mutual love at first sight, a loud shout of alarm was raised, and they both looked with uplifted heads to see what it could mean. Then there came that way an elephant, rushing along with its elephant-hook hanging down, that driven furious by perceiving the smell of another elephant,† had broken its fastenings, and rushed out in a state of frenzy, breaking down the trees in its path, and had thrown its driver. The princess's attendants dispersed in

* His name *Manaḥsvámin* would imply that he ought to be.

† For *gaja* the Sanskrit College MS. reads *mada*.

terror, but Manaḥsvámin eagerly rushed forward, and took her up alone in his arms, and while she clung timidly to him, bewildered with fear, love, and shame, carried her to a distance, out of reach of the elephant. Then her attendants came up and praised that noble Bráhman, and conducted her back to her palace. But as she went, she frequently turned round to look at her deliverer. There she remained, thinking regretfully of that man who had saved her life, consumed day and night by the smouldering fire of love.

And Manaḥsvámin then left that garden, and seeing that the princess had entered her private apartments, he said to himself, in regretful longing, "I cannot remain without her, nay I cannot live without her: so my only resource in this difficulty is the cunning Múladeva, who is a master of magic arts." Having thus reflected, he managed to get through that day, and the next morning he went to visit that master of magic, Múladeva. And he saw that master, who was ever in the company of his friend S'aśin, full of many marvellous magic ways, like the sky come down to earth in human shape.* And he humbly saluted him, and told him his desire; then the master laughed, and promised to accomplish it for him. Then that matchless deceiver Múladeva placed a magic globule† in his mouth, and transformed himself into an aged Bráhman; and he gave the Bráhman Manaḥsvámin a second globule to put in his mouth, and so made him assume the appearance of a beautiful maiden. And that prince of villains took him in this disguise to the judgment-hall of the king, the father of his lady-love, and said to him," O king, I have only one son, and I asked for a maiden to be given him to wife, and brought her from a long distance; but now he has gone somewhere or other, and I am going to look for him; so keep this maiden safe for me until I bring back my son, for you keep safe under your protection the whole world."‡ When king Yaśaḥketu heard this petition, he granted it, fearing a curse if he did not, and summoned his daughter S'asiprabhá, and said to her; "Daughter, keep this maiden in your palace, and let her sleep and take her meals with you." The princess agreed, and took Manaḥsvámin transformed into a maiden to her own private apartments; and then Múladeva, who had assumed the form of a Bráhman, went where he pleased, and Manaḥsvámin remained in the form of a maiden with his beloved.§

* The word *siddha* also means a class of demigods who travel through the sky: *S'asin* means moon.

† Cp. the shaving, by the help of which Preziosa, in the Pentamerone, turns herself into a bear. (Liebrecht's translation of the Pentamerone of Basile, Vol. I, p. 212.) As soon as she takes it out of her mouth she resumes her human shape.

‡ Compare Vol. I, p. 45.

§ This part of the story bears a certain resemblance to the myth of Achilles.

And in a few days the princess became quite fond of and intimate with her new attendant; so, one night when she was pining at being separated from the object of her affections, and tossing on her couch, Manaḥsvámin, who was on a bed near her, concealed under a female shape, said secretly to her, "My dear S'aśiprabhá, why are you pale of hue, and why do you grow thinner every day, and sorrow as one separated from the side of her beloved? Tell me, for why should you distrust loving modest attendants? From this time forth I will take no food until you tell me."

When the princess heard this, she sighed, and slowly told the following tale; "Why should I distrust you of all people? Listen, friend, I will tell you the cause. Once on a time I went to a spring garden to see a procession, and there I beheld a handsome young Bráhman, who seemed like the month of spring, having the loveliness of the moon free from dew, kindling love at sight, adorning the grove with play of light. And while my eager eyes, drinking in the nectarous rays of the moon of his countenance, began to emulate the partridge, there came there a mighty elephant broken loose from its bonds, roaring and distilling its ichor like rain, looking like a black rain-cloud appearing out of season. My attendants dispersed terrified at that elephant, but when I was bewildered with fear, that young Bráhman caught me up in his arms and carried me to a distance. Then contact with his body made me feel as if I were anointed with sandal-wood ointment, and bedewed with ambrosia, and I was in a state which I cannot describe. And in a moment my attendants re-assembled, and I was brought back reluctant to this my palace, and seemed to myself to have been cast down to earth from heaven. From that time forth I have often interviews in reveries with my beloved, that rescued me from death, and even when awake I seem to see him at my side. And when asleep I see him in dreams, coaxing me and dispelling my reserve with kisses and caresses. But, ill-fated wretch that I am, I cannot obtain him, for I am baffled by ignorance of his name and other particulars about him. So I am consumed, as you see, by the fire of separation from the lord of my life."

When Manaḥsvámin's ears had been filled with the nectar of this speech of the princess's, that Bráhman, who was present there in female form., rejoiced, and considered that his object was attained, and that the time had come for revealing himself, so he took out the globule from his mouth, and displayed himself in his true form, and said; "Rolling-eyed one, I am that very Bráhman, whom you bought with a look in the garden, and made your slave in the truest sense of the word. And from the immediate interruption of our acquaintance I derived that sorrow, of which the final result was my taking, as you see, the form of a maiden. Therefore, fair one, grant that the sorrow of separation, which both of us have

endured, may not have been borne in vain, for Cupid cannot endure beyond this point." When the princess suddenly beheld her beloved in front of her, and heard him utter these words, she was at once filled with love, astonishment, and shame. So they eagerly went through the Gándharva ceremony of marriage. Then Manaḥsvámin lived happily in the palace, under two shapes; keeping the globule in his mouth during the day and so wearing a female shape, but at night taking it out, and assuming the form of a man.

Now, as days went on, the brother-in-law of king Yaśaḥketu, named Mṛigánkadatta, gave his own daughter, named Mṛigánkavatí, in marriage to a young Bráhman, the son of the minister Prajnáságara: and with her he bestowed much wealth. And the princess S'aśiprabhá was invited, on the occasion of her cousin's marriage, to her uncle's house, and went there accompanied by her ladies-in-waiting. And among them went the young Bráhman, Manaḥsvámin, wearing the attractive form of a young maiden of exquisite beauty.

Then that minister's son beheld him disguised in female form, and was deeply pierced with the shafts of the archer Love. And when he went to his house, accompanied by his bride, it seemed to him to be empty; for he was robbed of his heart by that seeming maiden. Then he continued to think of nothing but the beauty of that supposed maiden's face, and bitten by the great snake of fierce passion, he suddenly became distracted. The people, who were there, ceased from their rejoicing, and in their bewilderment asked what it meant, and his father Prajnáságara, hearing of it, came to him in haste. And when his father tried to comfort him, he woke up from his stupor and uttered what was in his mind, babbling deliriously. And that father of his was very much troubled, as he thought that the matter was one altogether beyond his power. Then the king heard of it, and came there in person. And he at once saw that the minister's son had been in a moment reduced by strong passion to the seventh* stage of love-sickness; so he said to his ministers; "How can I give him a maiden whom a Bráhman left in my care? And yet, if he does not obtain her, he will without doubt reach the last stage. If he dies, his father, who is my minister, will perish; and if he perishes, my kingdom is ruined, so tell me what I am to do in this matter."

When the king said this, all those ministers said, "They say that the special virtue of a king is the protection of the virtue of his subjects.

* The 10 stages are thus given by S'ivadása: (1) Love of the eyes; (2) attachment of the mind *(manas)*; (3) the production of desire; (4) sleeplessness; (5) emaciation; (6) indifference to objects of sense; (7) loss of shame; (8) distraction; (9) fainting; (10) death. (Dr. Zachariæ's Sixteenth Tale of the Vetálapanchavinśati, in Bezzenberger's Beiträge).

Now the root of this protection is counsel, and counsel resides in counsellors. If the counsellor perishes, protection perishes in its root, and virtue is certain to be impaired.* Moreover guilt would be incurred by causing the death of this Bráhman minister and his son, so you must avoid doing that, otherwise there is a great chance of your infringing the law of virtue. Accordingly you must certainly give to the minister's son the maiden committed to your care by the first Bráhman, and if he returns after the lapse of some time, and is angry, steps can then be taken to put matters right."

When the ministers said this to the king, he agreed to give that man, who was palming himself off as a maiden, to the minister's son. And after fixing an auspicious moment, he brought Manaḥsvámin, in female form, from the palace of the princess; and he said to the king; "If, king, you are determined to give me, whom another committed to your care, to a person other than him for whom I was intended, I must, I suppose, acquiesce; you are a king, and justice and injustice are matters familiar to you. But I consent to the marriage on this condition only, that I am not to be considered as a wife until my husband has spent six months in visiting holy bathing-places, and returns home; if this condition is not agreed to, know that I will bite my own tongue in two, and so commit suicide."

When the young man, disguised in female form, had prescribed this condition, the king informed the minister's son of it, and he was consoled, and accepted the terms; and he quickly went through the ceremony of marriage, and placed in one house Mṛigánkavatí his first wife, and his second supposed wife, carefully guarded, and, like a fool, went on a pilgrimage to holy bathing-places, to please the object of his affections.

And Manaḥsvámin, in female form, dwelt in the same house with Mṛigánkavatí, as the partner of her bed and board. And one night, while he was living there in this way, Mṛigánkavatí said to him secretly in the bed-chamber, while their attendants were sleeping outside, "My friend, I cannot sleep, tell me some tale." When the young man, disguised in female form, heard this, he told her the story, how in old time a royal sage, named Iḍa, of the race of the sun, assumed, in consequence of the curse of Gaurí, a female form that fascinated the whole world, and how he and Budha fell in love with one another at first sight, meeting one another in a shrubbery in the grounds of a temple, and were there united, and how Purúravas was the fruit of that union. When the artful creature had told this story, he went on to say, "So by the fiat of a deity or by charms and drugs, a man may sometimes become a woman, and *vice versá*, and in this way even great ones do sometimes unite impelled by love."

* Here the MS. in the Sanskrit College has *mantrináśe múlanáśád rakshyá dharmakshatir dhruvaṃ*, which means, "we should certainly try to prevent virtue from perishing by the destruction of its root in the destruction of the minister."

When the tender fair one, who regretted her husband, who had left her as soon as the marriage had taken place, heard this, she said to her supposed rival, in whom she had come to confide by living with her, "This story makes my body tremble and my heart, as it were, sink; so tell me, friend, what is the meaning of this." When the Bráhman, disguised in female form, heard this, he went on to say, "My friend, these are violent symptoms of love; I have felt them myself, I will not conceal it from you." When she said this, Mṛigánkavatí went on slowly to say, "Friend, I love you as my life, so why should I not say what I think it is time to reveal? Could any one by any artifice be introduced into this palace?" When the pupil of that master-rogue heard this, he took her meaning and said to her, "If this is the state of affairs, then I have something to tell you. I have a boon from Vishṇu, by which I can at pleasure become a man during the night, so I will now become one for your sake. So he took the globule out of his mouth, and displayed himself to her as a handsome man in the prime of youth. And so the Bráhman lived with the wife of the minister's son, becoming a woman in the day, and resuming his male form at night. But hearing in a few days that the son of the minister was on the point of returning, he took the precaution of eloping with her from that house during the night.

At this point in the story, it happened that his teacher, Múladeva, heard all the circumstances; so he again assumed the form of an old Bráhman, and accompanied by his friend S'aśi, who had assumed the form of a young Bráhman, he went and respectfully said to king Yaśaḥketu, "I have brought back my son; so give me my daughter-in-law." Then the king, who was afraid of being cursed, deliberated and said to him;" Bráhman, I do not know where your daughter-in-law has gone, so forgive me; as I am in fault, I will give you my own daughter for your son." When the king had said this to that prince of rogues, disguised in the form of an old Bráhman, who asserted his false claim with the sternness of assumed anger, he gave his daughter with all due ceremonies to his friend S'aśin, who pretended to be the supposed Bráhman's son. Then Múladeva took the bride and bridegroom, who had been thus united, off to his own home, without showing any desire for the king's wealth.

And there Manaḥsvámin met them, and a fierce dispute took place between him and S'aśin in the presence of that Múladeva. Manaḥsvámin said, "This S'aśiprabhá should be given to me, for long ago, when she was a maiden, I married her by the favour of the master." S'aśin said, "You fool, what have you to do with her? she is my wife, for her father bestowed her on me in the presence of the fire." So they went on wrangling about the princess, whom they had got hold off by means of magic, and their dispute was never decided. So tell me, king, to which of the two

does that wife belong? Resolve my doubt; the conditions of non-compliance are those which I mentioned before.

When king Trivikramasena was thus addressed by the Vetála on his shoulder, he gave him this answer: "I consider that the princess is the lawful wife of S'aśin, since she was openly given to him by her father in the lawful way. But Manaḥsvámin married her in an underhand way, like a thief, by the Gándharva rite; and a thief has no lawful title to the possessions of another."

When the Vetála heard this answer of the king's, he quickly left his shoulder, and went back to his own place, and the king hurried after him.

*Note.*

Oesterley tells us that in the Turkish Tútínámah (Rosen, II, p. 178,) a sorceress takes the place of Múladeva. She gives the young man a small seal in place of the pill or globule. He is then married to a son of the king's. Then the young man escapes with the princess, who in the day keeps the seal in her mouth and so appears as a man; then the sorceress goes in the form of a Bráhman to the king, who has to give her 10,000 gold pieces as he cannot give back her daughter. The story is No. 23 in the Persian Tútínámah, Iken, p. 97. Oesterley refers also to the story in the 7th Chapter of the Kathá Sarit Ságara; (Oesterley's Baital Pachisi, pages 203-205). The tale in one way resembles the Greek fable of Cæneus, and also that of Tiresias. The story of Iphis and Ianthe is perhaps still more apposite. According to Sir Thomas Brown, (Vulgar Errors, Book III, ch. 17) hares are supposed by some to be both male and female. He mentions Tiresias and Empedocles as instances of "transexion."

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## CHAPTER XC.

### (Vetála 16.)

Then king Trivikramasena went back to the *aśoka*-tree, and again took the Vetála from it, and set out with him on his shoulder; and as he was returning from the tree, the Vetála once more said to him, "Listen, king, I will tell you a noble story."

*Story of Jímútaváhana.**

There is in this earth a great mountain named Himavat, where all jewels are found, which is the origin of both Gaurí and Gangá, the two goddesses dear to S'iva. Even heroes cannot reach its top;† it towers

* See Chapter XXII for another version of this story. It is found in the Bodhisattvávadána-kalpalatá: see Dr. R. L. Mitra's Buddhist Literature of Nepal, p. 77.

† The MS. in the Sanskrit College reads *śúrásandrishṭapṛishṭhaś.*

proudly above all other mountains; and as such its praises are sung in strains of sooth in the three worlds. On the ridge of that Himavat there is that city rightly named the Golden City, which gleams like a mass of the sun's rays deposited by him on earth.

Of old there lived in that splendid city a fortunate lord of the Vidyádharas, named Jímútaketu, who dwelt there like Indra on Meru. In his palace-garden there was a wishing-tree, which was an heirloom in his family, which was well known as the Granter of Desires, and not named so without reason. The king supplicated that divine tree, and obtained by its favour a son, who remembered his former birth, and was the incarnation of a portion of a Bodhisattva. He was a hero in munificence, of great courage, compassionate to all creatures, attentive to the instructions of his spiritual adviser, and his name was Jímútaváhana. And when he grew up to manhood, his father, the king, made him crown-prince, being impelled thereto by his excellent qualities, and the advice of the ministers.

And when Jímútaváhana was made crown-prince, the ministers of his father, desiring his welfare, came to him and said, "Prince, you must continually worship this wishing-tree invincible by all creatures,* which grants all our desires. For, as long as we have this, not even Indra could injure us, much less any other enemy." When Jímútaváhana heard this, he inly reflected, "Alas! our predecessors, though they possessed such a divine tree, never obtained from it any fruit worthy of it; some of them asked it for wealth and did nothing more; so the mean creatures made themselves and this noble tree contemptible. Well, I will make it inserve a design which I have in my mind."

After the noble prince had formed this resolution, he went to his father, and gained his goodwill by paying him all kinds of attentions, and said to him in private, as he was sitting at ease; "Father, you know that in this sea of mundane existence, all that we behold is unsubstantial, fleeting as the twinkling of the wave. Especially are the twilight, the dawn, and Fortune shortlived, disappearing as soon as revealed; where and when have they been seen to abide? Charity to one's neighbour is the only thing that is permanent in this cycle of change; it produces holiness and fame that bear witness for hundreds of *yugas*. So with what object, father, do we keep for ourselves such an unfailing wishing-tree, as all these phenomenal conditions are but momentary? Where, I ask, are those our predecessors who kept it so strenuously, exclaiming, 'It is mine, it is mine?' Where is it now to them? For which of them does it exist, and which of them exists for it? So, if you permit, father, I will employ this wishing-tree, that grants all desires, for attaining the matchless fruit of charity to one's neighbour."

* I adopt the reading of the Sanskrit College MS. *adhṛiśya* for *adhṛishya*, invincible, instead of *adṛiśya* invisible.

His father gave him leave, saying, "So be it!" And Jímútaváhana went and said to the wishing-tree, "O god, thou didst fulfil all the cherished wishes of our predecessors, so fulfil this one solitary wish of mine! Enable me to behold this whole earth free from poverty; depart, and good luck attend thee; thou art bestowed by me on the world that desires wealth." When Jímútaváhana had said this with joined hands, a voice came forth from the tree, "Since thou hast relinquished me, I depart." And in a moment the wishing-tree flew up to heaven, and rained wealth on the earth so plenteously, that there was not one poor man left on it. Then the glory of that Jímútaváhana spread through the three worlds, on account of that ardent compassion of his for all creatures.

That made all his relations impatient with envy; and thinking that he and his father would be easy to conquer, as they were deprived of the calamity-averting tree which they had bestowed on the world, they put their heads together and formed a design, and then girded on their harness for war, to deprive Jímútaváhana and his father of their realm. When Jímútaváhana saw that, he said to his father, "Father, what other has might, when thou hast taken up arms? But what generous man desires to possess a realm, if he must do so by slaying his relations for the sake of this wicked perishable body? So of what use is sovereignty to us? We will depart to some other place, and practise virtue that brings happiness in both worlds Let these miserable relations that covet our kingdom, joy their fill!" When Jímútaváhana said this, his father Jímútaketu answered him, "My son, I desire a realm for your sake only; if you, being penetrated with compassion, give it up, of what value is it to me, who am old? When Jímútaváhana's father agreed to his proposal, he went with him and his mother to the Malaya mountain, abandoning his kingdom. There he made him a retreat in the valley of a brook, the stream of which was hidden by sandal-wood trees, and spent his time in waiting on his parents. And there he made a friend of the name of Mitrávasu, the son of Viśvávasu a king of the Siddhas, who dwelt on that mountain.

Now, one day, as Jímutaváhana was roaming about, he went into a temple of the goddess Gaurí, that was situated in a garden, in order to worship in the presence of the image. And there he saw a beautiful maiden accompanied by her attendants, playing on the lyre, intent on pleasing the daughter of the mountain.* And the deer were listening to the sweet sound of the lyre in the musical performance, standing motionless, as if abashed at beholding the beauty of her eyes.† She had a black pupil in her white eye, and it seemed as if it strove to penetrate to the

* *i. e.*, Párvatí or Durgá.

† See Vol. I, p. 48, and Baring Gould's remarks in his Curious Myths of the Middle Ages, Second Series, "The piper of Hamelin."

root of her ear.* She was thin and elegant in her waist, which appeared as if the Creator had compressed it in his grasp, when making her, and deeply impressed on it the marks of his fingers in the form of wrinkles. The moment Jímútaváhana saw that beauty, it seemed as if she entered by his eyes, and stole away his heart. And when the maiden saw him, adorning the garden, producing longing and disturbance of soul, looking as if he were the god of spring retired to the forest through disgust at the burning up of the body of the god of Love, she was overpowered with affection, and so bewildered, that her lyre, as if it had been a friend, became distracted and mute.

Then Jímutaváhana said to an attendant of hers, "What is your friend's auspicious name, and what family does she adorn?" When the attendant heard that, she said, "She is the sister of Mitrávasu, and the daughter of Viśvávasu the king of the Siddhas, and her name is Malyavatí." When she had said this to Jímutaváhana, the discreet woman asked the son of the hermit, who had come with him, his name and descent, and then she made this brief remark to Malayavatí, smiling as she spoke, "My friend, why do you not welcome this prince of the Vidyádharas who has come here? For he is a guest worthy of being honoured by the whole world." When she said this, that daughter of the king of the Siddhas was silent, and her face was cast down through shame. Then her attendant said to Jímútavahana, "The princess is bashful, permit me to shew you the proper courtesy in her place." So she alone gave him a garland with the *arghya*. Jímútaváhana, as soon as the garland was given to him, being full of love, took it, and threw it round the neck of Malayavatí. And she, looking at him with loving sidelong looks, placed, as it were, a garland of blue lotuses on him.

Thus they went through a sort of silent ceremony of mutual election, and then a maid came and said to that Siddha maiden, "Princess, your mother desires your presence, come at once." When the princess heard that, she withdrew regretfully and reluctantly from the face of her beloved her gaze, that seemed to be fastened to it with the arrows of love, and managed not without a struggle to return to her house. And Jímútaváhana, with his mind fixed on her, returned to his hermitage.

And when Malayavatí had seen her mother, she went at once and flung herself down on her bed, sick of separation from her beloved. Then her eyes were clouded, as it were by the smoke of the fire of love that burnt in her bosom, she shed floods of tears, and her body was tortured with heat; and though her attendants anointed her with sandal-wood unguent, and

* Here there is an insipid pun about the army of the Páṇḍavas penetrating by the help of Arjuna the host of Karṇa. There seems to be an allusion to Krishṇa also. For *vivikshatím* the Sanskrit College MS. reads *vimathnatím*.

fanned her with the leaves of lotuses, she could not obtain any relief on the bed, in the lap of her attendant, or on the ground. Then the day retired somewhere with the glowing evening, and the moon ascending kissed the laughing forehead of the east, and though urged on by love she was too bashful to send a female messenger to her chosen one, or to adopt any of the measures that lovers usually take, but she seemed loth to live. And she was contracted in her heart, and she passed that night, which the moon made disagreeable to her, like a lotus which closes at night, and bewilderment hung round her, like a cloud of bees.

And in the meanwhile Jímútaváhana, who was tortured at parting with her, though lying on his bed, spent the night as one who had fallen into the hand of Cupid; though his glow of love was of recent birth, a pallid hue began to shew itself in him; and though shame made him dumb, he uttered the pain which love produced.

Next morning he returned with excessive longing to that temple of Gaurí, where he had seen the daughter of the king of the Siddhas. And while, distracted with the fire of passion, he was being consoled by the hermit's son, who had followed him there, Malayavatí also came there; for, as she could not bear separation, she had secretly gone out alone into a solitary place to abandon the body. And the girl, not seeing her lover, who was separated from her by a tree, thus prayed, with eyes full of tears, to the goddess Gaurí, "Goddess, though my devotion to thee has not made Jímútaváhana my husband in this life, let him be so in my next life!" As soon as she had said this, she made a noose with her upper garment, and fastened it to the branch of the *aśoka*-tree in front of the temple of Gaurí. And she said "Prince Jímútaváhana, lord renowned over the whole world, how is it, that, though thou art compassionate, thou hast not delivered me?" When she had said this, she was proceeding to fasten the noose round her throat, but at that very moment a voice spoken by the goddess came from the air, "Daughter, do not act recklessly, for the Vidyádhara prince Jimútaváhana, the future emperor, shall be thy husband."

When the goddess said this, Jímútaváhana also heard it, and seeing his beloved, he went up to her, and his friend accompanied him. And his friend, the hermit's son, said to the young lady, "See, here is that very bridegroom whom the goddess has in reality bestowed upon you." And Jímútaváhana, uttering many tender loving speeches, removed with his own hand the noose from her neck. Then they seemed to have experienced, as it were, a sudden shower of nectar, and Malayavatí remained with bashful eye, drawing lines upon the ground. And at that moment, one of her companions, who was looking for her, suddenly came up to her, and said in joyful accents, "Friend, you are lucky, and you are blessed with good fortune in that you have obtained the very thing which you desired. For, this very

day, prince Mitrávasu said to the great king, your father, in my hearing, 'Father, that Vidyádhara prince Jímútaváhana, the object of the world's reverence, the bestower of the wishing-tree, who has come here, should be complimented by us, as he is our guest; and we cannot find any other match as good as him; so let us pay him a compliment by bestowing on him this pearl of maidens Malayavatí.' The king approved, saying 'So be it', and your brother Mitrávasu has now gone to the hermitage of the illustrious prince on this very errand. And I know that your marriage will take place at once, so come back to your palace, and let this illustrious prince also return to his dwelling." When the princess's companion said this to her, she departed slowly from that place, rejoicing and regretful, frequently turning her head.

And Jímútaváhana also returned quickly to his hermitage, and heard from Mitrávasu, who came there, his commission, which fulfilled all his wishes, and welcomed it with joy. And as he remembered his former births, he gave him an account of one in which Mitrávasu was his friend, and Mitrávasu's sister his wife.* Then Mitrávasu was pleased, and informed the parents of Jímútaváhana, who were also delighted, and returned, to the joy of his own parents, having executed his mission successfully. And that very day he took Jímútaváhana to his own house, and he made preparations for the marriage festival with a magnificence worthy of his magic power, and on that very same auspicious day he celebrated the marriage of his sister to that Vidyádhara prince; and then Jímútaváhana, having obtained the desire of his heart, lived with his newly married wife Malayavatí. And once on a time, as he was roaming about out of curiosity with Mitrávasu on that Malaya mountain, he reached a wood on the shore of the sea. There he saw a great many heaps of bones, and he said to Mitrávasu, "What creatures are these whose bones are piled up here?" Then his brother-in-law Mitrávasu said to that compassionate man, "Listen, I will tell you the story of this in a few words. Long, long ago, Kadrú the mother of the snakes conquered Vinatá, the mother of Garuḍa, in a treacherous wager, and made her a slave. Through enmity caused thereby, the mighty Garuḍa,† though he had delivered his mother, began to eat the snakes the sons of Kadrú. He was thenceforth continually in the habit of entering Pátála, and some he smote, some he trampled, and some died of fright.

"When Vásuki, the king of the snakes, saw that, he feared that his race would be annihilated at one fell swoop, so he supplicated Garuḍa, and made a compact with him, saying, 'King of birds, I will send you

* See Vol. I, p. 176.

† The Sanskrit College MS. has *balád* for the *balí* of Brockhaus's edition. For the "wager" see Vol. I, p. 182.

one snake every day to this shore of the southern sea for your meal. But you must by no means enter Pátála, for what advantage will you gain by destroying the snakes at one blow?' When the king of the snakes said this, the mighty Garuḍa saw that the proposal was to his advantage, and agreed to it. And from that time forth, the king of birds eats every day, on the shore of the sea, a snake sent by Vásuki. So these are heaps of bones of snakes devoured by Garuḍa, that have gradually accumulated in course of time, and come to look like the peak of a mountain."

When Jímútaváhana, that treasure-house of courage and compassion, had heard, inly grieving, this story from the mouth of Mitrávasu, he thus answered him, "One cannot help grieving for king Vásuki, who, like a coward, offers up every day his subjects to their enemy with his own hand. As he has a thousand faces and a thousand mouths, why could he not say with one mouth to Garuḍa, 'Eat me first?' And how could he be so cowardly as to ask Garuḍa to destroy his race, and so heartless as to be able to listen continually unmoved to the lamentation of the Nága women?* And to think that Garuḍa, though the son of Kaśyapa and a hero, and though sanctified by being the bearer of Krishṇa, should do such an evil deed! Alas the depths of delusion!" When the noble-hearted one had said this, he formed this wish in his heart, "May I obtain the one essential object in this world by the sacrifice of the unsubstantial body! May I be so fortunate as to save the life of one friendless terrified Nága by offering myself to Garuḍa!"

While Jímútaváhana was going through these reflections, a doorkeeper came from Mitrávasu's father to summon them, and Jímútaváhana sent Mitrávasu home, saying to him, "Go you on first, I will follow." And after he had gone, the compassionate man roamed about alone, intent on effecting the object he had in view, and he heard afar off a piteous sound of weeping. And he went on, and saw near a lofty rocky slab a young man of handsome appearance plunged in grief: an officer of some monarch seemed to have just brought him and left him there, and the young man was trying to induce by loving persuasions† an old woman, who was weeping there, to return.

And while Jímútaváhana was listening there in secret, melted with pity, eager to know who he could be, the old woman, overwhelmed with the weight of her grief, began to look again and again at the young man, and to lament his hard lot in the following words, "Alas S'ankhachúḍa, you that were obtained by me by means of a hundred pangs! Alas, virtuous one! Alas! son, the only scion of our family, where shall I behold you again? Darling, when this moon of your face is with-

* The Sanskrit College MS. reads *Tárkshyan ndnákranda nitydkarṇana nirghṛiṇam*

† The Sanskrit College MS. has *sánunaydm.*

drawn, your father will fall into the darkness of grief, and how will he live to old age? How will your body, that would suffer even from the touch of the sun's rays, be able to endure the agony of being devoured by Garuḍa? How comes it that Providence and the king of the snakes were able to find out you, the only son of ill-starred me, though the world of the snakes is wide?" When she thus lamented, the young man her son said to her, "I am afflicted enough, as it is, mother; why do you afflict me more? Return home; this is my last reverence to you, for I know it will soon be time for Garuḍa to arrive here." When the old woman heard that, she cast her sorrowful eyes all round the horizon, and cried aloud, "I am undone; who will deliver my son?"

In the meanwhile Jímútaváhana, that portion of a Bodhisattva, having heard and seen that, said to himself, being profoundly touched with pity, "I see, this is an unhappy snake, of the name of S'ankhachúḍa, who has now been sent by king Vásuki, to serve as food for Garuḍa. And this is his aged mother, whose only son he is, and who has followed him here out of love, and is lamenting piteously from grief. So, if I cannot save this wretched Nága by offering up this exceedingly perishable body, alas! my birth will have been void of fruit."

When Jímútaváhana had gone through these reflections, he went joyfully up to the old woman, and said to her, "Mother, I will deliver your son." When the old woman heard that, she was alarmed and terrified, thinking that Garuḍa had come, and she cried out, "Eat me, Garuḍa, eat me!" Then S'ankhachuḍa said, "Mother, do not be afraid, this is not Garuḍa. There is a great difference between this being who cheers one like the moon, and the terrible Garuḍa." When S'ankhachúḍa said this, Jímútaváhana said, "Mother, I am a Vidyádhara, come to deliver your son; for I will give my body, disguised in clothes, to the hungry Garuḍa; and do you return home, taking your son with you."

When the old woman heard that, she said, "By no means, for you are my son in a still higher sense, because you have shewn such compassion for us at such a time." When Jímútaváhana heard that, he replied, "You two ought not to disappoint my wish in this matter." And when he persistently urged this, S'ankhachúḍa said to him; "Of a truth, noble-hearted man, you have displayed your compassionate nature, but I cannot consent to save my body at the cost of yours; for who ought to save a common stone by the sacrifice of a gem? The world is full of people like myself, who feel pity only for themselves, but people like you, who are inclined to feel pity for the whole world, are few in number; besides, excellent man, I shall never find it in my heart to defile the pure race of S'ankhapála, as a spot defiles the disk of the moon."

When S'ankhachúḍa had in these words attempted to dissuade him, he

said to his mother, "Mother, go back, and leave this terrible wilderness. Do you not see here this rock of execution, smeared with the clotted gore of snakes, awful as the luxurious couch of Death! But I will go to the shore of the sea, and worship the lord Gokarṇa, and quickly return, before Garuḍa comes here." When S'ankhachúḍa had said this, he took a respectful leave of his sadly-wailing mother, and went to pay his devotions to Gokarṇa.

And Jímútaváhana made up his mind that, if Garuḍa arrived in the meantime, he would certainly be able to carry out his proposed self-sacrifice for the sake of another. And while he was thus reflecting, he saw the trees swaying with the wind of the wings of the approaching king of birds, and seeming, as it were, to utter a cry of dissuasion. So he came to the conclusion that the moment of Garuḍa's arrival was at hand, and determined to offer up his life for another, he ascended the rock of sacrifice. And the sea, churned by the wind, seemed with the eyes of its bright-flashing jewels to be gazing in astonishment at his extraordinary courage. Then Garuḍa came along, obscuring the heaven, and swooping down, struck the great-hearted hero with his beak, and carried him off from that slab of rock. And he quickly went off with him to a peak of the Malaya mountain, to eat him there; and Jímútaváhana's crest-jewel was torn from his head, and drops of blood fell from him, as he was carried through the air. And while Garuḍa was eating that moon of the Vidykdhara race, he said to himself; "May my body thus be offered in every birth for the benefit of others, and let me not enjoy heaven or liberation, if they are dissociated from the opportunity of benefiting my neighbour" And while he was saying this to himself, a rain of flowers fell from heaven.

In the meanwhile his crest-jewel, dripping with his blood, had fallen in front of his wife Malayavatí. When she saw it, she recognized it with much trepidation as her husband's crest-jewel, and as she was in the presence of her father-in-law and mother-in-law, she shewed it them with tears. And they, when they saw their son's crest-jewel, were at once beside themselves to think what it could mean. Then king Jímútaketu and queen Kanakavati found out by their supernatural powers of meditation the real state of the case, and proceeded to go quickly with their daughter-in-law to the place where Garuḍa and Jímútaváhana were. In the meanwhile S'ankhachúḍa returned from worshipping Gokarṇa, and saw, to his dismay, that that stone of sacrifice was wet with blood. Then the worthy fellow exclaimed with tears, "Alas! I am undone, guilty creature that I am! Undoubtedly that great-hearted one, in the fulness of his compassion, has given himself to Garuḍa in my stead. So I will find out to what place the enemy has carried him off in this moment. If I find him alive, I shall escape sinking in the mire of dishonour." While he said

this, he went following up the track of the drops of blood, that he saw lying close to one another on the ground.

In the meanwhile Garuḍa, who was engaged in devouring Jímútaváhana, saw that he was pleased; so he immediately stopped, and said to himself; "Strange! This must be some matchless hero; for the great-hearted one rejoices even while I am devouring him, but does not lose his life. And on so much of his body as is not lacerated, he has all the hairs erect, as it were a coat of mail; and his look is lovingly fixed on me, as if I were his benefactor. So he cannot be a snake; he must be some saint; I will cease from devouring him, and question him." While Garuḍa was thus musing, Jímútaváhana said to him; "King of birds, why do you desist? There is flesh and blood in my body, and you are not satisfied as yet, so go on eating it." When the king of birds heard this, he asked him with much astonishment, "Great-souled one, you are not a snake, so tell me who you are." But Jímútaváhana answered Garuḍa, "In truth I am a Nága; what is the meaning of this question of yours? Do your kind, for who, that is not foolish, would act* contrary to the purpose he had undertaken?"

While he was giving this answer to Garuḍa, S'ankhachúḍa came near, and called out to Garuḍa from a distance, "Do not do a rash and criminal deed, son of Vinatá. What delusion is this that possesses you? He is not a snake; lo! I am the snake designed for you." When S'ankhachúḍa had said this, he came up quickly, and standing between those two, and seeing Garuḍa bewildered, he went on to say; "Why are you perplexed; do you not see that I have hoods and two tongues; and do you not observe the charming appearance of this Vidyádhara?" While S'ankhachúḍa was saying this, the wife and parents of Jímútaváhana came there with speed. And his parents, seeing him mangled, immediately cried out, "Alas, son! Alas, Jímútaváhana! Alas, compassionate one who have given your life for others! How could you, son of Vinatá, do this thoughtless deed?" When Garuḍa heard this, he was grieved, and he said, "What! Have I in my delusion eaten an incarnation of a Bodhisattva? This is that very Jímútaváhana, who sacrifices his life for others, the renown of whose glory pervades all these three worlds? So, now that he is dead, the time has arrived for my wicked self to enter the fire. Does the fruit of the poison-tree of unrighteousness ever ripen sweet?" While Garuḍa was distracted with these reflections, Jímútaváhana, having beheld his family, fell down in the agony of his wounds, and died.

Then his parents, tortured with sorrow, lamented, and S'ankhachúḍa again and again blamed his own negligence. But Jímútaváhana's wife, Malayavatí, looked towards the heaven, and in accents choked with tears

* The Sanskṛit College MS. reads *vidadhyád*. This is the reading which I follow here in preference to that of Brockhaus.

thus reproached the goddess Ambiká, who before was pleased with her, and granted her a boon, "At that time, O goddess Gaurí, thou didst promise me that I should have for husband one destined to be paramount sovereign over all the kings of the Vidyádharas, so how comes it that thou hast now falsified thy promise to me?" When she said this, Gaurí became visible, and saying "Daughter, my speech was not false," she quickly sprinkled Jímútaváhana with nectar from her pitcher.* That made the successful hero Jímútaváhana at once rise up more splendid than before, with all his limbs free from wounds.

He rose up, and prostrated himself before the goddess, and then all prostrated themselves, and the goddess said to him, "My son, I am pleased with this sacrifice of thy body, so I now anoint thee with this hand of mine emperor over the Vidyádharas, and thou shalt hold the office for a *kalpa*." With these words Gaurí sprinkled Jímútaváhana with water from her pitcher, and after she had been worshipped, disappeared. And thereupon a heavenly rain of flowers fell on that spot, and the drums of the gods sounded joyously in the sky.

Then Garuḍa, bending low, said to Jímútaváhana, "Emperor, I am pleased with thee, as thou art an unparalleled hero, since thou, of soul matchlessly generous, hast done this wonderful deed, that excites the astonishment of the three worlds, and is inscribed on the walls of the egg of Brahmá. So give me an order, and receive from me whatever boon thou dost desire." When Garuḍa said this, the great-hearted hero said to him, "Thou must repent, and never again devour the snakes; and let these snakes, whom thou didst devour before, whose bones only remain, return to life. Thereupon Garuḍa said, "So be it; from this day forth I will never eat the snakes again; heaven forefend! As for those that I ate on former occasions, let them return to life."

Then all the snakes, that he had eaten before, whose bones alone remained, rose up unwounded, restored to life by the nectar of his boon. Then the gods, the snakes, and the hermit bands assembled there full of joy, and so the Malaya mountain earned the title of the three worlds. And then all the kings of the Vidyádharas heard by the favour of Gaurí the strange story of Jímútaváhana; and they immediately came and bowed at his feet, and after he had dismissed Garuḍa, they took him to the Himálayas, accompanied by his rejoicing relations and friends, a noble emperor whose great inauguration ceremony had been performed by Gaurí with her own hands. There Jímútaváhana, in the society of his mother and father, and of Mitrávasu and Malayavatí, and of S'ankhachúḍa, who had gone to his own house, and returned again, long enjoyed the dignity of emperor of the Vidyádharas, rich in jewels, which had been gained by his marvellous and extraordinarily heroic action.

* Cp. Waldau's Böhmische Märchen, p. 594.

Having told this very noble and interesting tale, the Vetála proceeded to put another question to king Trivikramasena, "So tell me, which of those two was superior in fortitude, S'ankhachúḍa or Jímútaváhana? And the conditions are those which I mentioned before." When king Trivikramasena heard this question of the Vetála's, he broke his silence, through fear of a curse, and said with calm composure, "This behaviour was nowise astonishing in Jímútaváhana, as he had acquired this virtue in many births; but S'ankhachúḍa really deserves praise, for that, after he had escaped death, he ran after his enemy Garuḍa, who had found another self-offered victim* and had gone a long distance with him, and importunately offered him his body."

When that excellent Vetála had heard this speech of that king's, he left his shoulder and again went to his own place, and the king again pursued him as before.

*Note.*

Oesterley remarks that the substance of this story is told, in the eleventh chapter of the Vikramacharitam, of king Vikramáditya. A Rákshasa carried off so many persons from the city of Pala that the inhabitants agreed to give him one human being every day. The king takes the place of one of these victims, and the Rákshasa is so much affected by it, that he promises not to demand any more victims. A similar contest in generosity is found in the 2nd Tale of the Siddhi-kür, Jülg, p. 60, but the end of the story is quite different. (Oesterley's Baitál Pachísí, pp. 205-207.) The story in the Siddhi-kür is probably the 5th Tale in Sagas from the Far East; "How the Serpent-gods were propitiated."

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## CHAPTER XCI.

### (Vetála 17.)

Then the brave king Trivikramasena went back once more to the *aśoka*-tree, and taking the Vetala from it, carried him off on his shoulder. And when he had set out, the Vetála said to him from his perch on his shoulder, "Listen, king; to cheer your toil, I will tell you the following tale."

*Story of Unmádiní.*†

There was a city of the name‡ of Kanakapura situated on the bank of the Ganges, in which the bounds of virtue were never transgressed,

* The MS. in the Sanskṛit College reads *anyaṃ vṛittátmánaṃ : anyaṃ* at any rate must be right.

† See Vol. I, pp. 104, 294, and 574.

‡ The Sanskṛit College MS. reads *prág* for *náma*.

and which was inaccessible to the demon Kali. In it there was a king rightly named Yaśodhana, who, like a rocky coast, protected the earth against the sea of calamity. When Destiny framed him, she seemed to blend together the moon and the sun, for, though he delighted the world, the heat of his valour was scorching, and the circle of his territory never waned. This king was unskilled* in slandering his neighbour, but skilled in the meaning of the S'ástras, he shewed poverty in crime, not in treasure and military force. His subjects sang of him as one afraid only of sin, covetous only of glory, averse to the wives of others, all compact of valour, generosity, and love.

In that capital of that sovereign there was a great merchant, and he had an unmarried daughter, named Unmádiní. Whoever there beheld her, was at once driven mad by the wealth of her beauty, which was enough to bewilder even the god of love himself. And when she attained womanhood, her politic father, the merchant, went to king Yaśodhana, and said to him, "King, I have a daughter to give in marriage, who is the pearl of the three worlds; I dare not give her away to any one else, without informing your Majesty. For to your Majesty belong all the jewels on the whole earth, so do me the favour of accepting or rejecting her."

When the king heard this report from the merchant, he sent off, with due politeness, his own Bráhmans, to see whether she had auspicious marks or not. The Bráhmans went and saw that matchless beauty of the three worlds, and were at once troubled and amazed, but when they had recovered their self-control, they reflected; "If the king gets hold of this maiden the kingdom is ruined, for his mind will be thrown off its balance by her, and he will not regard his kingdom, so we must not tell the king that she possesses auspicious marks." When they had deliberated to this effect,† they went to the king, and said falsely to him, "She has inauspicious marks." Accordingly the king declined to take that merchant's daughter as his wife.

Then, by the king's orders, the merchant, the father of the maiden Unmádiní, gave her in marriage to the commander of the king's forces, named Baladhara. And she lived happily with her husband in his house, but she thought that she had been dishonoured by the king's abandoning her on account of her supposed inauspicious marks.

And as time went on, the lion of spring came to that place, slaying the elephant of winter, that, with flowering jasmine-creepers for tusks, had ravaged the thick-clustering lotuses. And it sported in the wood, with luxuriant clusters of flowers for mane, and with mango-buds for claws. At that season king Yaśodhana, mounted on an elephant, went out to see the

* The Sanskrit College MS. gives *mándyam* for *maurkhyam*.

† The Sanskrit College MS. gives *mankshu* for *mantram*.

high festival of spring in that city of his. And then a warning drum was beaten, to give notice to all matrons to retire, as it was apprehended that the sight of his beauty might prove their ruin.

When Unmádiní heard that drum, she shewed herself to the king on the roof of her palace, to revenge the insult he had offered her by refusing her. And when the king saw her, looking like a flame shooting up from the fire of love, when fanned by spring and the winds from the Malaya mountain, he was sorely troubled. And gazing on her beauty, that pierced deep into his heart, like a victorious dart of Cupid, he immediately swooned. His servants managed to bring him round, and when he had entered his palace, he found out from them, by questioning them, that this was the very beauty who had been formerly offered to him, and whom he had rejected. Then the king banished from his realm those who reported that she had inauspicious marks, and thought on her with longing, night after night, saying to himself, "Ah! how dull of soul and shameless is the moon, that he continues to rise, while her spotless face is there, a feast to the eyes of the world!" Thinking thus in his heart, the king, being slowly wasted by the smouldering fires of love, pined away day by day. But through shame he concealed the cause of his grief, and with difficulty was he induced to tell it to his confidential servants, who were led by external signs to question him. Then they said; "Why fret yourself? Why do you not take her to yourself, as she is at your command?" But the righteous sovereign would not consent to follow their advice.

Then Baladhara, the commander-in-chief, heard the tidings, and being truly devoted to him, he came and flung himself at the feet of his sovereign, and made the following petition to him, "King, you should look upon this female slave as your slave-girl, not as the wife of another; and I bestow her freely upon you, so deign to accept my wife. Or I will abandon her in the temple here, then, king, there will be no sin in your taking her to yourself, as there might be, if she were a matron." When the commander-in-chief persistently entreated the king to this effect, the king answered him with inward wrath, "How could I, being a king, do such an unrighteous deed? If I desert the path of right, who will remain loyal to his duty? And how can you, though devoted to me, urge me to commit a crime, which will bring momentary pleasure,* but cause great misery in the next world? And if you desert your lawful wife, I shall not allow your crime to go unpunished, for who in my position could tolerate such an outrage on morality? So death is for me the best course." With these words the king vetoed the proposal of the commander-in-chief, for men of noble character lose their lives sooner than abandon the path of virtue. And in

* *Duḥkhávahe*, the reading of Brockhaus's edition, is obviously a misprint for *sukhávahe*, which I find in the Sanskṛit College MS.

the same way the resolute-minded monarch rejected the petition of his citizens, and of the country-people, who assembled, and entreated him to the same effect.

Accordingly, the king's body was gradually consumed by the fire of the grievous fever of love, and only his name and fame remained.* But the commander-in-chief could not bear the thought that the king's death had been brought about in this way, so he entered the fire; for the actions of devoted followers are inexplicable.†

When the Vetála, sitting on the shoulder of king Trivikramasena, had told this wonderful tale, he again said to him, "So tell me, king, which of these two was superior in loyalty, the general or the king; and remember, the previous condition still holds." When the Vetála said this, the king broke silence, and answered him, "Of these two the king was superior in loyalty." When the Vetála heard this, he said to him reproachfully, "Tell me, king, how can you make out that the general was not his superior? For, though he knew the charm of his wife's society by long familiarity, he offered such a fascinating woman to the king out of love for him; and when the king was dead, he burnt himself; but the king refused the offer of his wife without knowing anything about her."

When the Vetála said this to the king, the latter laughed, and said, "Admitting the truth of this, what is there astonishing in the fact, that the commander-in-chief, a man of good family, acted thus for his master's sake, out of regard for him? For servants are bound to preserve their masters even by the sacrifice of their lives. But kings are inflated with arrogance, uncontrollable as elephants, and when bent on enjoyment, they snap asunder the chain of the moral law. For their minds are overweening, and all discernment is washed out of them, when the waters of inauguration are poured over them, and is, as it were, swept away by the flood. And the breeze of the waving chowries fans away the atoms of the sense of scripture taught them by old men, as it fans away flies and mosquitoes. And the royal umbrella keeps off from them the rays of truth, as well as the rays of the sun; and their eyes, smitten by the gale of prosperity, do not see the right path. And so even kings, that have conquered the world, like Nahusha and others, have had their minds bewildered by Mára, and have been brought into calamity. But this king, though his umbrella was paramount in the earth, was not fascinated by Unmádiní, fickle as the goddess of Fortune; indeed, sooner than set his foot on the wrong path, he renounced life altogether; therefore him I consider the more self-controlled of the two."

* May we compare this king to Daphnis, who *τὸν αὑτῶ ἄνυε πικρὸν ἔρωτα, καὶ ἐς τέλος ἄνυε μοίρας*?

† Cp. the behaviour of the followers of the emperor Otho.

When the Vetála heard this speech of the king's, he again rapidly quitted his shoulder by the might of his delusive power, and returned to his own place; and the king followed him swiftly, as before, to recover him: for how can great men leave off in the middle of an enterprise, which they have begun, even though it be very difficult?

*Note.*

Oesterley states that this tale is No. 26, in the Persian Tútínámah, in Iken, p. 109. The deliberations about carrying off the wife of the commander-in-chief are, in this form of the story, carried on in the presence of the counsellors only; and the king is the only one that dies. From the Persian Tútínámah the story has passed in a very similar form into the Turkish Tútínámah. Compare Malespíní, 1, No. 102, (Oesterley's Baitál Pachísí, pp. 207, 208.) The story, as told by Sivadása, will be found in Bezzenberger's Beiträge zur Kunde der Indo-germanischen Sprachen, Vol. IV, p. 360, Dr. Zachariæ, the author of the paper, gives a reference to the Rajatarangini, IV, 17-37, which Professor Bühler pointed out to him. He tells us that the story is the 14th in Jambhaladatta's recension. The story is also found in the parables of Buddhaghosha; in a form based upon the Ummadantíjátaka. Dr. Zachariæ gives the Pali text of this Játaka in an Appendix, and the corresponding Sanskṛit version of the tale from the Játakamálá of Aryaśúra. He also refers his readers to Upham's Mahávanso, pp. 212-213; Beal, Texts from the Buddhist canon, commonly known as Dhammapada, Section XXIII, Advantageous Service; Bigandet, The life or legend of Gaudama, the Buddha of the Burmese, pp. 220-221; and Mary Summer, Histoire du Bouddha Sákya-Mouni, (Paris, 1874,) p. 145.

In the Pali version the Bráhmans are so bewildered at the sight of the girl that they cannot eat, but put their rice on their heads &c. instead of putting it in their mouths; so she has them driven out by her servants. Out of revenge they tell the king that she is a *kálakaṇṇí*, which according to Childers means "a hag." In the Játakamálá they are too much bewildered to stand, much less to eat; but the report which they make is much the same as in our text, and made from the same motives.

## CHAPTER XCII.

### (Vetála 18.)

Then in that cemetery, full of the flames of funeral pyres, as of demons, flesh-devouring, with lolling tongues of fire, the undaunted king Trivikramasena went back that same night to the *aśoka*-tree.

And there he unexpectedly saw many corpses of similar appearance hanging upon the tree, and they all seemed to be possessed by Vetálas. The king said to himself, "Ah! what is the meaning of this? Is this deluding Vetála doing this now in order to waste my time? For I do not know

which of these many corpses here I ought to take. If this night shall pass away without my accomplishing my object, I will enter the fire, I will not put up with disgrace." But the Vetála discovered the king's intention, and pleased with his courage, he withdrew that delusion. Then the king beheld only one Vetála on the tree in the corpse of a man, and he took it down, and put it on his shoulder, and once more started off with it. And as he trudged along, the Vetála again said to him, "King, your fortitude is wonderful: so listen to this my tale."

*Story of the Bráhman's son who failed to acquire the magic power.*

There is a city called Ujjayiní, inferior only to Bhogavatí and Amarávatí, which S'iva, who was won by the toilsome asceticism of Gaurí, being in love with the matchless pre-eminence of its excellence, himself selected as his habitation. It is full of various enjoyments, to be attained only by distinguished well-doing; in that city stiffness and hardness is seen only in the bosoms of the ladies, curvature only in their eye-brows,* and fickleness only in their rolling eyes; darkness only in the nights; crookedness only in the ambiguous phrases of poets; madness only in elephants; and coldness only in pearls, sandal-wood juice, and the moon.

In that city there was a learned Bráhman, named Devasvámin, who had offered many sacrifices, and possessed great wealth, and who was highly honoured by the king, whose name was Chandraprabha. In time there was born to that Bráhman a son, named Chandrasvámin, and he, though he had studied the sciences, was, when he grew up, exclusively devoted to the vice of gambling.† Now once on a time that Bráhman's son, Chandrasvámin, entered a great gambling-hall to gamble. Calamities seemed to be continually watching that hall with tumbling dice for rolling eyes, like the black antelope in colour, and saying to themselves, "Whom shall we seize on here?" And the hall, full of the noise of the altercations of gamblers, seemed to utter this cry, "Who is there whose wealth I could not take away? I could impoverish even Kuvera the lord of Alaká." Then he entered the hall, and playing dice with gamblers, he lost his clothes and all, and then he lost borrowed money in addition. And when he was called upon to pay that impossible sum, he could not do it, so the keeper of the gambling-hall seized him and beat him with sticks.‡ And that Bráhman's son, when beaten with sticks all over his body, made himself motionless as a stone, and to all appearance dead, and remained in that state.

* *Bhanga* also means defeat.

† This vice was prevalent even in the Vedic age. See Zimmer, Alt-Indisches Leben, pp. 283-287; Muir's Sanskrit Texts, Vol. V, pp. 425-430. It is well-known that the plot of the Mahábhárata principally turns on this vice.

‡ Compare the conduct of Máthura in the Mrichchhakaṭika. For the penniless state of the gambler, see p. 195, and Gaal, Märchen der Magyaren, p. 3.

When he had remained there in that condition for two or three days, the proprietor of the gambling establishment got angry, and said, in the gambling-hall, to the gamblers, who frequented it; "This fellow has begun to try on the petrifaction dodge, so take the spiritless wretch and throw him into some blind well; but I will give you the money."

When the proprietor said this to the gamblers, they took up Chandrasvámin, and carried him to a distant wood to look for a well. There an old gambler said to the others, "This fellow is all but dead; so what is the good of throwing him into a well now? So let us leave him here, and say that we left him in a well." All approved his speech, and agreed to do as he recommended.

Then the gamblers left Chandrasvámin there and went their ways, and he rose up and entered an empty temple of S'iva that stood near. There he recovered his strength a little, and reflected in his grief, "Alas! being over-confiding, I have been robbed by these gamblers by downright cheating, so, where can I go in this condition, naked, cudgelled, and begrimed with dust? What would my father, my relations, or my friends say of me, if they saw me? So I will remain here for the present, and at night I will go out, and see how I can make shift to get food, to satisfy my hunger." While he was going through these reflections in hunger and nakedness, the sun abated his heat, and abandoned his garment the sky, and went to the mountain of setting.

Thereupon there came there a Páśupata ascetic with his body smeared with ashes, with matted hair and a trident, looking like a second S'iva. When he saw Chandrasvámin, he said to him, "Who are you? Thereupon Chandrasvámin told him his story, and bowed before him, and the hermit when he heard it, said to him; "You have arrived at my hermitage, as an unexpected guest, exhausted with hunger; so rise up, bathe, and take a portion of the food I have obtained by begging." When the hermit said this to Chandrasvámin, he answered, "Reverend sir, I am a Bráhman; how can I eat a part of your alms?"

When the hospitable hermit who possessed magic powers, heard that, he entered his hut, and called to mind the science which produces whatever one desires, and the science appeared to him when he called it to mind, and said, "What shall I do for you?" And he gave it this order; "Provide entertainment for this guest." The science answered "I will;" and then Chandrasvámin beheld a golden city rise up, with a garden attached to it, and full of female attendants. And those females came out of that city, and approached the astonished Chandrasvámin, and said to him; "Rise up, good sir; come, eat, and forget your fatigue." Then they took him inside, and made him bathe, and anointed him; and they put splendid garments on him, and took him to another magnificent dwelling; and there the young man be-

held a young woman who seemed their chief, who was beautiful in all her limbs, and appeared to have been made by the Creator out of curiosity to see what he could do. She rose up, eager to welcome him, and made him sit beside her on her throne, and he partook with her of heavenly food, and ate with much delight betel-nut, flavoured with five fruits.

And next morning he woke up, and saw only that temple of S'iva there, and neither that city, nor that heavenly lady nor her attendants. Then the hermit came out of the hut smiling, and asked him how he had enjoyed himself in the night, and the discreet Chandrasvámin, in his despondency, said to the hermit, "By your favour, reverend sir, I spent the night happily enough; but now, without that heavenly lady, my life will depart." When the hermit heard that, being kind-hearted, he laughed and said to him, "Remain here, you shall have exactly the same experiences this night also." When the hermit said this, Chandrasvámin consented to stay, and by the favour of the hermit, he was provided by the same means with the same enjoyments every night.

And at last he understood that this was all produced by magic science, so, one day, impelled by destiny, he coaxed that mighty hermit and said to him, "If, reverend sir, you really take pity on me, who have fled to you for protection, bestow on me that science, whose power is so great." When he urged this request persistently, the hermit said to him, "You cannot attain this science; for it is attained under the water, and while the aspirant is muttering spells under the water, the science creates delusions to bewilder him, so that he does not attain success. For there he sees himself born again, and a boy, and then a youth, and then a young man, and married, and then he supposes that he has a son. And he is falsely deluded, supposing that one person is his friend and another his enemy, and he does not remember this birth, nor that he is engaged in a magic rite for acquiring science. But whoever, when he seems to have reached twentyfour years, is recalled to consciousness by the science of his instructor, and being firm of soul, remembers his real life, and knows that all he supposes himself to experience is the effect of illusion, and though he is under the influence of it, enters the fire, attains the science, and rising from the water, sees the real truth. But if the science is not attained by the pupil on whom it is bestowed, it is lost to the teacher also, on account of its having been communicated to an unfit person. You can attain all the results you desire by my possession of the science; why do you shew this persistence? Take care that my power is not lost, and that so your enjoyment is not lost also."

Though the hermit said this, Chandrasvámin persisted in saying to him, I shall be able to do all that is required*; do not be anxious about that." Then the hermit consented to give him the science. What will

* I read *śakshyámi* with the Sanskrit College MS.

not good men do for the sake of those that implore their aid? Then the Páśupata ascetic went to the bank of the river, and said to him, "My son, when, in repeating this charm, you behold that illusion, I will recall you to consciousness by my magic power, and you must enter the fire which you will see in your illusion. For I shall remain here all the time on the bank of the river to help you. When that prince of ascetics had said this, being himself pure, he duly communicated that charm to Chandrasvámin, who was purified and had rinsed his mouth with water. Then Chandrasvámin bowed low before his teacher, and plunged boldly into the river, while he remained on the bank. And while he was repeating over that charm in the water, he was at once bewildered by its deluding power, and cheated into forgetting the whole of that birth. And he imagined himself to be born in his own person in another town, as the son of a certain Bráhman, and he slowly grew up. And in his fancy he was invested with the Bráhmanical thread, and studied the prescribed sciences, and married a wife, and was absorbed in the joys and sorrows of married life, and in course of time had a son born to him, and he remained in that town engaged in various pursuits, enslaved by love for his son, devoted to his wife, with his parents and relations.

While he was thus living through in his fancy a life other than his real one, the hermit his teacher employed the charm, whose office it was to rouse him at the proper season. He was suddenly awakened from his reverie by the employment of that charm, and recollected himself and that hermit, and became aware that all that he was apparently going through was magic illusion, and he became eager to enter the fire, in order to gain the fruit, which was to be attained by the charm; but he was surrounded by his elders, friends, superiors and relations, who all tried to prevent him. Still, though they used all kinds of arguments to dissuade him, being desirous of heavenly enjoyment, he went with his relations to the bank of the river, on which a pyre was prepared. There he saw his aged parents and his wife ready to die with grief, and his young children crying; and in his bewilderment he said to himself; "Alas! my relations will all die, if I enter the fire, and I do not know if that promise of my teacher's is true or not. So shall I enter the fire? Or shall I not enter it? After all, how can that promise of my teacher's be false, as it is so precisely in accordance with all that has taken place? So, I will gladly enter the fire." When the Bráhman Chandrasvámin had gone through these reflections, he entered the fire.

And to his astonishment the fire felt as cool to him as snow. Then he rose up from the water of the river, the delusion having come to an end, and went to the bank. There he saw his teacher on the bank, and he prostrated himself at his feet, and when his teacher questioned him, he told

him all his experiences, ending with the cool feel of the fire. Then his teacher said to him, "My son, I am afraid you have made some mistake in this incantation, otherwise how can the fire have become cool to you? This phenomenon in the process of acquiring this science is unprecedented." When Chandrasvámin heard this remark of his teacher's, he answered, "Reverend sir, I am sure that I made no mistake."

Then the teacher, in order to know for certain, called to mind that science, and it did not present itself to him or his pupil. So, as both of them had lost the science, they left that place despondent.

When the Vetála had told this story, he once more put a question to king Trivikramasena, after mentioning the same condition as before; "King, resolve this doubt of mine; tell me, why was the science lost to both of them, though the incantation was performed in the prescribed way?" When the brave king heard this speech of the Vetála's, he gave him this answer; "I know, lord of magic, you are bent on wasting my time here, still I will answer. A man cannot obtain success even by performing correctly a difficult ceremony, unless his mind is firm, and abides in spotless courage, unhesitating and pure from wavering. But in that business the mind of that spiritless young Bráhman wavered, even when roused by his teacher,* so his charm did not attain success, and his teacher lost his mastery over the charm, because he had bestowed it on an undeserving aspirant."

When the king had said this, the mighty Vetála again left his shoulder and went back invisible to his own place, and the king went back to fetch him as before.

## *Note.*

The above story closely resembles one quoted from the Turkish Tales in the 94th number of the Spectator.

A sultan of Egypt was directed by a great doctor in the law, who had the gift of working miracles, to place himself in a huge tub of water, which he accordingly did; and as he stood by the tub amidst a circle of his great men, the holy man bid him plunge his head into the water and draw it up again. The king accordingly thrust his head into the water, and at the same time found himself at the foot of a mountain on the sea-shore. The king immediately began to rage against his doctor for this piece of treachery and witchcraft; but at length, knowing it was in vain to be angry, he set himself to think on proper methods for getting a livelihood in this strange country, Accordingly he applied himself to some people, whom he saw at work in a neighbouring wood: these people conducted him to a town that stood at a little distance from the wood, where after some adventures, he married a woman of great beauty and fortune. He lived with this woman so long that he had by her seven sons and seven daughters. He was afterwards reduced to great want, and forced to think of plying in the streets as a porter for his livelihood. One day, as he was walking alone by the seaside, being seized with many melancholy reflections upon his former and his present state of life.

* *Prabodhya* should, I think, be *prabudhya*.

which had raised a fit of devotion in him, he threw off his clothes in the desire to wash himself, according to the custom of the Muhammadans, before he said his prayers.

After his first plunge into the sea, he no sooner raised his head above the water, than he found himself standing by the side of the tub, with the great men of his court about him, and the holy man at his side. He immediately upbraided his teacher for having sent him on such a course of adventures, and betrayed him into so long a state of misery and servitude; but was wonderfully surprised when he heard that the state he talked of was only a dream and a delusion; that he had not stirred from the place where he then stood; and that he had only dipped his head into the water, and taken it out again. Oesterley compares the story of Devadatta in the 26th Taranga of this work.

## CHAPTER XCIII.

### (Vetála 19.)

Then king Trivikramasena again went and took the Vetála from the *aśoka*-tree, and putting him on his shoulder, set out with him; and as he was returning from the tree, the Vetála once more said to him, "Listen, king, I will tell you a delightful tale."

*Story of the Thief's Son.*

There is a city named Vakrolaka, equal to the city of the gods; in it there dwelt a king named Súryaprabha, equal to Indra. He, like Vishṇu, rescued this earth, and bore it long time on his arm, gladdening all men by his frame ever ready to bear their burdens.* In the realm of that king tears were produced only by contact with smoke, there was no talk of death except in the case of the living death of starved lovers, and the only fines were the fine gold sticks in the hands of his warders. He was rich in all manner of wealth, and he had only one source of grief, namely, that, though he had many wives, no son was born to him.

Now, at this point of the story, there was a merchant, of the name of Dhanapála, in the great city of Tamraliptí, the wealthiest of the wealthy. And he had born to him one daughter only, and her name was Dhanavatí, who was shewn by her beauty to be a Vidyádharí fallen by a curse. When she grew up to womanhood, the merchant died; and his relations seized his property, as the king did not interfere to protect it. Then the wife of that merchant, who was named Hiraṇyavatí, took her own jewels and ornaments, which she had carefully concealed, and left her house secretly at the beginning of night, with her daughter Dhanavatí, and fled, to escape

* It also means, in the case of Vishṇu, "by his incarnation in the form of a boar."

from her husband's relations. And with difficulty did she get outside the town, leaning upon the hand of her daughter, for without her was the darkness of night, and within her the darkness of grief. And as she went along in the thick darkness outside the town, it chanced, so fate would have it, that she ran her shoulder against a thief impaled on a stake, whom she did not see. He was still alive, and his pain being aggravated by the blow he received from her shoulder, he said, "Alas! who has rubbed salt into my wounds?" The merchant's wife then and there said to him, "Who are you?" He answered her, "I am a detected thief impaled here,* and though I am impaled, my breath has not yet left my body, wicked man that I am. So tell me, lady, who you are and whither you are going in this manner." When the merchant's wife heard this, she told him her story; and at that moment the eastern quarter adorned her face with the outshining moon, as with a beauty-patch.

Then, all the horizon being lighted up, the thief saw the merchant's daughter, the maiden Dhanavatí, and said to her mother, "Listen to one request of mine; I will give you a thousand pieces of gold; come, give me this maiden daughter of yours to wife." She laughed, and said, "What do you want with her?" Then the thief replied, "I am now as good as dead, and I have no son; and you know, a sonless man does not inherit the worlds of bliss. But, if you agree to my proposal, whatever son she may give birth to by my appointment, whoever may be his father, will be the issue raised up to me. This is the reason why I ask for her, but do you accomplish that desire of mine." When the merchant's widow heard this, she consented to it out of avarice. And she brought water from somewhere or other, and poured it on the hand of that thief, and said, "I give you this my maiden daughter in marriage."

He then gave to her daughter the command aforesaid, and then said to the merchant's widow, "Go and dig at the foot of this banyan-tree, and take the gold you find there; and when I am dead, have my body burnt with the usual ceremonies, and throw my bones into some sacred water, and go with your daughter to the city of Vakrolaka. There the people are made happy by good government under king Súryaprabha, and you will be able to live as you like, free from anxiety, as you will not be persecuted." When the thief had said this, being thirsty, he drank some water which she brought; and his life came to an end, spent with the torture of impalement.

Then the merchant's widow went and took the gold from the foot of the banyan-tree, and went secretly with her daughter to the house of a friend of her husband's; and while she was there, she managed to get that thief's body duly burnt, and had his bones thrown into a sacred water, and all the

* There is a probably a pun in *súchitaḥ*.

other rites performed. And the next day she took that concealed wealth, and went off with her daughter, and travelling along reached in course of time that city Vakrolaka. There she bought a house from a great merchant named Vasudatta, and lived in it with her daughter Dhanavatí.

Now at that time there lived in that city a teacher of the name of Vishṇusvámin. And he had a pupil, a very handsome Bráhman of the name of Manaḥsvámin. And he, though he was of high birth and well-educated, was so enslaved by the passions of youth that he fell in love with a *hetæra* of the name of Hansávalí. But she demanded a fee of five hundred gold *dínárs*, and he did not possess this sum, so he was in a state of perpetual despondency.

And one day that merchant's daughter Dhanavatí saw him from the top of her palace, such as I have described, with attenuated but handsome frame. Her heart was captivated by his beauty; so she called to mind the injunction of that thief her husband, and artfully said to her mother, who was near her; "Mother, behold the beauty and youth of this young Bráhman, how charming they are, raining nectar into the eyes of the whole world." When that merchant's widow heard this, she saw that her daughter was in love with the young Bráhman, and she thought thus in her mind; "My daughter is bound by the orders of her husband to choose some man, in order to raise up issue to her husband, so why should she not invite this one?" When she had gone through these reflections, she entrusted her wish to a confidential maid, and sent her to bring the Bráhman for her daughter.

The maid went and took that Bráhman aside, and communicated her mistress's wish to him, and that young and dissolute Bráhman said to her; "If they will give me five hundred gold dínárs for Hansávalí, I will go there for one night." When he said this to the maid, she went and communicated it to the merchant's widow, and she sent the money to him by her hand. When Manaḥsvámin had received the money, he went with the maid to the private apartments of the widow's daughter, Dhanavatí, who had been made over to him. Then he saw that expectant fair one, the ornament of the earth, as the partridge beholds the moonlight, and rejoiced; and after passing the night there, he went away secretly next morning.

And Dhanavatí, the merchant's daughter, became pregnant by him, and in due time she brought forth a son, whose auspicious marks fore-shadowed his lofty destiny. She and her mother were much pleased at the birth of a son; and then S'iva manifested himself to them in a dream by night, and said to them; "Take this boy, as he lies in his cradle, and leave him, with a thousand gold pieces, early in the morning, at the door of king Súryaprabha. In this way all will turn out well." The merchant's widow and the merchant's daughter, having received this command from S'iva, woke

up, and told one another their dream. And relying upon the god, they took the boy and the gold, and laid them together at the gate of king Súryaprabha's palace.*

In the meanwhile S'iva thus commanded in a dream king Súryaprabha, who was tormented with anxiety to obtain a son; "Rise up, king, somebody has placed at the gate of your palace a handsome child and some gold, take him as he lies in his cradle." When S'iva had said this to the king, he woke up in the morning, and at that moment the warders came in and told him the same, and so he went out himself, and seeing at the gate of the palace that boy with a heap of gold, and observing that he was of auspicious appearance, having his hands and feet marked with the line, the umbrella, the banner and other marks, he said, "S'iva has given me a suitable child," and he himself took him up in his arms, and went into the palace with him. And he made a feast, and gave away an incalculable amount of wealth, so that only the word "poor" was without its proper wealth of signification. And king Súryaprabha spent twelve days in music, and dancing, and other amusements, and then he gave that son the name of Chandraprabha.

And gradually prince Chandraprabha increased in stature as well as in excellent character, delighting his dependants by both. And in course of time he grew up, and became capable of bearing the weight of the earth, winning over the subjects by his courage, his generosity, his learning, and other accomplishments. And his father, king Súryaprabha, seeing that he possessed these qualities, appointed him his successor in the kingdom, and being an old man, and having accomplished all his ends in life, he went to Váráṇasí. And while that son of his, distinguished for policy, was ruling the earth, he abandoned his body at Váráṇasí, in the performance of severe asceticism.

And that pious king Chandraprabha, hearing of the death of his father, lamented for him, and performed the usual ceremonies, and then said to his ministers, "How can I ever pay my debt to my father? However I will make one recompense to him with my own hand. I will take his bones and duly fling them into the Ganges, and I will go to Gayá, and offer an obsequial cake to all the ancestors, and I will diligently perform a pilgrimage to all sacred waters, as far as the eastern sea." When the king said this, his ministers said to him, "Your majesty, kings ought never to

* So in the legend of Pope Gregory the child is exposed with a sum of gold at its head, and a sum of silver at its feet. (English Gesta, edited by Herrtage, No. LXI.) The story will also be found in Simrock's Deutsche Volksbücher, Vol. XI; here we have the gold and silver, as in the Gesta. See also No. 85 in Gonzenbach's Sicilianische Märchen with Dr. Köhler's notes. Cp. V. and VI in Prym and Socin's Syrische Märchen for stories of exposed children who attain wealth and power.

do these things, for sovereignty has many weak points, and cannot subsist a moment without being upheld. So you must pay this debt to your father by the instrumentality of another. What visiting of holy waters, other than the doing of your duty, is incumbent upon you? Kings, who are ever carefully guarded, have nothing to do with pilgrimage, which is exposed to many dangers." When king Chandraprabha heard this speech of his ministers', he answered them, "Away with doubts and hesitations! I must certainly go for my father's sake; and I must visit the sacred waters, while I am young and strong enough. Who knows what will take place hereafter, for the body perishes in a moment? And you must guard my kingdom until my return." When the ministers heard this resolve of the king's, they remained silent. So the king got ready all the requisites for the journey. Then, on an auspicious day, the king bathed, made offerings to the fire, gave complimentary presents to Bráhmans, and ascended a chariot to which the horses were yoked, subdued in spirit and wearing the dress of an ascetic,* and started on his pilgrimage. With difficulty did he induce the feudal chiefs, the Rájpúts, the citizens, and the country people, who followed him as far as the frontier, to return, much against their will; and so, throwing the burden of his realm upon his ministers, king Chandraprabha set out in the company of his private chaplain, attended by Bráhmans in chariots. He was diverted by beholding various garbs, and hearing various languages, and by the other distractions of travel, and so seeing on his way all kinds of countries, in course of time he reached the Ganges. And he gazed upon that river, which seemed with the ridges of its waves to be making a ladder for mortals to ascend into heaven by; and which might be said to imitate Ambiká, since it sprang from the mountain Himavat, and playfully pulled in its course the hair of S'iva, and was worshipped by the divine Ṛishis and the Gaṇas. So he descended from his chariot, and bathed in that river, and threw into it in accordance with pious custom the bones of king Súryaprabha.

And after he had given gifts and performed the *śráddha*, he ascended the chariot, and set out, and in course of time reached Prayága† celebrated by *ṛishis*, where the meeting streams of the Ganges and Yamuná gleam for the welfare of men, like the line of flame and the line of smoke of the sacrificial butter blending together. There king Chandraprabha fasted, and performed with various pious actions, such as bathing, distribution of wealth, and so on, the solemn ceremony of the *śráddha*, and then he went on to Váránasí, which seemed by the silken banners of its temples, tossed

* I read with the Sanskṛit College MS. *prayataḥ* for *prayátaḥ*. The latter reading however gives a fair sense. In sl. 67 I read *tishṭhaty*.

† The modern Allahabad.

up and down by gusts of wind, to cry out from afar, "Come and attain salvation."

In that city he fasted for three days, and then worshipped S'iva with various meat-offerings, as became his own rank, and then set out for Gayá. As he travelled through the woods, the trees, which were bent down by the weight of their fruit, and in which the birds were sweetly singing, seemed at every step to be bowing before him and praising him at the same time; and the winds, throwing about the woodland flowers, seemed to honour him with posies. And so he crossed the forest districts and reached the sacred hill of Gayá.* And there he duly performed a *śráddha*, in which he bestowed many gifts on Bráhmans, and then he entered the Holy Wood. And while he was offering the sacrificial cake to his father in the well of Gayá, there rose out of it three human hands to take the cake. When the king saw this, he was bewildered, and said to his own Bráhmans; "What does this mean? Into which hand am I to put the cake?" They said to him, "King, this hand in which an iron spike is seen, is certainly the hand of a thief; and this second hand, which holds a colander,† is the hand of a Bráhman; and this third hand, which has the ring and the auspicious marks, is the hand of a king. So we do not know into which hand the sacrificial

* Literally "head of Gayá." When Gayásura was engaged in devotion on the hill Koláhal about 30 miles from Gayá, Brahmá and the other gods came to him, and asked him what object he had in view. He said his wish was that his body might become the holiest thing in the world, so that all, who touched it, might at once obtain salvation. The request was granted. But Yama complained to Brahmá, that no one now came to hell, so that his position had become a sinecure. Thereupon Brahmá, after taking counsel with the other gods, went to Gayásura, and asked him to give his body for a place on which to perform a sacrifice. He consented. Then Brahmá performed his sacrifice on the body of Gayásura, placed several gods on it, and made it immovable. His body now lies with its head towards the north and its feet towards the south. It is therefore called Gayákshetra. The area of Gayákshetra is ten square miles. The interior part of Gayákshetra, about two square miles in extent, is called Gayáśiraḥ or the head of Gayá. A more usual form appears to be Gayaśiraḥ the head of the Asura Gaya. It is a little south-west of Bíshṇu Pad. The pilgrims offer *piṇḍas* there. The principal part of Gayáśiraḥ is called Gayámukha. S'ráddhas are performed there. Dharmáranya which I have translated "Holy wood" is a place in the east of Bodh Gayá, where Dharmarája performed a sacrifice. Gayákúpa or the well of Gayá is in the south-west of Gayáśiraḥ. Here *piṇḍas* are offered to ancestors who have been great sinners. The above note is summarized from some remarks by Babu Sheo Narain Trivedi, Deputy Inspector of Schools, made for my information, at the request of W. Kemble, Esq. C. S., Magistrate of Gayá. Pandit Maheśa Chandra Nyáyaratna has pointed out to me, that there is an account of the glories of Gayá in the Váyu Puráṇa, and another in the Padma Púraṇa. [These agree pretty nearly with that given above.] See also Barth's Religions of India, p. 278, note 2.

† Used for filtering the soma-juice, see Böhtlingk and Roth, s. v.

cake is to be put, or what all this means." When the Bráhmans said this to the king, he was unable to arrive at any certain decision.

When the Vetála, on the shoulder of the king, had told this wonderful tale, he said to king Trivikramasena, "Now into whose hand should the cake have been put? Let your Highness tell me that; and remember the previous condition is still binding on you."

When king Trivikramasena, who was well versed in law, heard this from the Vetála, he broke silence, and answered him; "The sacrificial cake should have been placed in the hand of the thief, for king Chandraprabha was his son, raised up to him by his appointment, and he was not the son of either of the other two. For though the Bráhman begot him, he cannot be considered his father, as he sold himself for money for that one night. However he might have been considered the son of king Súryaprabha, because he had the sacraments performed for him, and brought him up, if the king had not received his wealth for the purpose. For the gold, which was placed at the head of the child in the cradle, was the price paid to king Súryaprabha for bringing him up, and other services. Accordingly king Chandraprabha was the son, begotten by another man, of that thief, who received his mother with the pouring of water over the hands, who gave the order for his being begotten, and to whom all that wealth belonged; and he ought to have placed the sacrificial cake in the thief's hand; this is my opinion."

When the king said this, the Vetála left his shoulder, and went to his own place, and king Trivikramasena again went after him to bring him back.

### *Note.*

It appears from the analysis which Oesterley gives of the Sanskrit original by S'ivadása, that the Hindi version resembles more nearly the version in the text. In the Sanskrit original there is no touching of the thief; Dhanavatí of her own accord enters into a conversation with him. The advice to expose the child at the king's door is given by the grandmother, after hearing the daughter's dream. The king does not fetch the boy himself, but has him brought.

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## CHAPTER XCIV.

### (Vetála 20.)

Then king Trivikramasena went and took down that Vetála from the *aśoka*-tree, and putting him on his shoulder, started off with him again. And when he had set out in silence, the Vetála spake to him from his

shoulder; "King, what is the meaning of this persistency of yours? Go, enjoy the good of the night; it is not fitting that you should carry me to that wicked mendicant. However, if you are obstinately bent on it, so be it; but listen to this one story."

*Story of the Bráhman boy, who offered himself up to save the life of the king.*

There is a city called Chitrakúṭa,* rightly so named, where the established divisions of the castes never step across the strict line of demarcation. In it there lived a king, named Chandrávaloka, the crest-jewel of kings, who rained showers of nectar into the eyes of those devoted to him. Wise men praised him as the binding-post of the elephant of valour, the fountain-head of generosity, and the pleasure-pavilion of beauty. There was one supreme sorrow in the heart of that young prince, that, though he enjoyed all kinds of prosperity, he could not obtain a suitable wife.

Now, one day, the king, accompanied by mounted attendants, went out to a great forest to hunt, in order to dispel that sorrow. There he cleft with continual shafts the herds of wild swine, as the sun, shining in the dun sky,† disperses the darkness with his rays. Surpassing Arjuna in strength, he made the lions, impetuous in fight, and terrible with their yellow manes, repose upon beds of arrows. Like Indra in might, he stripped of their wings‡ the mountain-like S'arabhas, and laid them low with the blows of his darts hard as the thunder-bolt. In the ardour of the chase he felt a longing to penetrate into the centre of the wood alone, so he urged on his horse with a smart blow of his heel. The horse, being exceedingly excited by that blow of his heel, and by a stroke of the whip, cared neither for rough nor smooth, but darting on with a speed exceeding that of the wind, in a moment traversed ten *yojanas*, and carried the king, the functions of whose senses were quite paralysed, to another forest.

There the horse stopped, and the king, having lost his bearings, roamed about wearied, until he saw near him a broad lake, which seemed to make signs to him to approach with its lotuses, that, bent down towards him and then raised again by the wind, seemed like beckoning hands.§ So he went up to it, and relieved his horse by taking off its saddle and letting it roll, and bathed and watered it, and then tied it up in the shade of a tree, and gave it a heap of grass. Then he bathed himself, and drank water,

* *i. e.*, wonderful peak.

† Here there is probably a pun. The phrase may mean that the king delighted in the dark-grey skins of the pigs.

‡ This alludes to Indra's clipping with his bolts the wings of the mountains. The S'arabha is a fabulous eight-legged animal.

§ The natives of India beckon in this way.

and so dispelled his fatigue, and then he let his eye wander hither and thither in the delightful environs of the lake. And in one part he saw, at the foot of an *aśoka*-tree, a wonderfully beautiful hermit's daughter, accompanied by her friend. She wore garlands of flowers, and a dress of bark, which became her well. And she looked exceedingly charming on account of the elegant way in which her hair was plaited together after the hermit fashion. And the king, who had now fallen within the range of the arrows of love, said to himself; "Who can this be? Can it be Sávitrí come to bathe in the lake? Or can it be Gaurí, who has slipped away from the arms of S'iva, and again betaken herself to asceticism? Or can it be the beauty of the moon that has taken upon herself a vow, as the moon has set, now that it is day? So I had better approach her quietly and find out." Having thus reflected, the king approached that maiden.

But when she saw him coming, her eyes were bewildered by his beauty, and her hand relaxed its grasp on the garland of flowers, which she had before begun to weave, and she said to herself; "Who is this that has found his way into such a wood as this? Is he a Siddha or a Vidyádhara? In truth his beauty might satisfy the eyes of the whole world." When these thoughts had passed through her mind, she rose up, and modestly looking askance at him she proceeded to go away, though her legs seemed to want all power of movement.

Then the polite and dexterous monarch approached her and said, "Fair one, I do not ask you to welcome and entertain a person seen for the first time, who has come from a distance, and desires no fruit other than that of beholding you; but how is your running away from him to be reconciled with the obligations of hermit life?" When the king said this, the lady's attendant, who was equally dexterous, sat down there, and entertained the king.

Then the eager king said to her with an affectionate manner, "Worthy lady, what auspicious family is adorned by this friend of yours? What are the ear-nectar-distilling syllables of her name? And why does she torture in this wilderness, with the discipline appropriate to ascetics, her body, which is soft as a flower?" When her friend heard this speech of the king's, she answered; "This is the maiden daughter of the great hermit Kanva, born to him by Menaká; she has been brought up in the hermitage, and her name is Indívaraprabhá. She has come here to bathe in this lake by permission of her father, and her father's hermitage is at no great distance from this place."

When she said this to the king, he was delighted, and he mounted his horse, and set out for the hermitage of the hermit Kanva, with the intention of asking him for that daughter of his. He left his horse outside the hermitage, and then he entered with modest humility its enclosure, which was

full of hermits with matted hair, and coats of bark, thus resembling in appearance its trees. And in the middle of it he saw the hermit Kanva surrounded with hermits, delighting the eye with his brightness, like the moon surrounded with planets. So he went up to him, and worshipped him, embracing his feet. The wise hermit entertained him and dispelled his fatigue, and then lost no time in saying to him; "My son Chandrávaloka, listen to the good advice which I am about to give you. You know how all living creatures in the world fear death: so why do you slay without cause these poor deer? The Disposer appointed the weapon of the warrior for the protection of the terrified. So rule your subjects righteously, root up your enemies, and secure fleeting fortune and her gifts by the warlike training of horse, and elephant, and so on. Enjoy the delights of rule, give gifts, diffuse your fame throughout the world, but abandon the vice of hunting, the cruel sport of death. What is the profit of that mischievous hunting, in which slayer, victim, and horse* are all equally beside themselves? Have you have not heard what happened to Páṇḍu?"

The intelligent king, Chandrávaloka, heard and accepted cheerfully this advice of the hermit Kanva, and then answered him, "Reverend Sir, I have been instructed by you; you have done me a great favour; I renounce hunting, let living creatures be henceforth free from alarm." When the hermit heard that, he said, "I am pleased with you for thus granting security to living creatures; so choose whatever boon you desire." When the hermit said this, the king, who knew his time, said to him, "If you are satisfied with me, then give me your daughter Indívaraprabhá." When the king made this request, the hermit bestowed on him his daughter, who had just returned from bathing, born from an Apsaras, a wife meet for him. Then the wives of the hermits adorned her, and the marriage was solemnized, and king Chandrávaloka mounted his horse and set out thence quickly, taking with him his wife, whom the ascetics followed as far as the limits of the hermitage with gushing tears. And as he went along, the sun, seeing that the action of that day had been prolonged,† sat down, as if wearied, on the peak of the mountain of setting. And in course of time appeared the gazelle-eyed nymph of night, overflowing with love, veiling her shape in a violet robe of darkness.

Just at that moment the king found on the road an *aśvattha*-tree, on the bank of a lake, the water of which was as transparent as a good man's heart. And seeing that that spot was overshadowed with dense boughs and leaves, and was shady and grassy, he made up his mind that

* The Sanskrit College MS. reads *vdhyasya*, which I have followed.

† The Sanskrit College MS. gives *dúrádhva-gamana-klántaṃ vîkshya taṃ nṛipatiṃ tadá*, having seen that the king was wearied with his long journey.

he would pass the night there. Then he dismounted from his horse, and gave it grass and water, and rested on the sandy bank of the lake, and drank water, and cooled himself in the breeze; and then he lay down with that hermit's daughter, under that tree, on a bed of flowers. And at that time the moon arose, and removing the mantle of darkness, seized and kissed the glowing face of the East. And all the quarters of the heaven were free from darkness, and gleamed, embraced and illuminated by the rays of the moon, so that there was no room for pride.* And so the beams of the moon entered the insterstices in the bower of creepers, and lit up the space round the foot of the tree like jewel-lamps.

And the next morning the king left his bed, and after the morning prayer, he made ready to set out with his wife to rejoin his army. And then the moon, that had in the night robbed the cheeks of the lotuses of their beauty, lost its brightness, and slunk, as if in fear, to the hollows of the western mountain; for the sun, fiery-red with anger, as if desirous to slay it, lifted his curved sword in his outstretched fingers.† At that moment there suddenly came there a Bráhman demon, black as soot, with hair yellow as the lightning, looking like a thunder-cloud. He had made himself a wreath of entrails; he wore a sacrificial cord of hair; he was gnawing the flesh of a man's head, and drinking blood out of a skull. The monster, terrible with projecting tusks, uttered a horrible loud laugh, and vomiting fire with rage, menaced the king in the following words, "Villain! know that I am a Bráhman demon, Jválámukha by name, and this *aśvattha*-tree my dwelling is not trespassed upon even by gods, but thou hast presumed to occupy and enjoy it with thy wife. So receive from me, returned from my nightly wanderings, the fruit of thy presumption. I, even I, O wicked one, will tear out and devour the heart of thee, whose mind love has overpowered, aye, and I will drink thy blood."

When the king heard this dreadful threat, and saw that his wife was terrified, knowing that the monster was invulnerable, he humbly said to him in his terror, "Pardon the sin which I have ignorantly committed against you, for I am a guest come to this your hermitage, imploring your protection. And I will give you what you desire, by bringing a human victim, whose flesh will glut your appetite; so be appeased, and dismiss your anger." When the Bráhman demon heard this speech of the king's, he was pacified, and said to himself, "So be it! That will do." Then he said to the king, "I will overlook the insult you have offered me on the following conditions. You must find a Bráhman boy, who, though seven years old and intelligent, is of so noble a character that he is ready to offer

* The passage is full of puns; "darkness" means the quality of darkness in the mind: and illuminated means also "calmed."

† There is also an allusion to the circle of the sun's rays.

himself for your sake. And his mother and father must place him on the earth, and hold him firmly by the hands and feet, while he is being sacrificed. And when you have found such a human victim, you must yourself slay him with a sword-stroke, and so offer him up to me on the seventh day from this. If you comply with these conditions, well and good; but, if not, king, I will in a moment destroy you and all your court." When the king heard this, in his terror he agreed at once to the conditions proposed, and the Bráhman demon immediately disappeared.

Then king Chandrávaloka mounted his horse, and set out with Indívaraprabhá in quest of his army, in a state of the utmost despondency. He said to himself, "Alas! I, bewildered by hunting and love, have suddenly incurred destruction like Páṇḍu;* fool that I am! For whence can I obtain for this Rákshasa a victim, such as he has described? So I will go in the meantime to my own town, and see what will happen." While thus reflecting, he met his own army, that had come in search of him, and with that and his wife he entered his city of Chitrakúṭa. Then the whole kingdom rejoiced, when they saw that he had obtained a suitable wife, but the king passed the rest of the day in suppressed sorrow.

The next day he communicated to his ministers in secret all that had taken place, and a discreet minister among them said to him, "Do not be downcast, king, for I will search for and bring you such a victim, for the earth contains many marvels."

When the minister had consoled the king in these words, he had made with the utmost rapidity a golden image of a seven-years-old child, and he adorned its ears with jewels, and placed it on a chariot, and had it carried about in the towns, villages, and stations of herdsmen. And while that image of a child was being carried about, the minister had the following proclamation continually made in front of it, with beat of drum; "If a Bráhman boy of seven years old will willingly offer himself to a Bráhman demon for the good of the community, and if his mother and father will permit the brave boy to offer himself, and will hold his hands and feet while he is being slain, the king will give to that boy, who is so eager to benefit his parents as to comply with these conditions, this image of gold and gems, together with a hundred villages."

Now it happened that a certain seven-years-old Bráhman boy, living on a royal grant to Bráhmans, who was of great courage and admirable character, heard this proclamation. Even in his childhood this boy had always taken pleasure in benefiting his fellow-men, as he had practised that virtue in a former life; in fact he seemed like the ripe result of the merits of the king's subjects incarnate in bodily form. So he came and said to the men who were making this proclamation, "I will offer myself up for your

* See Vol. I, p. 166.

good; but first, I will go and inform my parents; then I will return to you." When he said this to them, they were delighted, and they let him go. So he went home, and folding his hands in an attitude of supplication, he said to his parents; "I wish to offer for the good of the community this perishable body of mine; so permit me to do so, and put an end to your poverty. For if I do so, the king will give me this image of myself, made of gold and gems, together with a hundred villages, and on receiving them, I will make them over to you. In this way I shall pay my debt to you, and at the same time benefit my fellow-men; and your poverty will be at an end, and you will have many sons to replace me."

As soon as he had said this, his parents answered him; "What is this that you say, son? Are you distracted with wind? Or are you planet-struck? Unless you are one of these, how could you talk in this wild way? Who would cause his son's death for the sake of wealth? What child would sacrifice its body?" When the boy heard this speech of his parents, he rejoined; "I do not speak from a disordered intellect; hear my speech, which is full of sense. This body, which is full of indescribable impurities, which is loathsome by its very birth, and the abode of pain, will soon perish* anyhow. So wise men say that the only solid and permanent thing in a fleeting universe is that merit which is acquired by means of this very frail and perishable body.† And what greater merit can there be than the benefiting of all creatures? So, if I do not show devotion to my parents, what fruit shall I reap from my body?" By this speech and others of the same kind the resolute boy induced his weeping parents to consent to his wish. And he went to the king's servants, and obtained from them that golden image, together with a grant of a hundred villages, and gave them to his parents. Then he made the king's servants precede him, and went quickly, accompanied by his parents, to the king in Chitrakúṭa. Then king Chandrávaloka, beholding arrived the boy, whose courage‡ was so perfect, and who thus resembled a bright protecting talisman, was exceedingly delighted. So he had him adorned with garlands, and anointed with unguents, and putting him on the back of an elephant, he took him with his parents to the abode of the Bráhman demon.

Then the chaplain drew a circle near the *aśvattha*-tree, and performed the requisite rites, and made an oblation to the fire. And then the Bráhman demon Jválámukha appeared, uttering a loud laugh, and reciting the Vedas. His appearance was very terrible; he was drunk with a full draught of blood, yawning, and panting frequently; his eyes blazed, and he darkened the whole horizon with the shadow of his body. Then king Chandrávaloka,

* *Vináśyaiva* should be *vináśyeva*.

† I follow the Sanskrit College MS. which reads *etenátyasáreṇa*.

‡ *Tejas* means courage and also brightness.

beholding him, bent before him, and said; "Adorable one, I have brought you this human sacrifice, and it is now the seventh day, gentle Sir, since I promised it you; so be propitious, receive this sacrifice, as is due." When the king made this request, the Bráhman demon looked at the Bráhman boy, licking the corners of his mouth with his tongue.*

At that moment the noble boy, in his joy, said to himself, "Let not the merit, which I acquire by this sacrifice of my body, gain for me heaven, or even a salvation which involves no benefits to others, but may I be privileged to offer up my body for the benefit of others in birth after birth!" While he was forming this aspiration, the heaven was suddenly filled with the chariots of the heavenly host, who rained flowers.

Then the boy was placed in front of the Bráhman demon, and his mother took hold of his hands and his father of his feet. Then the king drew his sword, and prepared to slay him; but at that moment the child laughed so loudly, that all there, the Bráhman demon included, abandoned the occupation in which they were engaged, and in their astonishment put their palms together, and bowing, looked at his face.

When the Vetála had told this entertaining and romantic tale, he once more put a question to king Trivikramasena; "So tell me, king, what was the reason that the boy laughed in such an awful moment as that of his own death? I feel great curiosity to know it, so, if you know, and do not tell me, your head shall split into a hundred pieces."

When the king heard this from the Vetála, he answered him, "Hear what was the meaning of that child's laugh. It is well known that a weak creature, when danger comes upon it, calls upon its father or mother to save its life. And if its father and mother be gone, it invokes the protection of the king who is appointed to succour the afflicted, and if it cannot obtain the aid of the king, it calls upon the deity under whose special protection it is. Now, in the case of that child, all those were present, and all behaved in exactly the opposite manner to what might have been expected of them. The child's parents held its hands and feet out of greed of gain, and the king was eager to slay it, to save his own life, and the Bráhman demon, its protecting deity, was ready to devour it. The child said to itself; 'To think that these should be thus deluded, being led so much astray for the sake of the body, which is perishable, loathsome within, and full of pain and disease. Why should they have such a strange longing for the continuance of the body, in a world in which Brahmá, Indra, Vishṇu, Śiva, and the other gods must certainly perish.' Accordingly the Bráhman boy laughed out of joy and wonder, joy at feeling that he had accomplished his object, and wonder at beholding the marvellous strangeness of their delusion."

* *Asṛikkaṇíṃ* is probably a misprint for *sṛikkaṇíṃ*.

When the king had said this, he ceased, and the Vetála immediately left his shoulder, and went back to his own place, disappearing by his magic power. But the king, without hesitating for a moment, rapidly pursued him; the hearts of great men, as of great seas, are firm and unshaken.

### *Note.*

Oesterley (p. 210) tells us that a boy is in the same way sold to a king as a victim in the 32nd tale of the Turkish collection of tales, called "The Forty Viziers." When the king is about to rip up the child's body, the child laughs for the same reason as in our text. The cause of the sacrifice is however different. The king is to be healed by placing his feet in the body of a boy.

The promise of a golden image to any one who is willing to sacrifice his life is also found in the Bengali edition of the Sinhásana-dvátrinśati. A rich man makes a golden image, with an inscription on it to the effect that whoever is willing to sacrifice his life shall have it. Vikramáditya goes to the place disguised, and cuts off his head, but the goddess heals him, (Benfey's Panchatantra, Vol. I, p. 109.)

## CHAPTER XCV.

### (Vetála 21.)

Then king Trivikramasena again went and took the Vetála from the *aśoka*-tree, and carried him along on his shoulder. And as he was going along, the Vetála again said to the king, "Listen, king, I will tell you a story of violent attachment."

*Story of Anangamanjarí, her husband Maṇivarman, and the Bráhman Kamalákara.*

There is a city called Viśálá, which is like a second city of Indra, made by the Creator on earth, for the sake of virtuous people who have fallen from heaven. In it there lived a fortunate king, named Padmanábha, who was a source of joy to good men, and excelled king Bali. In the reign of that king there lived in that city a great merchant, named Arthadatta, who surpassed in opulence the god of wealth. And to him there was born a daughter named Anangamanjarí, who was exhibited on earth by the Creator as a likeness of a heavenly nymph. And that merchant gave her to the son of a distinguished merchant, dwelling in Támraliptí, and named Maṇivarman. But as he was very fond of his daughter Anangamanjarí, because she was his only child, he would not let her leave his house, but kept her there with her husband. But Anangamanjarí's husband Maṇivarman was as distasteful to her, as a biting bitter medicine to a sick man. But that lovely one was dearer than life to her husband, as wealth hardly won and long hoarded is to a miser.

Now once on a time that Maṇivarman, longing to see his parents, went to his home in Támraliptí to visit them. After some days had passed, the hot season descended upon the land, impeding the journey of men absent from home with the sharp shafts of the sun's rays. The winds blew laden with the fragrance of the jasmine and trumpet-flower, and seemed like the hot* sighs of the cardinal points on account of the departure of spring. Lines of dust raised by the wind flew up to heaven, like messengers sent by the heated earth to hasten the approach of the clouds. The days passed slowly, like travellers exhausted by the severe heat, and longing for the shade of the trees. The nights, pale-gleaming with moonbeams, became exceedingly† reduced owing to the loss of the spring with all its happy meetings.

One day in that season, that merchant's daughter Anangamanjarí was sitting with her intimate friend in a lofty window of her house, white with sandal-wood ointment, and elegantly dressed in a thin garment of silk. While there, she saw a young Bráhman, named Kamalákara, the son of the king's chaplain, passing by, and he looked like the god of Love, risen from his ashes, going to find Rati. And when Kamalákara saw that lovely one overhead, like the orb of the moon,‡ he was full of joy, and became like a cluster of *kumuda*-flowers. The sight of those two young persons became to one another, by the mighty command of Cupid, a priceless§ fascination of the mind. And the two were overcome by passion, which rooted up their modesty and carried away by a storm of love-frenzy, which flung their minds to a distance. And Kamalákara's companion, as soon as he saw that his friend was love-smitten, dragged him off, though with difficulty, to his own house.

As for Anangamanjarí, she enquired what his name was, and having no will of her own, slowly entered the house with that confidante of hers. There she was grievously afflicted with the fever of love, and thinking on her beloved, she rolled on the bed, and neither saw nor heard anything. After two or three days had passed, being ashamed and afraid, unable to bear the misery of separation, thin and pale, and despairing of union with her beloved, which seemed a thing impossible, she determined on suicide. So, one night, when her attendants were asleep, she went out, drawn as it were, by the moon, which sent its rays through the window, like fingers, and made for a tank at the foot of a tree in her own garden. There she approached an image of the goddess Chaṇḍí, her family deity, that had

* *ushmá* should probably be *ushṇá*.

† In the Sanskrit College MS. *ati* is inserted before *durbalatám*.

‡ The moon is the patron of the *kumuda;* the sun of the *kamala* or lotus. *Kamalákara* means a collection of *kamalas*.

§ The Sanskrit College MS. reads *achúrṇam* without powder.

been set up with much magnificence by her father, and she bowed before the goddess, and praised her, and said, "Though I have not obtained Kamalákara for a husband in this life, let him be my husband in a future birth!" When the impassioned woman had uttered these words in front of the goddess, she made a noose with her upper garment, and fastened it to an *aśoka*-tree.

In the meanwhile it happened that her confidante, who was sleeping in the same room, woke up, and not seeing her there, went to the garden to look for her. And seeing her there engaged in fastening a noose round her neck, she cried out, "Stop! stop!" and running up, she cut that noose which she had made. Anangamanjarí, when she saw that her confidante had come and cut the noose, fell on the ground in a state of great affliction. Her confidante comforted her, and asked her the cause of her grief, and she at once told her, and went on to say to her, "So you see, friend Málatiká, as I am under the authority of my parents and so on, and have little chance of being united to my beloved, death is my highest happiness." While Anangamanjarí was saying these words, she was exceedingly tortured with the fire of Love's arrows, and being overpowered with despair, she fainted away.

Her friend Málatiká exclaimed, "Alas! the command of Cupid is hard to resist, since it has reduced to this state this friend of mine, who was always laughing at other misguided women, who shewed a want of self-restraint.*" Lamenting in these words, she slowly brought Anangamanjarí round with cold water, fanning, and so on, and in order to allay her heat, she made her a bed of lotus-leaves, and placed on her heart a necklace cool as snow. Then Anangamanjarí, with her eyes gushing with tears, said to her friend, "Friend, the necklace and the other applications do not allay my internal heat. But do you by your cleverness accomplish something which will really allay it. Unite me to my beloved, if you wish to preserve my life." When she said this, Málatiká lovingly answered her, "My friend, the night is now almost at an end, but to-morrow I will make an arrangement with your beloved, and bring him to this very place. So in the meanwhile control yourself, and enter your house." When she said this, Anangamanjarí was pleased, and drawing the necklace from her neck, she gave it to her as a present. And she said to her, "Now go to your house, and early to-morrow go thence to the house of my beloved, and may you prosper!" Having dismissed her confidante in these words, she entered her own apartments.

And early next morning, her friend Málatiká went, without being seen by any one, to the house of Kamalákara; and searching about in the

* I take *anyávinítavanitáhásiní* as one word, and read *vilapantí* instead of *vilapantím*.

garden, she saw him at the foot of a tree. He was rolling about, burning with the fire of love, on a bed composed of lotus-leaves moistened with sandal-wood juice, and a confidential friend of his was trying to give him relief by fanning him with a plantain-leaf. She said to herself, "Is it possible that he has been reduced to this stage of love's malady by separation from her"? So she remained there in concealment, to find out the truth about it.

In the meanwhile that friend of Kamalákara's said to him, "Cast your eye, my friend, for a moment round this delightful garden, and cheer up your heart. Do not give way to despondency." When the young Bráhman heard this, he answered his friend, "My friend, my heart has been taken from me by Anangamanjarí the merchant's daughter, and my breast left empty; so how can I cheer up my heart. Moreover Love, finding me robbed of my heart, has made me a quiver for his arrows; so enable me to get hold of that girl, who stole it."

When the young Bráhman said that, Málatiká's doubts were removed, and she was delighted, and showed herself, and went up to him, and said, "Happy man, Anangamanjarí has sent me to you, and I hereby give you her message, the meaning of which is clear, 'What sort of conduct is this for a virtuous man, to enter a fair one's bosom by force, and after stealing away her heart, to go off without showing himself.' It is strange too, that though you have stolen the lady's heart, she now wishes to surrender to you herself and her life. For day and night she furnaces forth from her hot sighs, which appear like smoke rising from the fire of love in her burning heart. And her tear-drops, black with collyrium, fall frequently, looking like bees attracted by the fragrance of her lotus-like face. So if you like, I will say what will be for the good of both of you."

When Malatiká said this, Kamalákara answered her, "My good lady, this speech of yours, though it comforts me by shewing that my beloved loves me, terrifies me, as it tells that the fair one is in a state of unhappiness. So you are our only refuge in this matter; do as you think best." When Kamalákara said this, Málatiká answered, "I will to-night bring Anangamanjarí secretly into the garden belonging to her house, and you must take care to be outside. Then I will manage by some device of mine to let you in, and so you will be able to see one another in accordance with your wishes." When Málatiká had by these words delighted the young Bráhman, she went away, having accomplished her object, and delighted Anangamanjarí also.

Then the sun, in love with the twilight, departed somewhere or other, together with the day, and the heaven adorned itself, placing the moon on its western quarter, like a patch on the forehead. And the pure white *kumuda*-cluster laughed joyously with the cheerful faces of its opened

flowers, as if to say, "Fortune has left the lotus-cluster and come to me." Thereupon the lover Kamalákara also adorned himself, and full of impatience, slowly approached the outside of the door that led into the garden of Anangamanjarí's house. Then Málatiká managed to bring into that garden Anangamanjarí, who had with difficulty got through the day. And she made her sit in the middle of it, in a bower of mango-trees, and went out, and brought in Kamalákara also. And when he entered, he beheld Anangamanjarí in the midst of dense-foliaged trees, as gladly as the traveller beholds the shade.

While he was advancing towards her, she saw him, and as the violence of her passion robbed her of shame, she eagerly ran forward, and threw her arms round his neck. She faltered out, "Where are you going? I have caught you," and immediately her breath was stopped by the weight of excessive joy, and she died. And she fell on the ground, like a creeper broken by the wind. Alas! strange is the course of love, that is terrible in its consequences. When Kamalákara beheld that misfortune, which was terrible as a thunder-stroke, he said, "Alas! what is this?" and fell senseless on the ground. In a moment he recovered consciousness; and then he took his beloved up in his arms, and embraced and kissed her, and lamented much. And then he was so violently oppressed by excessive weight of sorrow, that his heart burst asunder at once, with a crack. And when Málatiká was lamenting over their corpses, the night, seeing that both these lovers had met their end, came to an end, as if out of grief. And the next day, the relations of both, hearing from the gardeners what had happened, came there distracted with shame, wonder, grief, and bewilderment. And they remained for a long time doubtful what to do, with faces downcast from distress; bad women are a grievous affliction, and a source of calamity to their family.

At this moment Maṇivarman, the husband of Anangamanjarí, came, full of longing to see her, from his father's house in Támraliptí. When he reached his father-in-law's house, and heard what had taken place, he came running to that garden, with his eyes blinded with tears. There, beholding his wife lying dead by the side of another man, the passionate man at once yielded up his breath, that was heated with the fire of grief. Then the people there began to cry out, and to make an uproar, and all the citizens heard what had taken place, and came there in a state of astonishment.

Then the goddess Chaṇḍí, who was close at hand, having been called down into that garden long ago by the father of Anangamanjarí, was thus supplicated by her Gaṇas; "Goddess, this merchant Arthadatta, who has established an image of thee in his garden, has always been devoted to thee, so have mercy upon him in this his affliction." When the beloved of

S'iva, the refuge of the distressed, heard this prayer of her Gaṇas, she gave command that the three should return to life, free from passion. So they all, by her favour, immediately arose, as if awaking from sleep, free from the passion of love. Then all the people were full of joy, beholding that marvel; and Kamalákara went home, with his face downcast from shame; and Arthadatta, having recovered his daughter* Anangamanjarí, who looked thoroughly ashamed of herself, together with her husband, returned to his house in high spirits.

When the Vetála had told this story that night on the way, he again put a question to king Trivikramasena. He said, "King, tell me, which of those three, who were blinded by passion, was the most infatuated? And remember, the curse beforementioned will take effect, if you know and do not say." When the king heard this question of the Vetála's, he answered him, "It seems to me that Maṇivarman was the most infatuated with passion of the three. For one can understand those two dying, as they were desperately in love with one another, and their amorous condition had been fully developed by lapse of time. But Maṇivarman was terribly infatuated, for when he saw his wife dead of love for another man, and the occasion called for indignation, he was so far from being angry that, in his great love, he died of grief." When the king had said this, the mighty Vetála again left his shoulder, and departed to his own place, and the king again went in pursuit of him.

### *Note.*

Oesterley, page 217, gives a story which resembles this in its conclusion. A king finds a girl being carried off by robbers. He delivers her and places her in a temple, promising to bring her food. But on his way he meets a *kuṭṭiní*, who conducts him to another girl, with whom he falls desperately in love, and so forgets the girl he rescued. She is found by a merchant. He takes her to his house and sets food before her. He then kills a rat, and boasts of his valour; (see page 16 of this volume.) This conduct, contrasted with that of the king, makes the girl die of disgust. The merchant kills himself. The king, not finding the first girl where he left her, commits suicide. The *kuṭṭiní* considers that she has caused the death of three persons, and kills herself in a fit of remorse. The Vetála asks, "Which of these four deaths was the most extraordinary?" The king answers, "That of the *kuṭṭiní*, for the others died of excess of passion."

* I insert *sutám* at the beginning of the line. The *su* is clear enough in the Sanskrit College MS. but the rest of the word is illegible.

## CHAPTER XCVI.

### (Vetála 22.)

Then king Trivikramasena again fetched the Vetála from the top of the *aśoka*-tree, and put him on his shoulder, and as he was going along, the Vetála said to him on the way, "King, you are good and brave, so hear this matchless tale."

*Story of the four Bráhman brothers who resuscitated the tiger.*

There lived once on the earth a king, named Dharaṇívaráha, who was lord of the town of Páṭaliputra.* In his realm, which abounded in Bráhmans, there was a royal grant to Bráhmans named Brahmasthala; and on it there lived a Bráhman of the name of Vishṇusvámin. He had a wife that was as well-suited to him as the oblation to the fire. And in course of time he had four sons by her. And when they had learnt the Vedas, and passed their childhood, Vishṇusvámin went to heaven, and his wife followed him.

Then all his sons there, being in a miserable state, as they had no protectors, and having had all their property taken from them by their relations, deliberated together, and said, "We have no means of support here, so why should we not go hence to the house of our maternal grandfather in the village named Yajnasthala?" Having determined on this, they set out, living on alms, and after many days they reached the house of their maternal grandfather. Their grandfather was dead, but their mother's brothers gave them shelter and food, and they lived in their house, engaged in reading the Vedas. But after a time, as they were paupers, their uncles came to despise them, and neglected to supply them with food, clothes, and other necessaries.

Then their hearts were wounded by the manifest contempt shewn for them by their relations, and they brooded over it in secret, and then the eldest brother said to the rest; "Well! brothers, what are we to do? Destiny performs every thing, no man can do anything in this world at any place or time. For to-day, as I was wandering about in a state of distraction, I reached a cemetery; and in it I saw a man lying dead upon the ground, with all his limbs relaxed. And when I saw him, I envied his state, and

* I read with the Sanskrit College MS. *Kusumapurákhyanagareśvaraḥ*. But *Kusumapurákhye nagare svaráṭ*, the reading of Professor Brockhaus's text, would mean "an independent monarch in the city of Páṭaliputra," and would give almost as good a sense.

I said to myself; 'Fortunate is this man, who is thus at rest, having got rid of his burden of grief.' Such was the reflection that then occurred to me; so I determined to die: and I tried to hang myself by means of a rope fastened to the branch of a tree. I became unconscious, but my breath did not leave my body; and while I was in this state, the rope broke, and I fell to the earth. And as soon as I recovered consciousness, I saw that some compassionate man was fanning me with his garment. He said to me, 'Friend, say, why do you allow yourself to be thus afflicted, though you are wise? For joy springs from good deeds, and pain from evil deeds, these are their only sources. If your agitation is due to pain, then perform good deeds; how can you be so foolish as to desire to incur the pains of hell by suicide?' With these words that man consoled me, and then departed somewhere or other, but I have come here, having abandoned my design of committing suicide. So, you see that, if Destiny is adverse, it is not even possible to die. Now I intend to go to some holy water, and there consume my body with austerities, in order that I may never again endure the misery of poverty."

When the eldest brother said this, his younger brothers said to him, "Sir, why are you, though wise, afflicted with pain merely because you are poor? Do you not know that riches pass away like an autumn cloud. Who can ever count on retaining Fortune or a fickle woman, though he carry them off and guard them carefully, for both are insincere in their affection and secretly hostile to their possessor? So a wise man must acquire by vigorous exertion some eminent accomplishment, which will enable him frequently to bind* and lead home by force riches which are like bounding deer." When the eldest brother was addressed in this language by his brothers, he at once recovered his self-control, and said, "What accomplishment of this kind should we acquire?" Then they all considered and said to one another, "We will search through the earth and acquire some magic power." So having adopted this resolution, and fixed upon a trysting-place at which to meet, the four separated, going east, west, north and south.

And in course of time they met again at the appointed spot, and asked one another what each had learned. Then one of them said, "I have learned this magic secret; if I find a bit of a bone of any animal, I can immediately produce on it the flesh of that animal." When the second heard this speech of his brother's, he said, "When the flesh of any animal has been superinduced upon a piece of bone, I know how to produce the skin and hair appropriate to that animal." Then the third said, "And when the hair and flesh and skin have been produced, I am able to create the limbs of the animal to which the bone belonged." And the fourth said,

* I follow the Sanskṛit College MS. which reads *badḍhvá* for *buddhyá*.

"When the animal has its limbs properly developed, I know how to endow it with life."

When they had said this to one another, the four brothers went into the forest to find a piece of bone, on which to display their skill. There it happened that they found a piece of a lion's bone, and they took it up without knowing to what animal it belonged. Then the first covered it with the appropriate flesh, and the second in the same way produced on it all the requisite skin and hair, and the third completed the animal by giving it all its appropriate limbs, and it became a lion, and then the fourth endowed it with life. Then it rose up a very terrible lion, furnished with a dense shaggy mane, having a mouth formidable with teeth,* and with hooked claws at the end of its paws. And charging the four authors of its being, it slew them on the spot, and then retired glutted to the forest. So those Bráhmans perished by making the fatal mistake of creating a lion: for who can give joy to his own soul by raising up a noisome beast?

So, if Fate be not propitious, an accomplishment, though painfully acquired, not only does not bring prosperity, but actually brings destruction. For the tree of valour only bears fruit, as a general rule, when the root, being uninjured,† is watered with the water of wisdom, and when it is surrounded with the trench of policy.

When the Vetála, sitting on the shoulder of the king, had told this tale on the way, that night, to king Trivikramasena, he went on to say to him, "King, which of these four was guilty in respect of the production of the lion, that slew them all? Tell me quickly, and remember that the old condition is still binding on you." When the king heard the Vetála say this, he said to himself, "This demon wishes me to break silence, and so to escape from me. Never mind, I will go and fetch him again." Having formed this resolution in his heart, he answered that Vetála, "That one among them, who gave life to the lion, is the guilty one. For they produced the flesh, the skin, the hair, and the limbs, by magic power, without knowing what kind of animal they were making: and therefore no guilt attaches to them on account of their ignorance. But the man, who, when he saw that the animal had a lion's shape, gave life to it, in order to display his skill, was guilty of the death of those Bráhmans."

When the mighty Vetála heard this speech of the king's, he again left his shoulder by magic power and went back to his own place, and the king again went in pursuit of him.

* The Sanskrit College MS. gives the reading, *sadanshtrásankaṭamukhaḥ*, which I follow.

† I read *avikrite* with the Sanskrit College MS.

### *Note.*

The story, as given in the Panchatantra (Benfey, Vol. II, p. 332), is somewhat different. Here we have four brothers of whom three possess all knowledge, but one only possesses common sense. The first brother joins together the bones of the lion, the second covers them with skin, flesh, and blood, the third is about to give the animal life, when the brother, who possesses common sense, says "If you raise him to life, he will kill us all." Finding that the third brother will not desist from his intention, he climbs up a tree and so saves his life, while his three brothers are torn to pieces.

In the Bahar-Danush (Scott) Vol. II, p. 290, the bones of a cow are joined together by being sprinkled with water. See Benfey, Vol. I, p. 489. (Oesterley's Baital Pachisi, pp. 211-212.)

## CHAPTER XCVII.

### (Vetála 23.)

Then the noble king Trivikramasena went back, and again took down that Vetála from the *aśoka*-tree, and though the Vetála transformed himself in all possible ways, he put him on his shoulder and started off with him in silence, and then the Vetála said to him, "King, though the business in which you are engaged is not becoming to you, you exhibit in it undaunted perseverance; so listen, I will tell you a tale to dispel your fatigue."

*Story of the Hermit who first wept and then danced.*

There is in the land of Kalinga a city named S'obhávatí, like the city of Indra in heaven, the abode of those that act aright. It was ruled by a king named Pradyumna, whose sway was mighty, and who, like the god Pradyumna, was celebrated for his exceeding power and valour. The only detraction heard in his realm was that of the string from the bow, the only pressure that of the fingers on the cymbal, vice was only known in the name of the age,* and keenness only in the pursuit of knowledge.

In a certain part of that town there was a grant named Yajnasthala, given by that king, on which many Bráhmans were settled. There lived on it a very wealthy Bráhman who had mastered the Vedas, whose name was Yajnasoma. He maintained a sacrificial fire, and honoured guests, and the gods. After his youth was past, there was born to him by

* *Guṇa* means virtue and also string; *kara* finger and tribute; the *kaliyuga*, or age of vice, is the last and worst. *Vaikṛitaṃ* in śl. 2, may perhaps mean "anger," as in 79. śl. 2.: see B. and R. s. v.

his wife, who was in every way a suitable match for him, an only son, the child of a hundred wishes. And that promising boy grew up in his father's house, and the Bráhmans duly named him Devasoma. And when he had attained the age of sixteen years, that boy, who captivated all by his knowledge, modesty, and other good qualities, suddenly died of a fever. Then Yajnasoma, together with his wife, remained lovingly embracing that dead boy, and lamenting over him, and refused for a long time to let him be taken away to be burnt.

Then the old men assembled and reproved that Bráhman in the following words, "Bráhman, are you not aware, though you know what is near and far, that the condition of this Fata Morgana of a world is frail as a bubble on water? Look at those kings who filled the earth with their armies, and enjoyed themselves in this world, deeming themselves immortal, lying on jewelled couches on the delightful summits of palaces, that resounded with the warbling of music, having their bodies anointed with sandal-wood ointment and other fragrant unguents, and begirt with beautiful women. Even these no one could save from being consumed by flesh-devouring flames, lying alone on the funeral pyre in the cemetery whither the dead are followed by weeping friends, and when their extremities had been shrivelled, from being at last devoured by the jackals: much less can any others escape this fate. So tell us, wise man, what mean you by embracing that corpse?" Many other speeches of this kind did they address to him.

At last with difficulty his relations got him to stop clinging to his dead son, and then, after the body had been laid out, they put it on a bier, and with loud lamentations carried it to the burning-place, accompanied by many people who shed tears on account of the calamity.

Now at that time there was dwelling in that cemetery an old Páśupata ascetic possessing supernatural power, who lived in a hut. His name was Vámaśiva. His body was emaciated with age and excessive asceticism, and bound round with veins, as if for fear that it would break. He was covered all over with hair white with ashes, his matted locks were yellow as lightning, and he looked like a second S'iva. When that hermit heard in the distance the lamentation of those people outside his hut, he said to the pupil that lived with him, "Rise up! go and find out the meaning of this confused noise outside in the cemetery, such as I never heard before, and come back quickly, and tell me." Now this pupil was one who had taken a vow of living on the products of begging; he was a fool, and a rogue, and an egoist, puffed up with contemplation, magical powers, and other things of the kind, and at this time he was annoyed because his teacher had rebuked him. So, when his teacher gave him this order, he answered him, "I will not go; go yourself, for my time for begging is fast slipping away." When the

teacher heard that, he said, "Out on you, fool, devoted to your belly! Only half one watch of the day has passed: how can it be your time for begging now?" When the wicked pupil heard that, he was angry, and said to his teacher; "Out on you, you decrepit old creature! I am no longer your pupil, and you are no longer my teacher. I will go elsewhere, carry this vessel yourself." When he had said this, he put down in front of him his stick and water-vessel, and got up and went away.

Then the hermit left his hut, laughing as he went, and came to the place where the young Bráhman had been brought to be burned. And when the hermit saw him, with the people lamenting for the flower of his youth, being afflicted with old age, and possessed of magical powers, he determined to enter his body. So he quickly went aside, and first wept aloud, and immediately afterwards he danced with appropriate gesticulations.* Then the ascetic, longing to be young again, abandoned his own body, and at once entered by magic power that young Bráhman's body. And immediately the young Bráhman on the pyre, which was ready prepared, returned to life, and rose up with a yawn. When his relations and all the people saw that, they raised a loud shout of "Hurrah! he is alive! he is alive!"

Then that ascetic, who was a mighty sorcerer, and had thus entered the young Bráhman's body, not intending to abandon his vow, told them all the following falsehood; "Just now, when I went to the other world, S'iva himself restored my life to me, telling me that I must take upon me the vow of a Páśupata ascetic. And I must this moment go into a solitary place and support this vow, otherwise I cannot live, so depart you, and I also will depart." Saying this to all those present, the resolute votary, bewildered with mixed feelings of joy and grief, dismissed them to their own homes. And he himself went, and threw that former body of his into a ravine; and so that great magician, who had taken the vow, having become young, went away to another place.

When the Vetála had told this story that night on the way, he again said to king Trivikramasena, "Tell me, king, why did that mighty magician, when entering another body, first weep, and then dance? I have a great desire to know this."

When that king, who was a chief of sages, heard this question of the Vetála's, fearing the curse, he broke silence, and gave him this answer, "Hear what the feelings of that ascetic were. He was grieved because he thought that he was just going to abandon that body, which had grown up with him through many years, by living in which he had acquired magic power, and which his parents had fondled, when he was a child, so he wept violently; for affection for one's body is a deeply rooted feeling.

* Oesterley (p. 221,) tells us that a similar incident is found in the Thousand and One Nights, Breslau, Vol. I, p. 62.

But he danced for joy, because he thought that he was about to enter a new body, and that by means of that he would acquire greater magic power; for to whom is not youth pleasing."

When the Vetála, who was inside that corpse, heard this speech of the king's, he left his shoulder and went back to that *aśoka*-tree; but that exceedingly undaunted monarch again ran after him, to recover him; for the resolution of determined men surpasses in firmness the mighty mountains, and remains unshaken even at the end of a *kalpa*.

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## CHAPTER XCVIII.

### (Vetála 24.)

Then the brave king Trivikramasena, disregarding the awful night, which in that terrible cemetery assumed the appearance of a Rákshasí, being black with darkness, and having the flames of the funeral pyres for fiery eyes, again went to the *aśoka*-tree, and took from it the Vetála, and put him on his shoulder.

And while he was going along with him, as before, the Vetála again said to that king, "O king, I am tired out with going backwards and forwards, though you are not: so I will put to you one difficult question, and mind you listen to me."

*Story of the father that married the daughter and the son that married the mother.*

There was in the Dekkan a king of a small province, who was named Dharma; he was the chief of virtuous men, but he had many relations who aspired to supplant him. He had a wife named Chandravatí, who came from the land of Málava; she was of high lineage, and the most virtuous of women. And that king had born to him by that wife one daughter, who was not without cause named Lávaṇyavatí.*

And when that daughter had attained a marriageable age, king Dharma was ejected from his throne by his relations, who banded together and divided his realm. Then he fled from his kingdom at night with his wife and that daughter, taking with him a large number of valuable jewels, and he deliberately set out for Málava the dwelling-place of his father-in-law. And in the course of that same night he reached the Vindhya forest with his wife and daughter. And when he entered it, the night, that had escorted him thus far, took leave of him with drops of dew by way of tears. And the sun ascended the eastern mountain, stretching forth its

* *i. e.*, possessed of beauty.

first rays, like a warning hand, to dissuade him from entering that brigand-haunted wood. Then he travelled on through it with his wife and daughter, having his feet wounded with sharp points of *kuśa*-grass, and he reached a village of the Bhillas. It was full of men that robbed their neighbours of life and property, and shunned by the virtuous, like the strong city of Death.

Then beholding the king from a distance with his dress and ornaments, many S'avaras, armed with various weapons, ran to plunder him. When king Dharma saw that, he said to his daughter and wife, "The barbarians will seize on you first, so enter the wood in this direction." When the king said this to them, queen Chandravatí and her daughter Lávaṇyavatí, in their terror, plunged into the middle of the wood. And the brave king, armed with sword and shield, killed many of the S'avaras, who came towards him, raining arrows. Then the chief summoned the whole village, and falling on the king, who stood there alone, they slashed his shield to pieces and killed him; and then the host of bandits departed with his ornaments. And queen Chandravatí, concealed in a thicket of the wood, saw from a distance her husband slain: so in her bewilderment she fled with her daughter, and they entered another dense forest a long distance off. There they found that the shadows of the trees, afflicted by the heat of midday, had laid themselves at their cool roots, imitating travellers. So, tired and sad, the queen sat down weeping with her daughter, in a spot on the bank of a lotus-lake, under the shade of an *aśoka*-tree.

In the meanwhile a chief, who lived near, came to that forest on horseback, with his son, to hunt. He was named Chaṇḍasinha, and when he saw their footsteps imprinted in the dust, he said to his son Sinhaparákrama, "We will follow up these lovely and auspicious tracks, and if we find the ladies to whom they belong, you shall choose whichever you please of them." When Chaṇḍasinha said this, his son Sinhaparákrama said to him, "I should like to have for a wife the one that has these small feet, for I know that she will be young and suited to me. But this one with large feet, being older than the other, will just suit you. When Chaṇḍasinha heard this speech of his son's, he said to him, "What is this that you say? Your mother has only recently gone to heaven, and now that I have lost so good a wife, how can I desire another?" When Chaṇḍasinha's son heard that, he said to him, "Father, do not say so, for the home of a householder is empty without a wife. Moreover, have you not heard the stanza composed by Múladeva? 'Who, that is not a fool, enters that house in which there is no shapely love eagerly awaiting his return, which, though called a house, is really a prison without chains.' So, father, my death will lie at your door, if you do not take as your wife that companion of the lady whom I have chosen."

When Chaṇḍasinha heard this speech of his son's, he approved it, and went on slowly with him, tracking up their footsteps. And he reached that spot near the lake, and saw that dark queen Chandravatí, adorned with many strings of pearls, sitting in the shade of a tree. She looked like the midnight sky in the middle of the day, and her daughter Lávaṇyavatí, like the pure white moonlight, seemed to illumine her. And he and his son eagerly approached her, and she, when she saw him, rose up terrified, thinking that he was a bandit.

But the queen's daughter said to her, "Mother, do not be afraid, these are not bandits, these two gentle-looking well-dressed persons are certainly some nobles come here to hunt." However the queen still continued to hesitate; and then Chaṇḍasinha got down from his horse and said to the two ladies, "Do not be alarmed; we have come here to see you out of love; so take confidence* and tell us fearlessly who you are, since you seem like Rati and Príti fled to this wood in sorrow at Cupid's having been consumed by the flames of S'iva's fiery eye. And how did you two come to enter this unpeopled wood? For these forms of yours are fitted to dwell in a gem-adorned palace. And our minds are tortured to think how your feet, that deserve to be supported by the lap of beautiful women, can have traversed this ground full of thorns. And, strange to say, the dust raised by the wind, falling on your faces, makes our faces lose their brightness from despondency.† And the furious heat of the beams of the fierce-rayed sun, as it plays on your flower-soft bodies, burns us. So tell us your story; for our hearts are afflicted; we cannot bear to see you thus abiding in a forest full of wild beasts."

When Chaṇḍasinha said this, the queen sighed, and full of shame and grief, slowly told him her story. Then Chaṇḍasinha, seeing that she had no protector, comforted her and her daughter, and coaxed them with kind words into becoming members of his family. And he and his son put the queen and her daughter on their horses, and conducted them to their rich palace in Vittapapurí. And the queen, being helpless, submitted to his will, as if she had been born again in a second life. What is an unprotected woman, fallen into calamity in a foreign land, to do? Then Sinhaparákrama, the son of Chaṇḍasinha, made Chandravatí his wife, on account of the smallness of her feet. And Chaṇḍasinha made her daughter, the princess Lávaṇyavatí, his wife, on account of the largeness of her feet. For they made this agreement originally, when they saw the two tracks of the small footsteps and the large footsteps: and who ever swerves from his plighted word?

* I read *viśvasya* with the Sanskrit College MS. in place of *viśramya* which means "having rested."

† I adopt Dr. Kern's conjecture of *hata* for *ahata*.

So, from the mistake about the feet, the daughter became the wife of the father, and the mother the wife of the son, and so the daughter became the mother-in-law of her own mother, and the mother became the daughter-in-law of her own daughter. And in course of time, both of them had by those husbands sons and daughters, and they also had sons and daughters in due course of time. So Chaṇḍasinha and Sinhaparákrama lived in their city, having obtained as wives Lávaṇyavatí and Chandravatí.

When the Vetála had told this story on the way at night, he again put a question to king Trivikramasena; "Now, king, about the children who were in course of time born to the mother and daughter by the son and the father in those two lines—what relationship did they bear to one another? Tell me if you know. And the curse before threatened will descend on you, if you know and do not tell."

When the king heard this question of the Vetála's, he turned the matter over and over again in his mind, but he could not find out, so he went on his way in silence. Then the Vetála in the dead man's body, perched on the top of his shoulder, laughed to himself, and reflected; "Ha! Ha! The king does not know how to answer this puzzling question, so he is glad, and silently goes on his way with very nimble feet. Now I cannot manage to deceive this treasure-house of valour any further;* and this is not enough to make that mendicant stop playing tricks with me. So I will now deceive that villain, and by an artifice bestow the success, which he has earned, upon this king, whom a glorious future awaits."

When the Vetála had gone through these reflections, he said to the king, "King, though you have been worried with so many journeys to and fro in this cemetery terrible with black night, you seem quite happy, and you do not shew the least irresolution. I am pleased with this wonderful courage that you shew.† So now carry off this body, for I am going out of it; and listen to this advice which I give you for your welfare, and act on it. That wicked mendicant, for whom you have fetched this human corpse, will immediately summon me into it, and honour me. And wishing to offer you up as a victim, the rascal will say to you, 'King, prostrate yourself on the ground in such a way that eight limbs will touch it.' Then, great king, you must say to that ascetic,‡ 'Shew me first how to do it, and then I will do exactly as you do.' Then he will fling himself on the

* I read *param* with the MS. in the Sanskrit College.

† This idea is also found in European story-books. See Kuhn's Sagen aus Westfalen, p. 277; "*Diese Unerschrockenheit gefiel dem Teufel so sehr, dass sich sein Zorn nicht nur legte, sondern* &c.

‡ *S'ramaṇa.*

ground, and shew you how to perform the prostration, and that moment you must cut off his head with the sword. Then you will obtain that prize which he desires, the sovereignty of the Vidyádharas; enjoy this earth by sacrificing him! But otherwise that mendicant will offer you up as a victim; it was to prevent this that I threw obstacles in your way for such a long time here. So depart; may you prosper!" When the Vetála had said this, he went out of that human corpse, that was on the king's shoulder.

Then the king was led by the speech of the Vetála, who was pleased with him, to look upon the ascetic Kshántiśíla as his enemy, but he went to him in high spirits, where he sat under that *banyan*-tree, and took with him that human corpse.

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## CHAPTER XCIX.

### (Vetála 25.)

Then king Trivikramasena came up to that mendicant Kshántiśíla, carrying that corpse on his shoulder. And he saw that ascetic, alone at the foot of a tree, in the cemetery that was terrible with a night of the black fortnight, eagerly awaiting his arrival. He was in a circle made with the yellow powder of bones, the ground within which was smeared with blood, and which had pitchers full of blood placed in the direction of the cardinal points.* It was richly illuminated with candles of human fat,† and near it was a fire fed with oblations, it was full of all the necessary preparations for a sacrifice, and in it the ascetic was engaged in worshipping his favourite deity.

So the king came up to him, and the mendicant, seeing that he had brought the corpse, rose up delighted, and said, praising him; "Great king, you have conferred on me a favour difficult to accomplish. To think that one like you should undertake this enterprise in such a place and at such a time! Indeed they say with truth that you are the best of all noble kings, being a man of unbending courage,‡ since you forward the interests of another with such utter disregard of self. And wise men say that the

* I read with the MS. in the Sanskrit College *lipta* for *klipta*, and *púrṇa* for *púrva*.

† See Addendum to Fasciculus IV, being a note on Vol. I, p. 306.

‡ The Sanskrit College MS. reads *nishkampaṃ*. But perhaps we ought to read *nishkampa*, O fearless one." *Satyaṃ* must be used adverbially. *Kulabhúbhṛitám* also means "of great mountains."

greatness of great ones consists in this very thing, that they swerve not from what they have engaged to do, even though their lives are in danger."

With these words the mendicant, thinking he had gained his end, took the corpse down from the shoulder of that king. And he bathed it, and anointed it, and threw a garland round it, and placed it within that circle. And he smeared his limbs with ashes, and put on a sacrificial thread of hair, and clothed himself in the garments of the dead, and thus equipped he continued for a time in meditation. Then the mendicant summoned that mighty Vetála by the power of spells, and made him enter the corpse; and proceeded to worship him. He offered to him an *argha* of white human teeth in a skull by way of an *argha*-vessel; and he presented to him flowers and fragrant unguents; and he gratified him with the savoury reek of human eyes,* and made an offering to him of human flesh. And when he had finished his worship, he said to the king, who was at his side, "King, fall on the ground, and do obeisance with all your eight limbs to this high sovereign of spells who has appeared here, in order that this bestower of boons may grant you the accomplishment of your heart's desire."

When the king heard that, he called to mind the words of the Vetála, and said to the mendicant, "I do not know how to do it, reverend sir; do you shew me first, and then I will do exactly as you." Then the mendicant threw himself on the ground, to shew the king what he was to do, and then the king cut off his head with a stroke of his sword. And he tore and dragged† the lotus of his heart out of his inside, and offered his heart and head as two lotuses to that Vetála.

Then the delighted hosts of goblins uttered shouts of applause on every side, and the Vetála said to the king from inside the corpse, "King, the sovereignty of the Vidyádharas, which this mendicant was aiming at, shall fall to your lot after you have finished the enjoyment of your earthly sway. Since I have given you much annoyance, choose whatever boon you desire." When the Vetála said this, the king said to him, "Since you are pleased with me, every boon that I could desire is obtained; nevertheless, as your words cannot be uttered in vain, I crave this boon of you:—may these first twenty-four questions and answers, charming with their various tales, and this conclusion, the twenty-fifth of the series, be all famous and honoured on the earth!" When the king made this request to the Vetála, the latter replied, "So be it! and now listen, king; I am going to mention a peculiar excellence which it shall possess. This string of tales, consisting of the twenty-four first, and this final concluding tale, shall become, under the title of the Twenty-five Tales of a Vampire, famous and honoured on the earth, as conducing to prosperity! Whosoever shall read

* I read *netraiścha* for *netre cha* with the Sanskṛit College MS.

† Perhaps *páṭitát* would give a better sense.

respectfully even a *śloka* of it, or whosoever shall hear it read, even they two shall immediately be freed from their curse. And Yakshas, and Vetálas, and Kushmáṇḍas, and witches, and Rákshasas, and other creatures of the kind shall have no power where this shall be recited." When the Vetála had said this, he left that human corpse, and went by his supernatural deluding power to the habitation he desired.

Then S'iva, being pleased, appeared, accompanied by all the gods, to that king, visibly manifest, and said to him, as he bowed before him; "Bravo! my son, for that thou hast to-day slain this hypocritical ascetic, who was so ardently in love with the imperial sovereignty over the Vidyádharas! I originally created thee out of a portion of myself, as Vikramáditya, in order that thou mightest destroy the Asuras, that had become incarnate in the form of Mlechchhas. And now thou hast again been created by me as a heroic king of the name of Trivikramasena, in order that thou mightest overcome an audacious evildoer. So thou shalt bring under thy sway the earth with the islands and the realms below, and shalt soon become supreme ruler over the Vidyádharas. And after thou hast long enjoyed heavenly pleasures, thou shalt become melancholy, and shalt of thy own will abandon them, and shalt at last without fail be united with me. Now receive from me this sword named Invincible, by means of which thou shalt duly obtain all this." When the god S'iva had said this to the king, he gave him that splendid sword, and disappeared after he had been worshipped by him with devout speeches and flowers. Then king Trivikramasena, seeing that the whole business was finished, and as the night had come to an end, entered his own city Pratishṭhána. There he was honoured by his rejoicing subjects, who in course of time came to hear of his exploits during the night, and he spent the whole of that day in bathing, giving gifts, in worshipping S'iva, in dancing, singing, music, and other enjoyments of the kind. And in a few days that king, by the power of the sword of S'iva, came to enjoy the earth, that was cleared of all enemies, together with the islands and the lower regions; and then by the appointment of S'iva he obtained the high imperial sovereignty over the Vidyádharas, and after enjoying it long, at last became united with the blessed one, so attaining all his ends.

*(Here ends the Vetálapanchavinśati.)*

When* that minister Vikramakeśarin, meeting in the way the successful† prince Mṛigánkadatta, after he had been long separated from him by a curse, had told him all this, he went on to say to him, "So, prince, after that old Bráhman had told me in that village this story, called the Twenty-

* The story is here taken up from page 232.

† The Sanskrit College MS. reads *sa kṛitártham*.

five Tales of a Vampire, he went on to say to me, 'Well, my son, did not that heroic king Trivikramasena obtain from the favour of a Vetála the thing that he desired? So do you also receive from me this spell, and laying aside your state of despondency, win over a chief among the Vetálas, in order that you may obtain reunion with prince Mṛigáṅkadatta. For nothing is unattainable by those who possess endurance; who, my son, will not fail, if he allows his endurance to break down? So do what I recommend you to do out of affection; for you kindly delivered me from the pain of the bite of a poisonous serpent.' When the Bráhman said this, I received from him the spell with the practice to be employed with it, and then, king, I took leave of him, and went to Ujjayiní. There I got hold of a corpse in the cemetery at night, and I washed it, and performed all the other necessary processes with regard to it, and I summoned a Vetála into it by means of that spell, and duly worshipped him. And to satisfy his hunger, I gave him human flesh to eat; and being greedy for the flesh of men, he ate that up quickly, and then said to me; 'I am not satisfied with this; give me some more.' And as he would not wait any time, I cut off my own flesh, and gave it to him to please him: and that made that prince of magicians exceedingly pleased with me. Then he said to me, 'My friend, I am much pleased now with this intrepid valour of thine, so become whole in thy limbs as thou wast before, and crave from me whatever boon thou desirest.' When the Vetála said this this to me, I answered him then and there: 'Convey me, god, to that place where my master Mṛigáṅkadatta is; there is no other boon which I desire more than this.' Then the mighty Vetála said to me; 'Then quickly get up on my shoulder, that I may carry thee rapidly to that master of thine.' When the Vetála said this, I consented, and eagerly climbed up on his shoulder, and then the Vetála, that was inside that human corpse, rapidly set out through the air, carrying me with him. And he has brought me here to-day, king, and when that mighty Vetála saw you on the way, he brought me down from the air, and thus I have been made to reach the sole of your foot. And I have to-day been reunited with my master, and the Vetála has departed, having accomplished what was required of him. This, O bestower of honour,* is my great adventure, since I was separated from you by the curse of the Nága."

When Mṛigaṅkadatta, as he was going to Ujjayiní to win his beloved, had heard, on the way, from his minister Vikramakeśarin, this account of his adventures since he had been separated from him, that prince rejoiced, as he had in course of time found some of his ministers, who were separat-

* The Sanskṛit College MS. reads *kopita* for *mánada* *i. e.*, "Since I was separated from you by the curse of the enraged Nága."

ed from him by the curse of Párávatáksha, and as he augured therefrom success in all that he had in hand.

*Note.*

Properly speaking, there are 24 instead of 25 stories in this version of the Vetála Panchavinśati. The same appears to be the case with the redaction ascribed to S'iva-dása, according to Oesterley, and with the Tamul version. The 24th tale in Oesterley's translation is simply a repetition of the 22nd.

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## CHAPTER C.

Honour to the vanquisher of obstacles,* round whose knees, when he is dancing at night, there winds a garland of stars, which appears as if it had fallen from the globes on his forehead!

Then, the story being ended, the delighted Mṛigánkadatta rose up from the middle of the path, and set out again for Ujjayiní for which he had long ago started in order to find S'asánkavatí, with a party of eight, including himself, having recovered Vikramakeśarin, accompanied by Guṇá-kara, and Vimalabuddhi, and Vichitrakatha, and Bhímaparákrama, and Prachaṇḍaśakti, and the Bráhman S'rutadhi, and he kept looking out for those of his companions separated from him by the curse of the Nága, whom he had not yet recovered.

And in course of time, he reached a treeless desert, all the water in which had been dried up by the heat, and which was full of sand heated by the fierce blaze of the sun. And as the prince was traversing it, he said to his ministers, "Observe how long, terrible, and difficult to cross is this great desert; for it has in it no refuge, it is pathless and abandoned by men; and the blaze of its fire of grief seems to ascend in these sandy mirages; its rough and dishevelled locks are represented by the dry rustling blades of grass; and its thorns make it appear to have its hair standing on end through fear of the lions, tigers, and other noisome beasts; and it laments in the cries of its deer exhausted by the heat and longing for water. So we must cross this terrible desert as quickly as we can."

When Mṛigánkadatta had said this, he quickly crossed that desert with his ministers, who were afflicted with hunger and thirst. And he beheld in front of him a great lake filled with pellucid and cold water, looking like streams that had flowed down from the moon after it had been

* Ganeśa, who is represented with the head of an elephant. In sl. 8 I read with the Sanskrit College MS. *vibhrashtapaṭhá*.

melted with the heat of the sun. It was so broad that it filled the whole horizon, and it looked like a jewel-mirror made by the Fortune of the three worlds, in order to behold in it the reflection of herself. That lake resembled the Mahábhárata, for in it the Dhártaráshṭras* were making a disturbance, and many Arjuna trees were reflected ;† and it was refreshing and sweet to the taste; it was like the churned sea of doom, for its precious fluid was drunk by the blue-necked jays that assembled near it,‡ and Vishṇu might have resorted to it to find the goddess of Beauty :§ it resembled an earthly Pátála, for its profound cool depths were never reached by the rays of the sun, and it was an unfailing receptacle of lotuses.||

And on the western shore of that lake the prince and his ministers saw a great and wonderful tree. Its numerous far-reaching boughs, agitated by the wind, appeared like arms, and the cloud-stream that clung to its head was like the Ganges, so that it resembled S'iva dancing. With its lofty top, that pierced the sky, it seemed to be standing erect out of curiosity to see the beauty of the garden Nandana. It was adorned with fruit of heavenly flavour, that clung to its branches, and so it looked like the wishing-tree of heaven, with goblets of nectar suspended on it by the gods. It waved its shoots like finger-tips, and seemed with the voices of its birds to say again and again, " Let no one question me in any way !"

While prince Mṛigánkadatta was looking at that tree, his ministers, worn out with hunger and thirst, ran towards it, and the moment they saw those fruits on it, they climbed up to eat them, and immediately they lost their human form, and were all six suddenly turned into fruits. Then Mṛigánkadatta was bewildered at not seeing those friends of his, and he called on every one of them there by name. But when they gave no answer, and could not be seen anywhere, the prince exclaimed in a voice agonized with despair, " Alas ! I am undone !" and fell on the ground in a swoon. And the Bráhman S'rutadhi, who had not climbed up the tree, was the only one left at his side.

So the Bráhman S'rutadhi at once said to him by way of consolation, " Why, my sovereign, do you lose your firmness, and despair, though you have learned wisdom ? For it is the man, who is not distracted in calamity,

* This word means the sons of Dhṛitaráshṭra, and also geese with black legs and bills.

† This also means " in which Arjuna was displaying great activity."

‡ There is also an allusion to S'iva's having drunk the poison that was produced by the churning of the ocean.

§ There is an allusion to Vishṇu's having obtained Lakshmí from the ocean when churned. The passage may also mean that the beauty of the lake was permanent.

|| This expression also means that " it rested on the head of the serpent Ananta :" which was true of Pátála or Hades.

that obtains prosperity. Did you not find those ministers, after they had been separated from you by the curse of the Nága? In like manner shall you again recover them, and get back the others also, and moreover you shall soon be united with S'aśánkavatí." When S'rutadhi said this to the prince, he answered him; "How can this be? The truth is that all this train of events was arranged for our ruin by the Disposer. If it was not so arranged, how came the Vetála to appear in the night, and Bhíma-parákrama to do as he did, and how came it to pass that I heard about S'aśánkavatí through the conversation that took place between them, and that I set out from Ayodhyá to fetch her? How came it to pass also that we were all separated from one another in the Vindhya forest by the curse of the Nága, and that some of us were in course of time reunited, and that this second separation has now taken place and with it the ruin of all my plans? It all tallies together, my friend. The fact is they have been devoured in that tree by a demon, and without them what is S'asánkavatí to me, or what is my life worth to me? So away with delusions?" When Mṛigánkadatta had said this, he rose up to throw himself into the lake out of sorrow, although S'rutadhi tried to prevent him.

At that moment a bodiless voice came from the air, "My son, do not act rashly, for all will end well for thee. The god Gaṇeśa himself dwells in this tree, and he has been to-day insulted by thy ministers unwittingly. For they, king, being pinched with hunger, climbed up into the tree in which he dwells, to pick its fruits, in a state of impurity, having neither rinsed their mouths nor washed their hands and feet; so the moment that they touched the fruits, they became fruits themselves. For Gaṇeśa inflicted on them this curse, 'Let them become that on which their minds are fixed?' Moreover, thy four other ministers, who, the moment they arrived here, climbed up the tree in the same way, were turned into fruits by the god. Therefore do thou propitiate this Gaṇeśa with ascetic practices, and by his favour thou shalt attain all thy objects."

When Mṛigánkadatta had been thus addressed by the voice from the air, that seemed to rain nectar into his ears, hope again sprang up in his bosom, and he gave up all idea of suicide. So he bathed in the lake, and worshipped Gaṇeśa, who dwelt in that tree, without taking food, and joining his palms in an attitude of supplication, praised him in the following words; "Hail thou elephant-faced lord, who art, as it were, worshipped by the earth, that with its plains, rocks, and woods, bows under the crushing weight of thy tumultuous dance! Hail thou that hast the twin lotuses of thy feet worshipped by the three worlds, with the gods, Asuras, and men, that dwell in them; thou, whose body is in shape like a pitcher for the abundant storing of various splendid successes! Hail, thou, the flame of whose might blazes forth like twelve

fierce suns rising at once; thou that wast a premature day of doom to the race of the Daityas, whom S'iva, Vishṇu, and Indra found hard to conquer! Hail, thou that wardest off calamity from thy votaries! Hail, thou that diffusest a blaze of flame with thy hand, while it glitters with thy mighty axe, that seems anxious to illuminate thee in sport! I fly for refuge to thee, O Gaṇeśa, that wast worshipped even by Gaurí, in order that her husband might successfully accomplish his undertaking in the conquest of Tripura; honour to thee!" When Mṛigánkadatta had in these words praised Gaṇeśa, he spent that night fasting, on a bed of *kuśa*-grass under that tree. In the same way that prince spent eleven nights, being engaged in propitiating Gaṇeśa, the king of impediments; and S'rutadhi remained in attendance on him.

And on the night of the twelfth day Gaṇeśa said to him in a dream, "My son, I am pleased with thee; thy ministers shall be released from their curse, and thou shalt recover them; and with them thou shalt go and win S'aśánkavatí in due course; and thou shalt return to thy own city, and rule the whole earth." After Mṛigánkadatta had been thus informed in a dream by the god Gaṇeśa, he woke up, when the night came to an end, and told S rutadhi the vision that he had seen. S'rutadhi congratulated him on it; and then, in the morning, the prince bathed and worshipped Gaṇeśa, and proceeded to walk round the tree in which the god dwelt, with his right hand towards it,* and while he was thus engaged, all his ten ministers came down from the tree, having been released from the form of fruits, and fell at his feet. Besides the six who were mentioned before, there were Vyághrasena and Sthúlabáhu, and Meghabala, and the fourth Dṛiḍhamushṭi.

Then the prince, having recovered all those ministers at the same instant, with eye, with gestures,† and with voice agitated by the workings of joy, looked at his ministers, one by one, again and again, exceedingly lovingly, and embraced them, and then spoke to them; having successfully attained his object. And they, beholding with tears in their eyes their master, who, after the asceticism which he had gone through, was slender as a new moon, and having been told the true explanation of the whole by S'rutadhi, felicitated themselves on having truly a protecting lord.

Then Mṛigánkadatta, having attained good hope of accomplishing his enterprise, joyfully broke his fast with those ministers, who had performed all necessary ablutions in the tank.

* See Vol. I, pp. 99 and 573, and Brand's Popular Antiquities, Vol. I, p. 225.

† The Petersburg lexicographers read *kalanayá* for *kalatayá*. The three verbs correspond to the three nouns.

## CHAPTER CI.

Then Mṛigánkadatta, refreshed by breaking his fast, sat down with those ministers of his on the bank of that lake. Then he courteously asked those four ministers, whom he had recovered that day, for an account of their adventures during the time that he was separated from them. Thereupon that one of them, who was called Vyághrasena, said to him, "Listen, prince, I now proceed to relate our adventures. When I was carried to a distance from you by the curse of the Nága Párávatáksha, I lost my senses, and in that state I wandered through the forest by night. At last I recovered consciousness, but the darkness, which enveloped me, prevented me from seeing where the cardinal points lay, and what path I ought to take. At last the night, that grief made long,* came to an end; and in course of time the sun arose, that mighty god, and revealed all the quarters of the heaven. Then I said to myself 'Alas! Where can that master of mine be gone? And how will he manage to exist here alone separated from us? And how am I to recover him? Where shall I look for him? What course shall I adopt? I had better go to Ujjayiní; for I may perhaps find him there; for he must go there, to find S'aśánkavatí.' With such hopes I set out slowly for Ujjayiní, threading that difficult forest that resembled calamity, scorched by the rays of the sun, that resembled showers of fiery powder.

"And at last, somehow or other, I reached a lake, with full-blown lotuses for expanded eyes, that seemed to hold converse with me by means of the sweet cries of its swans and other water-birds; it stretched forth its ripples like hands; its surface was calm and broad;† the very sight of it took away all grief; and so in all points it resembled a good man. I bathed in it, and ate lotus-fibres, and drank water; and while I was lingering on its bank, I saw these three arrive there, Driḍhamushṭi, and Sthúlabáhu, and Meghabala. And when we met, we asked one another for tidings of you. And as none of us knew anything about you, and we suspected the worst, we made up our minds to abandon the body, being unable to endure separation from you.

"And at that moment a hermit-boy came to bathe in that lake; his name was Mahátapas, and he was the son of Dírghatapas. He had matted hair, he diffused a brightness of his own, and he seemed like the god of Fire, blazing with mighty flame, having become incarnate in the body of

* The Sanskrit College MS. read *dínáyáṃ* for *dírgháyám*.

† When applied to the good man, it means "his heart was benevolent and large."

a Bráhman, in order to consume once more the Kháṇḍava forest;* he was clothed in the skin of a black antelope, he had an ascetic's water-vessel in his left hand, and on his right wrist he bore a rosary of Aksha-seeds by way of a bracelet; the perfumed earth that he used in bathing was stuck on the horns of the deer that came with him, and he was accompanied by some other hermit-boys like himself, The moment he saw us about to throw ourselves into the lake, he came towards us; for the good are easily melted with compassion, and shew causeless friendship to all. And he said to us, 'You ought not to commit a crime characteristic of cowards, for poltroons, with their minds blinded with grief, fall into the gulfs of calamity, but resolute men, having eyes enlightened by discernment, behold the right path, and do not fall into the pit, but assuredly attain their goal. And you, being men of auspicious appearance, will no doubt attain prosperity; so tell me, what is your grief? For it grieves my heart to see you thus.'

"When the hermit-boy had said this, I at once told him the whole of our adventure from the beginning; then that boy, who could read the future,† and his companions, exhorted us with various speeches, and diverted our minds from suicide. Then the hermit-boy, after he had bathed, took us to his father's hermitage, which was at no great distance, to entertain us.

"There that hermit's son bestowed on us the *arghya*, and made us sit down in a place, in which even the trees seemed to have entered on a course of penance, for they stood aloft on platforms of earth, and lifted on high their branches like arms, and drank in the rays of the sun. And then he went and asked all the trees in the hermitage, one after another, for alms. And in a moment his alms-vessel was filled with fruits, that of themselves dropped from the trees; and he came back with it to us. And he gave us those fruits of heavenly flavour, and when we had eaten them, we became, as it were, satisfied with nectar.

"And when the day came to an end, and the sun descended into the sea, and the sky was filled with stars, as if with spray flung up by his fall, and the moon, having put on a white bark-robe of moonlight, had gone to the ascetic grove on the top of the eastern mountain,‡ as if desiring to withdraw from the world on account of the fall of the sun, we went to see the hermits, who had finished all their duties, and were sitting together in a certain part of the hermitage. We bowed before them, and sat down, and those great sages welcomed us, and with kindly words at once asked us whence we came. Then that hermit-boy told them our history until the time of our entering the hermitage. Then a wise hermit there, of the name of

* See Vol. I, p. 362.

† I follow the reading of the Sanskṛit College MS. *dyati-darśiná.*

‡ The Sanskrit College MS. gives *práchyám śaila-śringa-tapovanam.*

Kanva, said to us, 'Come, why have you allowed yourselves to become so dispirited, being, as you are, men of valour? For it is the part of a brave man to display unbroken firmness in calamity, and freedom from arrogance in success, and never to abandon fortitude. And great men attain the title of great by struggling through great difficulties by the aid of resolution, and accomplishing great things. In illustration of this, listen to this story of Sundarasena, and hear how he endured hardship for the sake of Mandáravatí?' When the hermit Kanva had said this, he began, in the hearing of us and of all the hermits, to tell the following tale."

*Story of Sundarasena and Mandáravatí.*

There is a country named Nishada, that adorns the face of the northern quarter; in it there was of old a city of the name of Alaká. In this city the people were always happy in abundance of all things,* and the only things that never enjoyed repose were the jewel-lamps. In it there lived a king of the name of Mahásena, and not without reason was he so named, for his enemies were all consumed by the wonderful and terrible fire of his valour, which resembled that of the god of war. That king had a prime minister named Guṇapálita, who was like a second S'esha, for he was a mine of valour, and could bear up, like that serpent, the weight of the earth. The king, having destroyed his enemies, laid upon him the weight of his kingdom and devoted himself to pleasure; and then he had a son born to him by his queen S'asiprabhá, named Sundarasena. Even when he was a child, he was no child in good qualities, and the goddesses of valour and beauty chose him for their self-elected husband.

That prince had five heroic ministers, equal in age and accomplishments, who had grown up with him from their childhood, Chaṇḍaprabha, and Bhímabhuja, and Vyághraparákrama, and the heroic Vikramaśakti, and the fifth was Driḍhabuddhi. And they were all men of great courage, endowed with strength and wisdom, well-born, and devoted to their master, and they even understood the cries of birds.† And the prince lived with them in his father's house without a suitable wife, being unmarried, though he was grown up. And that heroic Sundarasena and his ministers reflected, "Courage invincible in assault, and wealth won by his own arm, and a wife equal to him in beauty become a hero on this earth. Otherwise, what is the use of this beauty?"

And one day the prince went out of the town to hunt, accompanied by his soldiers, and by those five companions, and as he was going out, a certain famous female mendicant named Kátyáyani, bold from the maturity of her age, who had just returned from a distant foreign country, saw him, and said to herself, when she beheld his superhuman beauty, "Is

* The Sanskrit College MS. reads *sukhite jane.* The sense is the same.

† See Vol. I, p. 499, Vol. II, p. 296, and Grohmann, Sagen aus Böhmen, p. 242.

this the Moon without Rohiṇí or the god of Love without Rati?" But when she asked his attendants, and found out that it was the prince, she was astonished, and praised the marvellousness of the creation of the Disposer.* Then she cried out to the prince from a distance with a shrill and far reaching voice, "Be victorious, O prince," and so saying she bowed before him. But at that moment the mind of the prince was wholly occupied by a conversation which he had begun with his ministers, and he went on without hearing the female ascetic. But she was angry, and called out to him in such a loud voice that he could not help hearing her, "Ho! prince! why do you not listen to the blessing of such a one as I am? What king or prince is there on the earth that does not honour me?† But if your youth and other advantages render you so proud now, it is certain that, if you obtain for a wife that ornament of the world, the maiden Mandáravatí, the daughter of the king of Hansadvípa, you will be too much puffed up with arrogance to listen to the speech of S'iva,‡ the great Indra, and other gods, much less to the words of wretched men."

When the ascetic had said this, Sundarasena, being full of curiosity, called her to him, and bent before her and propitiated her. And being anxious to question her, he sent her under the care of his servants to rest in the house of his minister Vikramaśakti. Then the prince went off, and after he had enjoyed the sport of hunting, he returned to his palace, and said his daily prayers, and took his food, and then he sent for the ascetic, and put the following question to her, "Reverend mother, who is this maiden named Mandáravatí, that you spoke of to-day? Tell me, for I feel great curiosity about her."

When the ascetic heard this, she said to him, "Listen, I will tell you the whole story. I am in the habit of wandering about the whole of this earth and the islands, for the sake of visiting sacred bathing-places and other holy spots. And in the course of my travels I happened to visit Hansadvípa. There I saw the daughter of king Mandáradeva, a suitable match for the sons of gods, not to be beheld by those who have done evil works; she bears the name of Mandáravatí, and has a form as charming as the presiding goddess of the garden of the gods; the sight of her kindles love, and she seems like another moon all composed of nectar, created by the Disposer. There is no other beauty on the earth equal to hers;§ only you, prince, I think, emulate her wealth of loveliness. As for those who have not seen her, their eyes are useless, and they have been born in vain."

When the prince heard this from the mouth of the female ascetic, he

* The Sanskrit College MS. reads *dhátuḥ sámágryya-(sic) vaichitryam.*

† See Vol. I, p. 379.

‡ The Sanskrit College MS. reads *manye* (I think) for *Hara.*

§ The Sanskrit College MS. read *sadṛiśí* and *anyatra.*

said, "Mother, how are we to get a sight of her beauty, which is so surpassing?" When the female ascetic heard this speech of his, she said, "I took such interest in her on that occasion that I painted a picture of her on canvass; and I have it with me in a bag; if you feel any curiosity about it, look at it." When she had said this, she took the picture of the lady out of the bag, and shewed it to the gratified prince. And Sundarasena, when he beheld that maiden, who, though she was present there only in a picture, seemed to be of romantic beauty, and like a flowing forth of joy, immediately felt his limbs covered all over with hairs erect from horripilation, as if he had been pierced with the dense arrows of the god of the flowery bow.* He remained motionless, hearing nothing, speaking nothing, seeing nothing; and with his whole heart fixed on her, was for a long time as if painted in a picture.

When the prince's ministers saw that, they said to that female ascetic, "Reverend mother, paint prince Sundarasena on this piece of canvass, and let us have a specimen of your skill in catching likenesses." The moment she heard that, she painted the prince on canvass. And when they saw that it was a striking likeness, all, who were present there, said, "The reverend lady's likenesses exactly resemble the originals, for when one looks at this picture, one thinks that one sees the prince himself; so the beauty of the princess Mandáravatí is sure to be such as it is represented in the picture."

When the ministers had said this, prince Sundarasena took the two pictures, and being pleased, honoured that female ascetic. And he dismissed with appropriate honours that dweller in a lonely spot. And he entered the inner part of the palace, carrying with him the picture of his beloved. He flung himself on a bed and said to himself "Can this be my charmer's face, or a moon that has purged away the spot that defiles its beauty?"† In this way he remained examining Mandáravatí, limb by limb, though he had only her painted form before him: and in this state he continued every day, abstaining from meat and drink; and so in the course of a few days he was completely exhausted by the pain of love's fever.

When his parents, S'asiprabhá and Mahásena, found that out, they came of their own accord and asked his friends the cause of his indisposition. And his companions told them the whole story, as it had happened, how the daughter of the king of Hansadvípa had come to be the cause of his complaint. Then Mahásena said to Sundarasena, "My son, why do you

* For falling in love with a picture see Vol. I, p. 490; Prym und Socin, Syrische Märchen, p. 3; and Rohde, Der Griechische Roman, p. 49, note. For the conventional signs of love in the Greek romances, see Rohde, der Griechische Roman, p. 157 and *ff.*

† Here I omit some part of the inventory of the lady's charms.

so improperly conceal this attachment of yours? For Mandáravatí is a pearl of maidens, and she will be a good match for you. Besides, her father Mandáradeva is a great friend of mine. So why do you torment yourself about a matter of this kind, which is quite becoming, and can be easily arranged by an ambassador?" When king Mahásena had said this, he deliberated, and sent off an ambassador named Surathadeva to Hansadvípa, to ask for the daughter of king Mandáradeva. And he put into his hand the portrait of Sundarasena, executed on canvass by that female ascetic, which shewed how wonderfully handsome he was.

The ambassador travelled quickly, and reached the city of king Mahendráditya on the shore of the sea, named S'aśánkapura. There he embarked on a ship, and after some days he reached the palace of king Mandáradeva in Hansadvípa. He was announced by the warders and entered the palace, and saw that king, and after he had in due form delivered to him the present, he said to him, "Great monarch, king Mahásena sends you this message, 'Give your daughter to my son Sundarasena; for a female ascetic, of the name of Kátyáyaní, made a portrait of her, and brought it here, and shewed it to my son, as the picture of a pearl of maidens. And as Sundarasena's beauty so nearly resembled hers, I felt a desire to have his form painted on canvass also, and herewith I send the picture. Look at it. Moreover, my son, who is of such astonishing beauty, does not wish to be married, unless he can find a wife that resembles him, and nobody but your daughter is a match for him in appearance.' This is the message the king entrusted to me, when he put this portrait into my hand; look at it, king, let the spring-flower creeper be united to the spring."

When the king heard this speech of the ambassador's, he was delighted, and he sent for his daughter Mandáravatí and the queen her mother. And in their company he opened and looked at that portrait, and immediately he ceased to cherish the proud thought, that there was no fitting match for his daughter on the earth. And he said "My daughter's beauty will not have been created in vain, if she is united to this prince. She does not look her best without him, nor is he complete without her; what is the lotus-bed without the swan, and what is the swan without the lotus-bed?"

When the king said this, and the queen expressed her complete approbation of it, Mandáravatí suddenly became bewildered with love. She remained with her wide expanded eyes immoveably fixed on the picture, as if possessed, as if asleep, (though she was wide awake,) as if herself a painting. Then Mandáradeva, seeing his daughter in that state, consented to give her in marriage, and he honoured that ambassador.

And on the next day the king sent off his counter-ambassador, who was a Bráhman named Kumáradatta, to king Mahásena. And he said to the two ambassadors, "Go quickly to that king Mahásena, the lord of

Alaká, and say to him from me, 'I give you my daughter out of friendship; so tell me, will your son come here, or shall I send my daughter to you?'" When the two ambassadors had received this message from the king, they immediately started off together on the sea in a ship; and they reached S'aśánkapura, and thence they travelled by land, and reached that opulent city of Alaká, which seemed like the original Alaká.* They went to the king's palace, and entered it with the usual courtesies, and saw king Mahásena who welcomed them. And they told that king the answer which Mandáradeva entrusted to them; and when the king heard it, he was pleased, and shewed both of them great honour.

Then the king found out the star, under which the princess was born, from her father's ambassador; and he asked his astrologers when a favourable time would arrive for the marriage of his son. And they answered that an auspicious time would present itself in three months for bridegroom and bride, on the fifth day of the white fortnight of the month Kártika. And so the king of Alaká informed Mandáradeva that the marriage ought to take place on that day, and that he would send his son, and this he wrote in a letter, and committed it to the care of the ambassador Kumáradatta, and another ambassador of his own named Chandrasvámin. So the ambassadors departed, and gave the letter as they were directed, and told the king of Hansadvípa all that had taken place. The king approved, and after honouring Chandrasvámin, the ambassador of Mahásena, he sent him back to his master. And he returned to Alaká, and reported that the business was satisfactorily settled; and then all on both sides remained eagerly expecting the auspicious day.

And in the meanwhile Mandáravatí in Hansadvípa, who had long ago fallen in love with the prince from seeing his picture, thought that the auspicious day for the marriage was a long way off, and felt unable to endure so much delay; and being affectionate, she became desperately enamoured, and was grievously tormented with the fire of love. And in the eager longing of her heart for Sundarasena, even the anointing with sandal-wood ointment became a shower of hot coals on her body, and a bed of lotus-leaves was to her a bed of hot sand, and the rays of the moon seemed like the scorching points of flame of a forest conflagration. She remained silent, avoiding food, adopting a vow of loneliness; and when her confidante questioned her in her anxiety, she was at last, with difficulty, induced to make the following avowal; "My friend, my marriage is far off, and I cannot bear to wait for the time, separated from my intended husband, the son of the king of Alaká. Distant is the time, and the place, and various is the course of Fate; so who knows what will happen to any one here in the meantime? So I had better die." Saying this, Mandáravatí, being sick with separation, passed immediately into a miserable state.

* The capital of the god of wealth.

When her father and mother heard that from the mouth of her confidante, and saw her in such a condition, they deliberated with the ministers, and came to the following conclusion, "That king Mahásena, the sovereign of Alaká, is on good terms with us, and the princess Mandáravatí is unable to endure the delay here, so why should we feel any delicacy about it? Happen what will, let us send her to Alaká, for when she is near her beloved, she will be able patiently to endure the delay." When king Mandáradeva had gone through these deliberations, he comforted his daughter Mandáravatí, and made her embark on a ship with wealth and attendants, and after her mother had recited a prayer for her good fortune, he sent her off from Hansadvípa by sea on an auspicious day, to travel to Alaká, in order that she might be married there; and he sent with her a minister of his own, named Vinítamati.

And after the princess, travelling in a ship on the ocean, had left Hansadvípa some days' sail behind her, there suddenly rose up against her a roaring cloud, as it were a bandit, showering raindrops like arrows, that sang terribly in the whistling wind. And the gale, like mighty fate, in a moment dragged her ship to a distance, and smote it, and broke it in pieces. And those attendants were drowned, and among them Vinítamati; and all her treasure was whelmed in the ocean.

But the sea lifted up the princess with a wave, as it were with an arm, and flung her up alive in a forest on the shore, near the scene of the shipwreck. To think that she should have fallen into the sea, and that a towering wave should have landed her in a forest! Behold now, how nothing is impossible to Destiny! Then she, in such a situation, terrified and confused, seeing that she was alone in a solitary wood, was again plunged in a sea, but this time it was the sea of grief. She exclaimed, "Where have I arrived? Surely it is a very different place from that for which I set out! Where too are those attendants of mine? Where is Vinítamati? Why has this suddenly happened to me? Where shall I go, ill-starred as I am? Alas! I am undone! What shall I do? Cursed Fate, why did you rescue me from the sea? Ah! father! Ah, mother! Ah, husband, son of the king of Alaká! Look; I am perishing before I reach you; why do you not deliver me?" While uttering these and similar exclamations, Mandáravatí wept copiously with tears that resembled the pearls of a broken necklace.

And at that very time a hermit, named Matanga, came there from his hermitage, which was not far off, to bathe in the sea. That sage, who was accompanied by his daughter, named Yamuná, who had observed a vow of virginity from her childhood, heard the sound of Mandáravatí's weeping. And with his daughter he approached her kindly, and he saw her, looking like a doe separated from a herd of deer, casting her sorrowing eyes in

every direction. And the great sage said to her with an affectionate voice, "Who are you, and how did you get into this wood, and why do you weep?" Then Mandáravatí, seeing that he was a compassionate man, slowly recovered herself, and told him her story, with face dejected from shame.

Then the hermit Matanga, after meditating, said to her, "Princess, cease to despair; recover your composure! Though you are delicate of body as a *śirísha*-flower, the calamity of sorrow afflicts you; do misfortunes ever consider whether their victim is tender or not? But you shall soon obtain the husband you desire; so come to this hermitage of mine, which is at no great distance from this place; and remain there with this daughter of mine as in your own house." When the great hermit had comforted her with these words, he bathed, and accompanied by his daughter, led Mandáravatí to his hermitage. There she remained leading an ascetic life, longing to meet her husband, delighting herself with waiting upon that sage, accompanied by his daughter.

And in the meanwhile Sundarasena, who was emaciated with long expectation, remained killing the time in Alaká, continually counting the days, eager for his marriage with Mandáravatí, and his friend Chaṇḍaprabha and the rest were trying to console him. And in course of time, as the auspicious day drew nigh, his father, the king, made preparations for his journey to Hansadvípa. And after prayers had been offered for a prosperous journey, prince Sundarasena started from his home on an auspicious day, shaking the earth with his armies.

And as he was marching along with his ministers, he reached in course of time, to his delight, that city S'asánkapura, which adorned the shore of the sea. There king Mahendráditya, hearing of his approach, came to meet him, bowing humbly, and the prince entered the city with his followers, and mounted on an elephant, he reached the palace of the king. And as he went along, the splendour of his beauty fluttered the hearts of the ladies of the city, as the hurricane flutters the lotus-bed. In the palace, king Mahendráditya shewed him every attention, and promised to accompany him: and so he rested there that day. And he spent the night in such thoughts as these, "Shall I ever get across the sea, and win that blushing bride?"

And next morning he left his army in that very city, and went with king Mahendráditya to the shore of the sea There he and his ministers, together with that king, embarked on a large ship, that was well supplied with food and water. And the prince made the small retinue, that he could not help taking, embark on a second ship. Then the ship was let go, and its flag fluttered in the wind, and those two kings, who were in it, shaped their course towards the south-western quarter.

And after two or three days had passed, as they were sailing on the

sea, there suddenly arose a great hurricane. And the ranges of forest on the shores of the sea shook to and fro, as if in astonishment at the unprecedented character of the gale. And the waters of the sea, inverted by the wind, were turned upside down, again and again, as affections are by lapse of time. And an offering of jewels was made to the sea accompanied by a loud cry of woe; and the pilots let loose the sail and relaxed their efforts at the same time; and all excitedly flung out very heavy stones on all sides, fastened by chains, and flung away their hopes of life at the same time; and the two vessels, driven to and fro by the waves, as elephants by elephant-drivers,* wandered about in the sea, as if in the *mêlée* of a battle.

Then Sundarasena, beholding that, was moved from his seat, as if from his self-command,† and said to king Mahendráditya, "It is through my demerits in former births that this day of doom has suddenly come upon you. So I cannot endure to witness it; I will fling myself into the sea." When the prince had said this, he quickly girt his upper garment round his loins, and flung himself then and there into the sea. And when his five friends, Chaṇḍaprabha and the others, saw that, they too flung themselves in, and Mahendráditya did the same. And while, having recovered their presence of mind, they were swimming across the ocean, they all went in different directions, being separated by the force of the waves. And immediately the wind fell, and the sea became hushed and calm, and bore the semblance of a good man whose wrath is appeased.‡

And in the meanwhile Sundarasena, with whom was Dṛiḍhabuddhi, found a ship that had been driven from somewhere or other by the wind, and with that minister of his as his only companion he climbed up on it, as it were on a second swing of incertitude oscillating between rescue and destruction. Then, having lost all courage, he drifted, not knowing his bearings, looking on the whole world as made of water, confiding in his god: and the ship, which was wafted along by a gentle and favourable breeze, as if by a deity, carried him to the shore in three days. There it stuck fast, and he and his companion sprang to shore and to a hope of life at the same moment.

And when there, he recovered breath, and said to Dṛiḍhabuddi; "I have escaped even from the sea, from the infernal regions, though I went below; but since I have not been able to do so without causing the death

* Böhtlingk and Roth give *nágabandha* in this passage as "*eine Schlange als Fessel.*" I do not quite see how to bring in this translation, though I fear that my own is not correct.

† I read *dhairyád* for *adhairyád.*

‡ Storms play an important part in the Greek romances. See Rohde, Der Griechische Roman, pp. 428 and 468.

of my ministers Vikramaśakti, and Vyághraparákrama, and Chaṇḍaprabha and Bhímabhuja, such fine fellows as they were, and also of king Mahendráditya, who became without cause so good a friend to me,—of all these,—how can I now live with honour?" When he said this, his minister Dṛiḍhabuddhi said to him, "Prince, recover your composure; I am persuaded that we shall have good fortune; for they may perhaps make their way across the sea, as we have done. Who can discern the mysterious way of Destiny?"

While Dṛiḍhabuddhi was saying this and other things of the same kind, two hermits came there to bathe. The good men, seeing that the prince was despondent, came up to him, and asked him his story, and said kindly to him; "Wise sir, even the gods are not able to alter the mighty influence of actions in a previous state of existence, that bestow joy and sorrow. So a resolute man, who wishes to take leave of sorrow, should practise right doing; for right doing is the true remedy for it, not regrets, nor emaciation of the body. So abandon despondency, and preserve your body by resolute endurance; as long as the body is preserved, what object of human endeavour cannot be attained? Moreover, you possess auspicious marks; you are certain to enjoy prosperity." Saying this the hermits consoled him, and took him to their hermitage.

And prince Sundarasena remained waiting there for some days, accompanied by Dṛiḍhabuddhi.

And in the meanwhile his ministers Bhímabhuja and Vikramaśakti, having swum across the sea, reached the shore in a separate place. And hoping that perhaps the prince might have escaped from the sea like themselves, they entered that great forest, and searched for him bewildered with grief. And his other two ministers, Chaṇḍaprabha and Vyághraparákrama, and king Mahendráditya, in the same way escaped from the sea, and sorrowfully sought for Sundarasena, and when they did not find him, were afflicted; and at last they found their ship unharmed and went to S'aśánkapura. Then those two ministers, and the army that had been left in that city, hearing what had happened,* went weeping to their own city Alaká. And when they arrived without the prince, lamenting their loss, the citizens wept, and one universal wail was heard in the city. When king Mahásena and his queen heard that news of their son, they were in such a state that they would have died, if it were not that their allotted term of life had not yet expired. And when the king and the queen were bent on suicide, the ministers dissuaded them with various speeches, which gave them reasons for entertaining hope. Then the king remained in a temple of Svayambhú†

* The Sanskrit College MS. has *jnáta-vṛittántá.*

† The self-existent, a name of S'iva, Vishṇu, and Buddha.

outside the town, engaged in asceticism with his attendants, enquiring for news of his son.

And in the meanwhile king Mandáradeva, in Hansadvípa, heard the news of the shipwreck of his daughter, and of that of his proposed son-in-law. And he also came to know that his son-in-law's two ministers had arrived in Alaká, and that king Mahásena there was keeping himself alive by hope, being engaged in practising austerities. Then that king also, who was afflicted by grief for the loss of his daughter, and was only prevented by his ministers from committing suicide, entrusted to them the care of his kingdom, and with the queen Kandarpasená went to the city of Alaká to visit king Mahásena, who was his partner in misfortune. And he made up his mind that he would do whatever that king did, as soon as he had trustworthy intelligence with regard to the fate of his son. And so he came to king Mahásena, who was still more grieved when he heard of the fate of Mandáravatí, and sorrowed in sympathy witn him. Then that king of Hansadvípa remained practising austerities with the king of Alaká, restraining his senses, eating little, sleeping on *darbha*-grass.

When they had been all scattered in this way in different directions by the Disposer, as leaves by a wind, it happened that Sundarasena set forth from the hermitage in which he was, and reached that hermitage of Matanga, in which Mandáravatí was staying. There he beheld a lake of clear water, the bank of which was thickly planted with trees bent down with the weight of many ripe fruits of various flavours. As he was weary, he bathed in that lake, and ate sweet fruits, and then walked on with Dṛiḍhabuddhi, and reached a forest stream. And going along its bank, he saw some hermit maidens engaged in gathering flowers near a temple containing a Linga. And in the midst of them he beheld one hermit maiden, who seemed to be the peerless beauty of the world, illuminating the whole wood with her loveliness, as if with moonlight, making all the regions full of blown blue lilies with her glance, and sowing with her foot-falls a thicket of lotuses in the forest.

Then the prince said to Dṛiḍhabuddhi, "Who can this be? Can she be a nymph of heaven worthy of being gazed upon by the hundred-eyed Indra; or is she the presiding goddess of the forest with her shoot-like fingers clinging to the flowers? Surely the Creator framed this very wonderful form of hers after he had perfected his skill by continual practice in creating many nymphs of heaven. And lo! she exactly resembles in appearance my beloved Mandáravatí, whose beauty I beheld in a picture. Why should she not be the lady herself? But how can this be? She is in Hansadvípa far away from this heart of the forest. So I cannot* conceive who this fair one is, and whence she comes, and how she comes to be here."

* I read *tanna* which I find in the Sanskrit College MS. for *tatra*.

And Dṛiḍhabuddhi, when he saw that fair maid, said to the prince, "She must be whom you suppose her to be, otherwise how could her ornaments, though made of forest flowers, thus resemble a necklace, a zone, a string of bells, and the other ornaments usually worn? Moreover, this beauty and delicacy are not produced in a forest; so you may be certain that she is some heavenly nymph, or some princess, not the daughter of a hermit. Let us rise up and stand here* a moment to find out." When Driḍhabuddhi had said this, they both of them stood there concealed by a tree.

And in the meanwhile those hermit maidens, having gathered their flowers, went down into that river with that lovely girl to bathe. And while they were amusing themselves by splashing about in it, it happened that an alligator came and seized that lovely girl. When those maidens saw that, they were bewildered, and they cried out in their sorrow, "Help, help, ye woodland deities! For here is Mandáravatí, while bathing in the river, suddenly and unexpectedly seized by an alligator, and perishing." When Sundarasena heard that, he thought to himself, "Can this really be that beloved of mine?" and rushing forward he quickly killed that alligator with his dagger. And when she fell from the monster's mouth, as it were from the mouth of death, he carried her up on the bank, and comforted her.

And she, for her part, having got over her fear, and seeing that he was a charming person, said to herself, "Who is this great-hearted one that my good fortune has brought here to save my life? Wonderful to say, he bears a close resemblance to that lover of mine whom I saw in a picture, the high-born son of the king of Alaká. Can he possibly be that very man? But out on my evil thought! Heaven forefend! May such a man never be an exile from his native land! So it is not fitting for me now to remain in the society of a strange man. Accordingly, I will leave this place: may prosperity be the lot of this great-souled one!" After going through these reflections, Mandáravatí said to those companions of hers, "First take a respectful leave of this noble gentleman, and then come with me; we will now depart."

When prince Sundarasena, whose doubts were before unsatisfied, heard this, he conceived great confidence from merely hearing his own name, and he questioned one of her companions, saying to her," "Auspicious one, whose daughter and of what condition is this friend of yours? Tell me, for I feel a great desire to know." When he questioned the hermit maiden in these words, she said to him, "This is the princess Mandáravatí, the daughter of king Mandáradeva, the sovereign of Hansadvípa. She was being conducted to the city of Alaká to be married to prince Sundarasena, when her ship was wrecked in the sea, and the waves flung her up upon

* The Sanskrit College MS. has *ehi* for *iha*.

the shore: and the hermit Matanga found her there and brought her to his hermitage."

When she said this, Sundarasena's friend Driḍhabuddhi, dancing like one bewildered with joy and despondency, said to the prince, "I congratulate you on having now been successful in obtaining the princess Mandáravatí; for is not this that very lady of whom we were thinking?" When he had said this, her companions the hermit maidens questioned him, and he told them his story; and they gladdened with it that friend of theirs. Then Mandáravatí exclaimed, "Ah, my husband," and fell weeping at the feet of that Sundarasena. He, for his part, embraced her and wept, and while they were weeping there, even stocks and herbs wept, melted with compassion.

Then the hermit Matanga, having been informed of all this by those hermit maidens, came there quickly, accompanied by Yamuná. He comforted that Sundarasena, who prostrated himself at his feet, and took him with Mandáravatí to his own hermitage. And that day he refreshed him by entertaining him, and made him feel happy; and the next day the great hermit said to that prince, "My son, I must to-day go for a certain affair to S'vetadvípa, so you must go with Mandáravatí to Alaká; there you must marry this princess and cherish her; for I have adopted her as my daughter, and I give her to you. And you shall rule the earth for a long time with her; and you shall soon recover all those ministers of yours." When the hermit had said this to the prince and his betrothed, he took leave of them, and went away through the air with his daughter Yamuná, who was equal to himself in power.

Then Sundarasena, with Mandáravatí, and accompanied by Driḍhabuddhi, set out from that hermitage. And when he reached the shore of the sea, he saw coming near him a light ship under the command of a young merchant. And in order to accomplish his journey more easily, he asked the young merchant who was the owner of that ship, through Driḍhabuddhi, hailing him from a distance, to give him a passage in it. The wicked merchant, who beheld Mandáravatí, and was at once distracted with love, consented, and brought his ship near the shore. Then Sundarasena first placed his beloved on board the ship, and was preparing to get on board himself from the bank where he stood, when the wicked merchant, coveting his neighbour's wife, made a sign to the steersman, and so set the ship in motion. And the ship, on board of which the princess was crying piteously, rapidly disappeared from the view of Sundarasena, who stood gazing at it.

And he fell on the ground crying out, "Alas! I am robbed by thieves," and wept for a long time, and then Driḍhabuddhi said to him, "Rise up! Abandon despondency! this is not a course befitting a hero.

Come along! Let us go in that direction to look for that thief: for even in the most grievous hour of calamity the wise do not take leave of their fortitude." When Sundarasena had been thus exhorted by Driḍhabuddhi, he was at last induced to rise up from the shore of the sea and set out.

And he went on his way weeping, and crying out, "Alas, queen! Alas, Mandáravatí!" continually scorched by the fire of separation, fasting, accompanied only by the weeping Driḍhabuddhi; and almost beside himself with distraction he entered a great wood. And when in it, he paid no attention to the wise counsels of his friend, but ran hither and thither, thinking only of his beloved. When he saw the creepers in full bloom, he said, "Can this be my beloved come here, adorned with blown flowers, having escaped from that merchant-robber?" When he saw the beautiful lotuses, he said, "Can she have dived into a tank in her fear, and is she lifting up her face with long-lashed eyes and looking at me?" And when he heard the cuckoos singing concealed by the leafy creepers, he said "Is the sweet-voiced fair one here addressing me?" Thus raving at every step, he wandered about for a long time, scorched by the moon, as if it were the sun; and so to him the night was the same as the day.

And at last the prince with Driḍhabuddhi emerged from that wood, though with difficulty, and having lost his way, reached a great wilderness. It was perilous with fierce rhinoceroses, dangerous as being inhabited by lions, and so was as formidable* as an army, and moreover it was beset by a host of bandits. When the prince entered this wilderness, which was refugeless, and full of many misfortunes, like misery, he was set upon with uplifted weapons, by some Pulindas, who happened to be on the look out for human victims to offer to Durgá, by order of Vindhyaketu the king of the Pulindas, who lived in that region. When the prince was tormented with five fires, of misfortune, exile, the grief of separation, that affront from a base man, fasting, and the fatigue of the journey; alas! Fate created a sixth fire in the form of an attack of bandits, as if in order to exhaust his self-command.

And when many of the bandits rushed towards him to seize him, showering arrows, he, with only one companion to help him, killed them with his dagger. When king Vindhyaketu discovered that, he sent forward another force, and Sundarasena, being skilled in fighting, killed a great many bandits belonging to that force also. At last he and his companion fainted from the exhaustion of their wounds; and then

* I read *sudurdharshám*; the Sanskrit College MS. reads *senaním (sic) iva durdharshám*: the word translated "rhinoceros" can also mean "sword;" the adjective before it may mean "uplifted," and the word translated "inhabited by lions" may perhaps mean, "commanded by a king."

those S'avaras bound them, and took them and threw them into prison. The prison was full of multitudes of vermin, filthy with cobwebs, and it was evident that snakes frequented it, as they had dropped there the skins that clung to their throats. The dust in it rose as high as the ancle,* it was honey-combed with the holes and galleries of mice, and full of many terrified and miserable men that had been thrown into it. In that place, which seemed the very birthplace of hells, they saw those two ministers Bhímabhuja and Vikramaśakti, who, like themselves, had entered that wilderness after escaping from the sea, in order to look for their master, and had been already bound and thrown into prison. They recognised the prince and fell weeping at his feet, and he recognised them, and embraced them, bathed in tears.

Then their woes were increased a hundredfold by seeing one another; but the other prisoners there said to them, in order to console them, "Enough of grief! Can we avoid the effect of acts done in a previous state of existence? Do you not see that the death of all of us together is imminent? For we have been collected here by this king of the Pulindas, in order that he may offer us up to Durgá on the coming fourteenth day of the month. So why should you grieve? The way of Fate, that sports with living beings, is strange; as she has given you misfortune, she may in the same way give you prosperity." When the other prisoners had said this to them, they remained there bound with them; it is terrible to see how little respect calamities shew even for the great.

And when the fourteenth day arrived, they were all taken thence by the orders of the king to the temple of Durgá to be sacrificed. It seemed like the mouth of death, the flame of the lamp being its lolling tongue, the range of bells being its row of teeth, to which the heads of men clung.† Then Sundarasena, when he saw that goddess, bowed before her, and praised her with mind humbled by devotion, and uttered this prayer, "O thou goddess that didst quell the oppression of the Asuras with thy blood-streaming trident, which mangled haughty Daityas, thou that givest security to thy votaries, look upon me, goddess, that am burned up with the forest-fire of grief, with a favourable nectar-shedding eye, and refresh me. Honour to thee!"

While the prince was saying this, Vindhyaketu, that king of the Pulindas, came there to worship the goddess Durgá. The moment the prince saw the king of the Bhillas, he recognised him, and being bowed down with shame, said of his own accord to his friends, "Ha! this is that very Vindhyaketu, the chief of the Pulindas, who comes to my father's court to

* I follow the reading of the Sanskrit College MS. which gives *daghna* instead of *lagna*.

† The Sanskrit College MS. reads *vyásaktavíraśirasaṃ*.

pay him homage, and is the lord of this vast wilderness. Whatever may happen, we must not say anything here, for it is better for a man of honour to die, than to make known who he is under such circumstances."

While the prince was saying this to his ministers, king Vindhyaketu said to his servants, "Come now, shew me this heroic human victim, who killed so many of my warriors when he was being captured. As soon as his servants heard this, they brought Sundarasena, smeared with clotted blood, and defiled with wounds, into the presence of that king. When the king of the Bhillas saw him, he half recognised him, and being terrified, said to him, "Tell me, who are you, and whence do you come?" Sundarasena answered the king of the Bhillas, "What does it matter who I am, or whence I come? Do what you are about to do."

Then Vindhyaketu recognised him completely by his voice, and exclaiming excitedly, "Alas! Alas!" fell on the ground. Then he embraced the prince, and said, "Alas, great king Mahásena, see what a fitting return I, villain that I am, have now made for your numerous benefits, in that I have here reduced to such a state your son, whom you value as your life, prince Sundarasena, who has come here from somewhere or other!" This and many other such laments he uttered in such a way that all there began to shed tears. But the delighted companions of Sundarasena comforted the Bhilla king, saying to him, "Is not this much that you recognised the prince before any misfortune had happened? What could you have done after the event had taken place? So why do you despond in the midst of this joy?"

Then the king fell at the feet of Sundarasena, and lovingly honoured him, and Sundarasena got him to set all the human victims free. And after he had shown him all due respect, he took him to his village and his friends with him, and proceeded to bandage his wounds and administer medicines to him; and he said to him, "Tell me, prince, what brought you to this place, for I have a great desire to know." Then Sundarasena related to him all his adventures. And that prince of the S'avaras, being astonished, said to him, "What a wonderful chain of events! That you should have set out to marry Mandáravatí, and that you should then have been wrecked* in the sea, and that this should have led to your reaching the hermitage of Matanga, and to your meeting your beloved there, and that this merchant, in whom you confided, should have carried her off from you, and that you should have entered the wilderness, and have been imprisoned for sacrifice, and recognised by me and delivered from that death—how strangely does all this hang together! Therefore honour by all means to mysteriously working Destiny! And you must not feel anxious about your beloved, for, as Destiny has done all this, she will also do you that other service soon."

* I read with the Sanskrit College MS. *pátaḥ* for *práptiḥ*.

While the king of the Pulindas was saying this, his commander-in-chief came quickly in a state of high delight, and entering said to him, "King, a certain merchant entered this wilderness with his followers, and he had with him much wealth and a very beautiful lady, a very gem of women; and when I heard of this, I went with an army, and seized him and his followers, with the wealth and the lady, and I have them here outside." When Sundarasena and Vindhyaketu heard this, they said to themselves "Can these be that merchant and Mandáravatí?" And they said, "Let the merchant and the lady be brought in here at once," and thereupon the commander-in-chief brought in that merchant and that lady. When Dṛiḍhabuddhi saw them, he exclaimed, "Here is that very princess Mandáravatí, and here is that villain of a merchant. Alas, princess! How came you to be reduced to this state, like a creeper scorched by the heat, with your bud-like lip dried up, and with your flower-ornaments stripped off?" While Dṛiḍhabuddhi was uttering this exclamation, Sundarasena rushed forward, and eagerly threw his arms round the neck of his beloved. Then the two lovers wept for a long time, as if to wash off from one another, by the water of a shower of tears, the defilement of separation.

Then Vindhyaketu, having consoled them both, said to that merchant, "How came you to carry off the wife of one who confided in you?" Then the merchant said, with a voice trembling with fear, "I have fruitlessly done this to my own destruction, but this holy saint was preserved by her own unapproachable splendour; I was no more able to touch her, than if she had been a flame of fire; and I did intend, villain that I was, to take her to my own country, and after her anger had been allayed, and she had been reconciled to me, to marry her." When the merchant had said this, the king ordered him to be put to death on the spot; but Sundarasena saved him from execution; however he had his abundant wealth confiscated, a heavier loss than that of life; for those that have lost their wealth die daily, not so those that have lost their breath.

So Sundarasena had that merchant set at liberty, and the wretched creature went where he would, pleased at having escaped with life; and king Vindhyaketu took Mandáravatí, and went with her and Sundarasena to the palace of his own queen. There he gave orders to his queen, and had Mandáravatí honoured with a bath, with clothes and with unguents, and after Sundarasena had been in the same way bathed and adorned, he made him sit down on a splendid throne, and honoured him with gifts, pearls, musk, and so on. And on account of the reunion of that couple, the king made a great feast, at which all the S'avara women danced delighted.

Then, the next day, Sundarasena said to the king, "My wounds are healed, and my object is attained, so I will now go hence to my own city; and, please, send off at once to my father a messenger with a letter, to tell the whole story, and announce my arrival."* When the S'avara chief heard this, he sent off a messenger with a letter, and gave him the message which the prince suggested.

And just as the letter-carrier was reaching the city of Alaká, it happened that king Mahásena and his queen, afflicted because they heard no tidings of Sundarasena, were preparing to enter the fire in front of a temple of S'iva, surrounded by all the citizens, who were lamenting their approaching loss. Then the S'avara, who was bearing the letter, beholding king Mahásena, came running up proclaiming who he was, stained with dust, bow in hand, with his hair tied up in a knot behind with a creeper, black himself, and wearing a loin-cincture of *vilva*-leaves. That letter-carrier of the king of the Bhillas said, "King, you are blessed with good fortune to-day, as your son Sundarasena has come with Mandáravatí, having escaped from the sea; for he has arrived at the court of my master Vindhyaketu, and is on his way to this place with him, and has sent me on before." Having said this, and thus discharged his confidential commission, the letter-carrier of the Bhilla king laid the letter at the monarch's feet. Then all the people there, being delighted, raised a shout of joy; and the letter was read out, and the whole of the wonderful circumstances became known; and king Mahásena recompensed the letter-carrier, and abandoned his grief, and made great rejoicings, and entered his palace with all his retainers. And the next day, being impatient, he set out to meet his son, whose arrival he expected, accompanied by the king of Hansadvípa. And his force of four arms marched along with him, innumerable, so that the earth trembled, dreading insupportable weight.

In the meanwhile Sundarasena set out from that village of the Bhillas for his own home, with Mandáravatí. And he was accompanied by his friends Vikramaśakti and Bhímabhuja, whom he found in the prison, and Dṛiḍhabuddhi too was with him. He himself rode on a horse swift as the wind, by the side of Vindhyaketu, and seemed by the hosts of Pulindas that followed him, to be exhibiting the earth as belonging to that race. And as he was marching along, in a few days he beheld on the road his father coming to meet him, with his retinue and his connections. Then he got down from his horse, and the people beheld him with joy, and he and his friends went up and fell at the feet of his father. His father, when he beheld his son looking like the full moon, felt like the sea which surges up with throbbings of joy, and overflows its bounds, and could not contain

* *vṛittántaṃ* should probably be *vṛittánta*, and should be joined with the words that follow.

himself for happiness.* And when he saw Mandáravatí, his daughter-in-law, bowing at his feet, he considered himself and his family prosperous, and rejoiced. And the king welcomed Dṛiḍhabuddhi and the other two ministers of his son, who bowed at his feet, and he received Vindhyaketu with still warmer welcome.

Then Sundarasena bowed before his father-in-law Mandáradeva, whom his father introduced to him, and rejoiced exceedingly; and beholding his ministers Chaṇḍaprabha and Vyághraparákrama, who had arrived before, clinging to his feet, he considered that all his wishes were accomplished. And immediately king Mahendráditya, who was delighted at hearing what had happened, came there from S'aśáṅkapura out of affection. Then prince Sundarasena, mounted on a splendid horse, escorting his beloved, as Naḍakúvara did Rambhá, went with all those to his own home, the city of Alaká, the dwelling-place of all felicities, abounding in virtuous men. And accompanied by his beloved he entered the palace of his father, being sprinkled, as he passed through the city, by the wives of the citizens, who were all crowding to the windows, with the blue lotuses of their eyes. And in the palace he bowed at the feet of his mother, whose eyes were full of tears of joy, and then spent that day in rejoicings, in which all his relations and servants took part.

And the next day, in the long desired hour fixed by the astrologers, the prince received the hand of Mandáravatí, who was bestowed on him by her father. And his father-in-law, king Mandáradeva, as he had no son, bestowed on him many priceless jewels, in his joy, and the reversion of his kingdom after his own death. And his father, king Mahásena, without exhausting the earth, made a great feast, in a style suitable to his desires and means, in which all prisoners were released, and a rain of gold was seen.† And having beheld Sundarasena prosperous by his union with Mandáravatí, and having taken part in his wedding festivities, in which all the women danced to song, and having been honoured by king Mahásena, king Mandáradeva returned to his own territory, and the king of S'aśáṅkapura returned to that city, and Vindhyaketu, the lord of the great wilderness, returned to his domain.

And after some days had elapsed, king Mahásena, perceiving that his son Sundarasena was virtuous and beloved by the subjects, established him in his throne, and went himself to the forest. And prince Sundarasena, having thus obtained the kingdom, and having conquered all his enemies by the might of his arm, ruled with those ministers the whole earth, and found his joy in the possession of Mandáravatí ever increasing.

* An allusion to the phenomenon of the tides.

† The Sanskrit College MS. gives *vṛishṭa-hiraṇya-vastram*, in which gold and garments were showered on the people.

When the minister Vyághrasena had told this story on the bank of the lake to Mṛigánkadatta, he went on to say to him, "This wonderful tale, prince, did the hermit Kanva relate to us in the hermitage, and at the end of the tale the compassionate man said to us, to comfort us, 'So, my sons, those who endure with resolute hearts terrible misfortunes hard to struggle through, attain in this way the objects they most desire; but those others, whose energies are paralysed by loss of courage, fail. Therefore abandon this despondency, and go on your way. Your master also, prince Mrigánkadatta, shall recover all his ministers, and shall long rule the earth, after having been united with S'aśánkavatí.' When that great hermit had said this to us, we plucked up courage, and spent the night there, and then set out from that hermitage, and in course of time reached this wood, travel-worn. And while here, being tortured with excessive thirst and hunger, we climbed up this tree sacred to Ganeśa, to get fruits, and we were ourselves turned into fruits, and we have now, prince, been released from our fruit-transformation by your austerities. Such have been the adventures of us four, during our separation from you* brought about by the curse of the Nága; and now that our curse is expired, advance, united with us all, towards the attainment of your object."

When Mrigánkadatta had heard all this from his minister Vyághrasena, he conceived hopes of obtaining S'asánkavatí, and so passed that night there.

* I read *śápopaníte* with the Sanskrit College MS.

## CHAPTER CII.

Then, the next morning, Mṛigánkadatta rose up from the shore of that beautiful lake, together with all his ministers, who had rejoined him; and in company with them, and the Bráhman S'rutadhi, set out for Ujjayiní, to win S'aśánkavatí, after he had paid his orisons to that tree of Ganeśa.*

Then the heroic prince, accompanied by his ministers, again crossed various stretches of woodland, which contained many hundreds of lakes, and were black with *tamála*-trees† throughout their whole expanse, looking like nights in the rainy season, when the clouds collect; and others which had their canes broken by terrible infuriated elephants roaming through them, in which the *arjuna*-trees formed a strong contrast to the *tamála*-trees,‡ and which thus resembled so many cities of king Viráṭa; and ravines of mighty mountains, which were pure, though strewn with flowers, and though frequented by subdued hermits, were haunted by fierce beasts; and at last came near the city of Ujjayiní.

Then he reached the river Gandhavatí, and dispelled his fatigue by bathing in it, and after crossing it, he arrived with his companions in that cemetery of Mahákála. There he beheld the image of mighty Bhairava, black with the smoke from neighbouring pyres, surrounded with many fragments of bones and skulls, terrible with the skeletons of men which it held in its grasp, worshipped by heroes, frequented by many troops of demons, dear to sporting witches.

And after crossing the cemetery, he beheld the city of Ujjayiní, a *yuga* old, ruled by king Karmasena. Its streets were watched by guards with various weapons, who were themselves begirt by many brave high-born Rájputs; it was surrounded with ramparts resembling the peaks of mighty mountains; it was crowded with elephants, horses, and chariots, and hard for strangers to enter.

* See the Dummedhajátaka, Fausböll's edition of the Játakas, Vol. I, p. 259; Liebrecht's translation of the Pentamerone of Basile, Vol. I, p. 83; and Vol. I of this translation, pp. 153 and 575; also Ralston's Tibetan Tales, Introduction, p. lii.

† Or "black as *tamála*."

‡ Or "which were of opposite appearance, being white." The word *arjuna* (white) also refers to the hero Arjuna one of the Páṇḍavas, who lived disguised as a eunuch in the city of king Viráṭa. Kíchaka (cane) was the leader of the host of king Viráṭa, and was conquered by Bhíma (terrible). The passage contains another pun which will be obvious to those acquainted with Hindu customs.

When Mṛigánkadatta beheld that city, which was thus inaccessible on every side, he turned his face away in despondency, and said to his ministers, "Alas! ill-starred man that I am! though it has cost me hundreds of hardships to reach this city, I cannot even enter it; what chance then have I of obtaining my beloved?" When they heard this, they said to him, "What! do you suppose, prince, that this great city could ever be stormed by us, who are so few in number? We must think of some expedient to serve in this emergency, and an expedient will certainly be found; how comes it that you have forgotten that this expedition has frequently been enjoined by the gods?"

When Mṛigánkadatta had been thus addressed by his ministers, he remained for some days roaming about outside the city.

Then his minister Vikramakeśarin called to mind that Vetála, which he had long ago won over, intending to employ him to fetch the prince's love from her dwelling-house. And the Vetála came, black in hue, tall, with a neck like a camel, elephant-faced, with legs like a bull, eyes like an owl, and the ears of an ass. But finding that he could not enter the city, he departed; the favour of S'iva secures that city against being invaded by such creatures.

Then the Bráhman S'rutadhi, who was versed in policy, said to Mṛigánkadatta, as he was sitting in gloom, surrounded by his ministers, longing in his heart to enter the city; "Why, prince, though you know the true principles of policy, do you remain bewildered, like one ignorant of them? Who will ever be victorious in this world by disregarding the difference between himself and his foe? For at every one of the four gates of this city, two thousand elephants, twenty-five thousand horses, ten thousand chariots, and a hundred thousand footmen remain harnessed and ready, day and night, to guard it; and they are hard to conquer, being commanded by heroes. So, as for a handful of men, like ourselves, entering it by force, that is a mere chimerical fancy,* not a measure calculated to ensure success. Moreover, this city cannot be overthrown by a small force; and a contest with an overwhelming force is like fighting on foot against an elephant. So join with your friend Máyávaṭu the king of the Pulindas, whom you delivered from the terrible danger of the water-monsters in the Narmadá, and with his friend Durgapiśácha the very powerful king of the Mátangas, who is attached to you on account of his alliance with him,† and with that king of the Kirátas, named S'akti-

* *I. e. patangavṛitti.* The word seems to mean "subsistence of birds." Compare Macbeth IV, 2, 33.

† I find *tat-sambandhánuráginá* in three India Office MSS. kindly lent me by Dr. Rost.

rakshita, who is famous for his valour and has observed a vow of strict chastity from his youth upwards, and let them all bring their forces, and then do you, thus strengthened by allies, fill every quarter with your hosts, and so accomplish the object you have in view. Moreover, the king of the Kirátas is awaiting your coming from a distance in accordance with your agreement; how have you come to forget this? And no doubt, Máyávaṭu is ready awaiting your arrival, in the territory of* the king of the Mátangas, for you made this agreement with him. So let us go to the castle named Karabhagríva, on the southern slope of the Vindhyas, in which that chief of the Mátangas dwells. And let us summon there S'aktirakshita, the king of the Kirátas, and united with them all make a fortunate expedition with every chance of success.

When Mṛigánkadatta and his ministers heard this speech of S'rutadhi's, which was full of sense and such as the wise would approve, they eagerly accepted it, saying, "So be it." And the next day the prince adored that unresting traveller of the sky, the sun, the friend of the virtuous, that had just arisen, revealing every quarter of the world,† and set out for the abode of Durgapiśácha king of the Mátangas on the southern slope of the Vindhya range. And his ministers Bhímaparákrama, and Vyághrasena, and Guṇákara, and Meghabala with Vimalabuddhi, and Sthúlabáhu with Vichitrakatha, and Vikramakeśarin, and Prachaṇḍaśakti, and S'rutadhi and Dṛiḍhamushṭi followed him. With them he successively crossed forests wide-ranging as his own undertakings, and stretches of woodland profound as his own schemes, with no better refuge at night than the root of a tree‡ on the shore of a lake, and reached and ascended the Vindhya mountain lofty as his own soul.

Then the prince went from the summit of the mountain down its southern slope, and beholding afar off the villages of the Bhillas full of elephants' tusks and deer-skins, he said to himself, "How am I to know where the dwelling of that king of the Mátangas is?" While engaged in such reflections, he and his ministers saw a hermit boy come towards them, and after doing obeisance to him, they said, "Fair Sir, do you know in what part of this region the palace of Durgapiśácha, the king of the Mátangas, is? For we wish to see him."

* I read *Mátangarájadeśágato;* the reading of the India Office MS. No. 1882 is *rájádeśágato* which would mean "by the invitation of the king of the Mátangas." For *dúrágamana* in sl. 31, No. 2166 reads *dútágamana, i. e.* "the coming of your messenger." This makes better sense.

† A pun! It also means "holding prosperity, and holding out hopes to the world."

‡ All the three India Office MSS., which Dr. Rost has kindly lent me, read *niśáśrayaḥ.*

When that good young ascetic heard this, he said, "Only a *kos* distant from this place is a spot called Panchavatí, and not far from it was the hermitage of the hermit Agastya, who with small effort cast down from heaven the haughty king Nahusha; where Ráma, who by command of his father took up his dwelling in a forest, accompanied by Lakshmaṇa and his wife Sítá, long waited on that hermit; where Kabandha,* who guided Ráma to the slaughter of the Rákshasas, proceeded to attack Ráma and Lakshmaṇa, as Ráhu does the sun and moon, whose arm a *yojana* in length Ráma felled, so that it resembled Nahusha in his serpent form, come to supplicate Agastya; where even now the Rákshasas hearing the roaring of the clouds at the beginning of the rainy season, call to mind the twanging of the bow of Ráma; where the aged deer, that were fed by S'itá, beholding the regions deserted in every direction, with eyes filling with tears, reject the mouthful of grass; where Márícha, who brought about Sítá's separation from her husband, assumed the form of a golden deer and enticed away Ráma, as if to save from slaughter those deer, that were still left alive; where, in many a great lake full of the water of the Káverí, it appears as if Agastya had vomited up in driblets the sea that he swallowed. Not far from that hermitage, on a table-land of the Vindhya, is a stronghold tangled and inaccessible, named Karabhagríva. In it dwells that mighty Durgapiśácha of terrible valour, chief of the Mátangas, whom kings cannot conquer. And he commands a hundred thousand bowmen of that tribe, every one of whom is followed by five hundred warriors. With the aid of those brigands he robs caravans, destroys his enemies, and enjoys this great forest, caring nought for this or that king.†

When Mṛigánkadatta had heard this from the young hermit, he took leave of him, and went quickly, with his companions, in the direction indicated by him, and in course of time he arrived in the environs of Karabhagríva that stronghold of the king of the Mátangas, which were crowded with Bhilla villages. And within them he beheld near at hand on every side crowds of S'avaras, adorned with peacocks' feathers and elephants' teeth, clothed in tigers' skins, and living on the flesh of deer. When Mṛigánkadatta saw those Bhillas, he said to his ministers, "See! these men live a wild forest life like animals, and yet, strange to say, they recognise Durgapiśácha as their king. There is no race in the world without a king; I do believe the gods introduced this magical name among men in their alarm, fearing that otherwise the strong would devour the weak, as great fishes eat the little."‡ And while he was saying this, and trying

* Professor Monier Williams refers us to Rámáyana III, 75.

† So, in the 89th chapter of the Wilkina Saga, Heime goes off to join the robber chief Ingram. (Hagen's Helden-Sagen, Vol. I, p. 242).

‡ The India office MS. No. 2166 reads *mátsyanyáyabhayodayát.*

to find the path that led to the stronghold Karabhagríva, the scouts of Máyávaṭu, the king of the S'avaras, who had already arrived there, recognized him, having seen him before. They immediately went and told that Máyávaṭu of his arrival; and he with his army went to meet him. And when that king of the Pulindas came near, and saw the prince, he alighted from his horse, and ran forward, and fell at his feet. And he embraced the prince, who asked after his health, and then mounted him and his ministers on horses, and brought them to his own camp. And that king of the S'avaras sent his own warder to inform the king of the Mátangas of the prince's arrival.

And Durgapiśácha, the king of the Mátangas, quickly came there from his own place, and his appearance justified his name.* He seemed like a second Vindhya range, for his body was firm as a rocky peak, his hue was black as *tamála*, and Pulindas lay at his foot. His face was rendered terrible by a natural three-furrowed frown, and so he appeared as if Durgá, the dweller in the Vindhya range, had marked him with the trident, to claim him as her own. Though young, he had seen the death of many "secular birds;" though black, he was not comely; and he crouched to none, though he hugged the foot of a mountain.† Like a fresh cloud, he displayed the peacock-tail and the gay-coloured bow; like Hiraṇyáksha,‡ his body was scarred by the furious boar; like Ghaṭotkacha, he was mighty and possessed a haughty and terrible shape;§ like the Kali age, he allowed those born under his sway to take pleasure in wickedness and break through the bonds of rule. And the mass of his host came filling the earth, like the stream of the Narmadá, when let loose from the embrace of Arjuna.‖ And so the aggregated army of the Chaṇḍálas moved on, blackening all the horizon with a dark hue, making those who beheld it say in perplexity to themselves "Can this be a mass of rock that has rolled down from the Anjana mountain,¶ or is it a premature bank of the clouds of the day of doom, that has descended upon the earth?"

And their chief Durgapiśácha came up to Mṛigánkadatta, placing his head upon the ground even when at a distance, and bowed before him, and said "To-day the goddess Durgá is pleased with me, in that your Highness, of such a noble race, has come to my house. On that account

* His name means "Wild man of the Stronghold" or "Demon of the Stronghold."

† The passage is full of puns: *vayas* means "age" and "bird"; *kṛishṇa* "black" and also the god of that name; *bhúbhṛit* "king" and also "mountain."

‡ Killed by Vishṇu in the form of a boar.

§ Another play on words. It may mean "was the son of the Páṇḍava Bhíma.

‖ I do not understand this allusion.

¶ *Anjana* is a black pigment applied to the eyes.

I consider myself fortunate and successful. When the king of the Mátangas had said this, he gave him a present of pearls, musk, and other rarities. And the prince kindly accepted it with the usual courtesies. Then they all encamped there. That great forest was covered all over with elephants fastened to posts, with horses in stables, and tented footmen; and was scarcely able to contain itself, being confused with its good fortune in thus being assimilated to a city, which was unprecedented in the course of its existence.

Then, in that wood, when Mṛigánkadatta had bathed in the river for good fortune, and had taken food, and was sitting at his ease, in a secluded spot, surrounded by his ministers, Máyávaṭu also being present,* Durgapiśácha said to Mṛigánkadatta, in the course of conversation, speaking in a tone softened by affection and regard, "This king Máyávaṭu came here a long time ago, and has been remaining here with me, my lord, awaiting your orders. So where, my prince, have you all remained so long? And what have you done? Tell me, now, the business that detained you." When the prince heard this speech of his, he said, "After I had left the palace of our friend here Máyávaṭu, with Vimalabuddhi and Guṇákara, and S'rutadhi, and Bhímaparákrama, whom I had also recovered, I found on my way this Prachaṇḍaśákti and Vichitrakatha, and in course of time also this Vikramakeśarin. Then these men here found on the borders of a beautiful lake a tree sacred to Gaṇeśa, and climbed up it to pick its fruit, and so were turned into fruits themselves by the curse of the god. Then I propitiated Gaṇeśa, and not without difficulty set them free, and at the same time I delivered these other four ministers of mine, Dṛiḍhamushṭi and Vyághrasena and Meghabala and Sthúlabáhu, who had previously suffered the same transformation. With all these, thus recovered, I went to Ujjayiní; but the gates were guarded, and we could not even enter the town; much less could we think of any device for carrying off S'aśánkavatí. And as I had no army with me, I had no *locus standi* for sending an ambassador. So we deliberated together, and came here to you. Now, my friend, you and your allies have to decide whether we shall attain our end or no."

When Mṛigánkadatta had related his adventures in these words, Durgapiśácha and Máyávaṭu said, "Be of good courage; this is but a little matter for us to accomplish at once; our lives were originally created for your sake. We will bring here that king Karmasena in chains, and we will carry off his daughter S'aśánkavatí by force."

When the king of the Mátangas and Máyávaṭu said this, Mṛigánkadatta said lovingly and very respectfully, "What will you not be able to accomplish, for this resolute courage of yours is a sufficient guarantee that you will carry out that furtherance of your friend's interests which you

have undertaken. When the Creator made you here, he infused into your composition qualities borrowed from your surroundings, the firmness of the Vindhya hills, the courage of the tigers, and the warm attachment to friends of the forest* lotuses. So deliberate and do what is fitting." While Mṛigánkadatta was saying this, the sun retired to rest on the summit of the mountain of setting. Then they also rested that night in the royal camp, as was meet, sleeping in booths made by the workmen.

And the next morning Mṛigánkadatta sent off Guṇákara to bring his friend S'aktirakshita, the king of the Kirátas. He went and communicated the state of affairs to that sovereign; and in a very few days the king of the Kirátas returned with him, bringing a very large force. Ten hundred thousand footmen, and two hundred thousand horse, and a myriad of furious elephants on which heroes were mounted, and eighty-eight thousand chariots followed that king, who darkened the heaven with his banners and his umbrella. And Mṛigánkadatta, with his friends and ministers, went to meet him in high spirits and honoured him and conducted him into the camp. And in the meanwhile other friends and relations of the king of the Mátangas, and all those of king Máyávaṭu, having been summoned by messengers, came in.† And the camp swelled like the ocean, giving joy to the heart of Mṛigánkadatta: with shouts rising up like the roar of the waves, and hundreds of battalions pouring in like rivers. And Durgapiśácha honoured‡ those assembled kings with musk, and garments, and pieces of flesh, and spirits distilled from fruits. And Máyávaṭu the king of the S'avaras gave them all splendid baths, unguents, food, drink, and beds. And Mṛigánkadatta sat down to eat with all those kings who were seated in their proper places.§ He even went so far as to make the king of the Mátangas eat in his presence though at a little distance from him: the fact is, it is necessity and place and time that take precedence, not one man of another.

And the next day, when the newly arrived force of Kirátas and others had rested, Mṛigánkadatta, sitting on a throne of ivory in the assembly of the kings, where he had been duly honoured, after he had had the place cleared of attendants, said to his friends, the king of the Mátangas, and

* *Vana* might mean "water."

† Two of the India office MSS. read *cha te datta-dútáḥ*, the other reads *cha tad-dattadútáḥ*. I think these readings give a better sense. The king of the Mátangas is here Durgapiśácha.

‡ I read *samamánayat* the conjecture of Dr. Kern. I find it in MS. No. 1882 and in 2166.

§ Being a man of high caste, he ate with men who had none, or next to none. Dr. Kern wishes to read *kárye*, but all the MSS. have *káryam*.

the others, "Why do we now delay? Why do we not quickly march towards Ujjayiní with the whole of this force?" When the Bráhman S'rutadhi heard this, he said to that prince, "Listen prince, I now speak according to the opinion of those who know policy. A king who wishes to be victorious must first see the distinction between what is practicable and what is not practicable. What cannot be accomplished by an expedient, he should reject as impracticable. That is practicable which can be accomplished by an expedient. Now expedients in this matter are of four kinds, and are enumerated as conciliation, gifts, division and force. This order represents their comparative advantages, the first being better than the second, and so on. So, my prince, you ought first to make use of conciliation in this business. For, as king Karmasena is not greedy of gain, gifts are not likely to succeed; nor is division likely to be of any use, for none of his servants are angry, or covetous, or indignant with him, on account of having been treated with neglect. As for force, its employment is risky; as that king lives in a difficult country, has a very formidable army, and has never been conquered by any king before. Moreover even mighty ones cannot always be assured of having the fortune of victory on their side in battles; besides, it is not becoming in one, who is a suitor for a maiden's hand, to slaughter her relations. So let us send an ambassador to that monarch, adopting the method of conciliation. If that does not succeed, the method of force shall be employed as being unavoidable." All there, when they heard this speech of S'rutadhi's, approved it, and praised his statesmanship.

Then Mṛigánkadatta deliberated with them all, and sent a servant of the king of the Kirátas, a noble Bráhman, Suvigraha by name, who possessed all the requisites of a diplomatist, to king Karmasena, as an ambassador to communicate the result of their deliberations, and he carried with him a letter, and was also entrusted with a verbal message. The ambassador went to Ujjayiní, and, being introduced by the warder, entered the king's palace, the interior of which looked very magnificent, as its zones were crowded with splendid horses, and with elephants; and he saw that king Karmasena, sitting on his throne, surrounded by his ministers. He did obeisance to that sovereign, who welcomed him; and after he had sat down, and his health had been enquired after, he proceeded to deliver to him his letter. And the king's minister, named Prajnákośa, took it, and broke the seal, and unfolding the letter, proceeded to read it out to the following effect. "All-Hail! The auspicious Mṛigánkadatta, ornament of the circle of the earth, son of the great king of kings who is lord of the city of Ayodhyá, the fortunate Amaradatta, from the slope of the forest at the foot of the castle of Karabhagríva, where he now is, with kings submissive and obedient to him, sends this plain message to the great king

Karmasena in Ujjayiní, who is the moon of the sea of his own race, with all due respect; You have a daughter, and you must without fail give her to another, so give her to me; for she has been declared by the gods a suitable wife for me. In this way we shall become allies, and our former enmity will be at an end; if you do not consent, I will appeal to my own strong arms to give me this object of my desires." When the letter had been thus read by the minister Prajnákośa, king Karmasena, inflamed with rage, said to his ministers, "These people are always hostile to us; and observe, this man, not knowing his place, has on the present occasion worded his communication in an objectionable form. He has put himself first and me last, out of contempt; and at the end the conceited fellow has bragged of the might of his arm. So, I do not consider that I ought to send any reply; as for giving him my daughter, that is out of the question. Depart, ambassador; let your master do what he can."*

When king Karmasena said this, that Bráhman ambassador Suvigraha, being a man of spirit, gave him an answer well-suited to the occasion, "Fool, you boast now, because you have not seen that prince; make ready; when he arrives, you will learn the difference between yourself and your opponent." When the ambassador said this, the whole court was in a state of excitement; but the king, though in wrath, said, "Away with you! Your person is inviolable, so what can we do?" Then some of those present, biting their lips, and wringing their hands together, said one to another, "Why do we not follow him and kill him this moment." But others, being masters of themselves, said, "Let the young fool of a Bráhman go! why do you trouble yourselves about the speech of this babbler? We will shew what we can do." Others again, appearing to foreshadow by their frowns the speedy bending of their bows, remained silent, with faces red with rage.

The whole court being thus incensed, the ambassador Suvigraha went out, and repaired to Mṛigánkadatta in his camp. He told him and his friends what Karmasena had said; and the prince, when he heard it, ordered the army to march. Then the sea of soldiers, set in motion by the order of the commander, as by a violent gust of wind, in which men, horses, and elephants moved like bounding sea-monsters, exciting satisfaction in the mind of the allied monarchs,† assumed an agitation terrifying to the minds of timid men. Then Mṛigánkadatta, making the earth miry with the foam of high-mettled horses, and the frontal ichor of elephants,

* Compare the way in which king Melias receives the proposals of Osantrix in the 53rd chapter of the Wilkina Saga, (Hagen's Helden-Sagen, Vol. I, p. 182.)

† Or "of the mountains that retained their wings," *i. e.*, by taking refuge from Indra in the sea. The pun is, of course, most intentional.

and deafening the world with the noise of his drums, moved on slowly to Ujjayiní to victory.

## CHAPTER CIII.

Then Mṛigánkadatta, accompanied by his friends, crossed the Vindhya range, and with his army ready for battle, reached the frontier of Ujjayiní. When the brave king Karmasena heard that, he also made ready for the fight, and with his army moved out from the city to meet him. And when those two armies came to close quarters, and could see one another, a battle took place between them, that gladdened heroes. The battle-field seemed like the dwelling-place of Hiraṇyakaśipu, as it was full of timid demons dispersed in terror by the roar of the Man-lion;* the continued dense showers of arrows flying through the air, and cutting one another, descended on brave warriors, like locusts on the tender herb. Dense clouds of pearls gleamed as they sprang from the frontal globes of elephants struck with swords, resembling the necklace of the Fortune of that battle broken in her agitation. That place of combat appeared like the mouth of Death; and the sharp points of spears, that seized on men, horses, and elephants, were like his fangs. The heads of strong-armed warriors, cut off with crescent-headed arrows, flew up to heaven, as if leaping up† to kiss the heavenly nymphs; and at every moment trunks of brave heroes danced, as if in delight at the battle of their noble leader being gloriously illuminated; and so for five days that hero-destroying battle went on, with flowing rivers of blood, rich in mountains of heads.

And in the evening of the fifth day the Bráhman S'rutadhi came secretly to Mṛigánkadatta when he was closeted with his ministers, and said to him, "While you were engaged in fighting, I went away from the camp, in the disguise of a mendicant, and entered Ujjayiní, the gates of which were almost deserted; and now listen; I will tell you truly what I observed, being myself all the while, though near at hand, unseen in virtue of my knowledge. As soon as king Karmasena went out to battle, S'asánkavatí with the permission of her mother also left the palace, and repaired to a temple of Gaurí in that city, to propitiate the goddess,

* Kṛishṇa, in the form of a man-lion, destroyed Hiraṇyakaśipu. The word man-lion also refers to brave soldiers. For *śashpeshu* No. 1882 reads *sasyeshu.*

† I read with India Office MS. No. 1882 *dividattordhvajhampáni;* the two other MSS. agree in reading *jampáni.* For *bhruvaśálinám* I read *bhujaśálinám* which I find in the three India Office MSS.

in order to ensure her father's success in the combat. And while she was there, she said in secret to a devoted confidante 'My friend, it is for my sake, that my father has become involved in this war. And if he is conquered, he will give me to that prince; for kings disregard love for offspring altogether, when the interests of their kingdoms are at stake. And I do not know whether that prince is a suitable match for me in respect of personal appearance, or not. I would sooner meet my death than marry an ugly husband. I think a good-looking husband, even though poor, is to be preferred to an ugly one, though he be emperor over the whole earth. So you must go to the army and see what he is like, and then return. For, my fortunate friend, Prudence* is your name, and Prudence is your nature.'

"When the princess had given this order to her confidante, that girl managed to come to our camp, and after seeing you, prince, went and said to that princess, 'My friend, I can say nothing but this; even Vásuki† himself has not got a tongue able to describe the beauty of that prince. So far however I can give you an idea of it: as there is no woman in the world equal to you in good looks, so there is no man equal to him. But alas! that is but a feeble description of him; I believe in these three worlds there is no Siddha, or Gandharva, or god like him.' By this speech of her confidante's S'asánkavatí's heart was fixed on you, and at the same moment it was nailed to you by the god of love with his arrows. And from that time forth she has remained desiring the welfare of you and also of her father, becoming gradually attenuated by penance and the grief of separation from you."

"So go secretly this very night, and carry off that princess from that sanctuary of Gaurí, which is now unfrequented, and bring her here without being observed. Let her be conveyed to the palace of Máyávaṭu; and then these kings, after securing your rear against the fury of the foe, shall come there with me. Let this fighting be put an end to. Do not allow any further slaughter of soldiers. And ensure the personal safety of yourself and the king your father-in-law. For war, that involves a great waste of human life, is an inexpedient expedient, and sages affirm it to be the worst of all political measures."

When S'rutadhi had said this to Mṛigánkadatta, that prince and his ministers mounted their horses and set out secretly at night. And the prince arrived at the city of Ujjayiní, in which only women, and children, and sleepy men were left, and entered it easily, as the gates were kept by

* The lady's name in Sanskrit is Chaturiká.

† The king of the snakes. See for his thousand mouths and thousand tongues p. 318 of this Volume.

only a few drowsy guards.* And then he proceeded to that famous sanctuary of Gaurí, which was easily discovered by the description which S'rutadhi had given of it. It was situated in a great garden called Pushpakaraṇḍa, and was just then illuminated by the rays of the moon, which at that time adorned the face of the East.†

In the meanwhile S'aśánkavatí, who remained sleepless, though her companions, worn out by attendance and other fatigues, were sleeping around her, was saying to herself; "Alas! for my sake brave kings and princes and heroes are being slain every day in battle in both these armies. Moreover, that prince, who has appealed to the ordeal of battle for my sake, was long ago designated as my husband by the goddess Durgá in a dream; and the god of love has with unfailing aim cut out my heart with a continual shower‡ of arrows, and taken it, and presented it to him. But, ill-starred girl that I am, my father will not give me to that prince, on account of the previous enmity between them, and his own pride; so much I gathered from his letter. So what is the use of a sure revelation by a goddess in a dream, when Fate is adverse? The fact is, I see no chance of obtaining my beloved in any way. So, why should I not abandon my hopeless life, before I hear of some misfortune happening to my father or to my lover in battle?§" With these words she rose up, and in her grief went in front of the image of Gaurí and made a noose with her outer garment, fastening it to an *aśoka*-tree.

In the meanwhile Mṛigánkadatta, with his companions, entered that garden and fastened his horse to a tree in front of the temple and sanctuary of Gaurí. Then Mṛigánkadatta's minister Vimalabuddhi, seeing the princess near, said of his own accord to the prince, "Look prince, here is some lovely girl trying to hang herself; now, who can she be?" When the prince heard that, he looked at her and said, "Dear me! who can this girl be? Is she the goddess Rati? Or is she happiness incarnate in bodily form? Or is she the beauty of the moon, having taken shape,‖ or the command of Cupid living and walking? Or is she a nymph of heaven? No, that cannot be. For what can make heavenly nymphs desire to hang themselves? So let us remain here for a time concealed by the trees, until we find out for certain, somehow or other, who she is." When he had said this, he and his ministers remained there in conceal-

* No. 1882 has *mattairasaṃvṛitadvárám*.

† There is an intentional pun in this passage which may be translated, "illuminated by the moon with his rays" or "pointed out by the moon with his fingers."

‡ For *parasparám*, I read *paramparám*, following Böhtlingk and Roth. This is the reading of MS. No. 1882.

§ I read *vá raṇe* the conjecture of Dr. Kern.

‖ *Sakárá* is a misprint for *Sákárá*, which I find in MS. No. 1882.

ment; and in the meanwhile the despondent S'aśánkavatí offered this prayer to the goddess, "O adorable Gaurí that deliverest the afflicted from their pain, grant that, though, owing to my sins in a former state of existence, prince Mṛigánkadatta has not become my husband in this birth, he may become such in a future life." When the princess had said this, she bowed before the goddess, and fastened the noose round her neck with eyes moist with tears.

At that moment her companions woke up, and distressed at not seeing her, began to look for her, and quickly came where she was. And they said, "Alas, friend, what is this that you have undertaken? Out on your rashness!" With these words they removed the noose from her neck. So, while the girl was standing there ashamed and despondent, a voice came from the inner shrine of Gaurí's temple, "Do not despond, my daughter S'aśánkavatí; that word, fair one, that I spake to thee in a dream, cannot prove false. Here is that husband of thine in a former life, Mṛigánkadatta, come to thy side; go and enjoy with him the whole earth."

When S'aśánkavatí heard this sudden utterance, she slowly looked aside a little confused, and at that moment Vikramakeśarin, the minister of Mṛigánkadatta, came up to her, and pointing out the prince with his finger, said to her, "Princess, Bhavání has told you the truth, for here is the prince, your future husband, come to you, drawn by the cords of love." When the princess heard that, she cast a sidelong glance, and beheld that noble lover of hers* standing in the midst of his companions, looking like the moon having descended from heaven begirt by the planets, like the standard by which beauty is tested in others, raining nectar into the eyes.

Then she remained motionless as a pillar, and every hair stood erect with joy on all her limbs, so that they appeared to be covered with the feathers at the end of Cupid's arrows raining upon her; and at that moment Mṛigánkadatta came up to her, and in order to dispel her shame, he addressed to her, with a voice raining the honey of love, the following speech appropriate to the occasion,† "Fair one, you have made me leave my own country and kingdom and relations, and brought me from a distance, enslaving me and binding me with the chain of your virtues. So now I have gained this fruit of my dwelling in the forest, and of my sleeping on the ground, and of my living on wild fruits, and enduring the

* Dr. Kern prefers *tejasvinam* to *tejasvinám*—I have adopted this conjecture, which is supported by two of the India Office MSS.

† I read *kálochitam* the conjecture of Dr. Kern; it is found in the three MSS. lent me by Dr. Rost.

fierce heat of the sun, and of my emaciation with asceticism, that I have beheld this form of yours which rains nectar into my eyes. And if you love me enough to care to please me, bestow also, gazelle-eyed one, that feast of the eyes upon the ladies of our city. Let the war cease; let the welfare of both armies be ensured; let my birth be made a success, and let my father's blessing be gained for me at the same time!"

When Mṛigánkadatta had said this to S'aśánkavatí, she slowly answered with eyes fixed on the ground, "I indeed have been purchased with your virtues and made your slave, so do, my husband, what you think will be for our good." When Mṛigánkadatta had been refreshed by this nectar-like speech of hers, and saw that his point was gained, he praised the goddess Gaurí and bowed before her, and then he made the princess get up behind him on his horse, and his ten* brave ministers mounted and took her ladies-in-waiting up behind them; and then the prince, with his sword drawn, set out from that city at night, accompanied by them sword in hand. And though the city-guards saw those eleven heroes, they did not dare to stop them, for they looked as formidable as so many angry Rudras. And leaving Ujjayiní, they went with S'aśánkavatí to the palace of Máyávaṭu, in accordance with the advice of S'rutadhi.

While the guards were exclaiming in their distraction, "Who are these, and whither are they gone?" it gradually became known in Ujjayiní that the princess had been carried off. And the queen-consort hurriedly despatched the governor of the city to the camp, to tell king Karmasena what had taken place. But in the meanwhile the head of the scouts came to king Karmasena in the camp there at night, and and said to him, "King, Mṛigánkadatta and his ministers left the army secretly in the early part of this night, and went on horseback to Ujjayiní, to carry off S'aśánkavatí, who is in the temple of Gaurí. So much I have discovered for certain; your Highness knows what step it is now desirable to take."

When king Karmasena heard this, he sent for his general, and communicated to him privately the information he had received, and said to him, "Choose five hundred swift horses, and set picked men on them, and go with them secretly and rapidly to Ujjayiní, and wherever you find that villain Mṛigánkadatta, kill him, or make him prisoner: know that I will follow you quickly, leaving my army behind me." When the general received this order from the king, he said, "So be it," and set out by night for Ujjayiní with the prescribed force. And on the way he met the governor of the town, from whom he heard that the princess had been carried off by some daring men in another direction. Then he returned with the governor of the town, and told king Karmasena what had taken place. When the king heard it, he thought it impossible, and remained

* *Daśibhiḥ* is a misprint for *daśabhiḥ*, the reading of the MSS.

quiet during the night, without making an attack. And in the camp of Mṛigánkadatta Máyávaṭu and the other kings passed the night under arms, by the advice of S'rutadhi.

And next morning the sagacious king Karmasena found out the real state of the case, and sent off an ambassador to the kings in the camp of Mṛigánkadatta, and he instructed the ambassador to give this message by word of mouth, "Mṛigánkadatta has carried off my daughter by a stratagem; never mind that; for what other man would be as suitable a match for her? So now let him come to my palace, and do you come too, in order that I may celebrate my daughter's marriage with appropriate ceremonies."* And the kings and S'rutadhi approved of this proposal,† and said to the ambassador, "Then let your master retire to his own city, and we will ourselves go and bring the prince there." When the ambassador heard that proposal, he went and reported it to his master, and Karmasena agreed to it, and left for Ujjayiní with his army. When the kings saw that, they went, with Máyávaṭu at their head, and accompanied by S'rutadhi, to Mṛigánkadatta.

And in the meanwhile Mṛigánkadatta, with S'aśánkavatí, had reached the palace of Máyávaṭu in the city of Kánchanapura. There the queens of Máyávaṭu welcomed him, and his companions, and his beloved, with becoming hospitality, and he rested there with them, having successfully accomplished his object. And the next day the kings came there with S'rutadhi; the heroic king of the Kirátas S'aktirakshita with his army, and the mighty king Máyávaṭu leader of the S'avaras, and the hero Durgapiśácha lord of the host of the Mátangas; and all of them, when they beheld Mṛigánkadatta united to S'aśánkavatí like the white water-lily to the night, rejoiced and congratulated him. And after they had shewn him the honour he deserved, they told him the message of Karmasena, and how he had gone to his own palace.

Then Mṛigánkadatta, having established there his camp, that was like a moving city, sat down with them all to take counsel. And he said to the kings and to his ministers, "Tell me; shall I go to Ujjayiní to be married, or not?" And they with one accord gave the following answer, "That king is a villain; so how can a visit to his palace turn out well?‡ Moreover, there is no need of it, as his daughter has arrived here." Then Mṛigánkadatta said to the Bráhman S'rutadhi, "Why do you remain silent,

* So king Nidung in the Wilkina Saga, (ch. 131,) asks king Sigmund to come to his palace if he wishes to marry his daughter. (Hagen's Helden-Sagen, Vol. I, p. 322)

† Dr. Kern points out that *S'raddhatus* is a misprint for *S'raddadhus*.

‡ Here No. 1882 reads *grihesku kṛitavairasya gamane*.

Bráhman, like one taking no interest in the proceedings? Tell me, do you approve of this step or not?"

Then S'rutadhi said, "If you will listen, I will tell you what I think: my opinion is that you ought to go to the palace of Karmasena. For he sent you this message because he saw no other way out of the difficulty; otherwise, how would a powerful prince like that, when his daughter had been carried off, give up fighting, and go home? Moreover, what could he do to you, when you arrived at his court, since you would take your army with you? On the contrary, if you go there, he will be well-disposed to you, and he will again be one of your chief allies out of love for his daughter. The reason he makes this proposal, which is a perfectly legitimate one, is that he does not wish his daughter to be married in an irregular manner. So I think it advisable that you should go to Ujjayiní." When S'rutadhi said this, all, who were present, approved his speech, and said, "Bravo! Bravo!"

Then Mṛigánkadatta said to them, "I admit the truth of all this; but I do not like to marry without my father and mother. So let some one be sent off from this place to summon my father and mother: and when I have learnt their wish, I will do what is proper." When the hero had said this, he took the advice of his friends, and then and there sent off his minister Bhímaparákrama to his parents.

And in the meanwhile his father, king Amaradatta, in the city of Ayodhyá, found out in course of time from his subjects that the charge which Vinítamati brought against the prince, and which caused his banishment from his native land, was wholly groundless. Then, in his wrath, he put to death that wicked minister and his family, and fell into a pitiable state, being terribly afflicted on account of the banishment of his son. And he left his capital, and remained in a sanctuary of S'iva, outside the city, called Nandigráma; and there he and his wives gave themselves up to severe asceticism.

After he had remained there some time, Bhímaparákrama, whose approach was announced by scouts, arrived, thanks to the speed of his swift horse, at the city of Ayodhyá. He beheld that city plunged in despair, on account of the absence of the prince, as if it were once more going through the painful agitation caused by the exile of Ráma. Thence he went to Nandigráma, surrounded by citizens who asked him for news of the prince, and hearing from their mouths what had happened to the king. There he beheld king Amaradatta, with his body emaciated by asceticism, surrounded by his queens, eager for news of his beloved son.

Bhímaparákrama went up to him and fell at his feet: and the king embraced him, and asked for news of his son; and thereupon Bhímaparákrama said to him with tears; "Your son Mṛigánkadatta has won by his

valour the princess S'as'ánkavatí, the daughter of king Karmasena. But, as he is devoted to his parents, it does not seem at all becoming to him to marry her, unless the king and the queen can be present at the ceremony. So your son, placing his head upon the ground, has sent me to request you to come to him. And he awaits your Highness's arrival, in Kánchanapura, in the palace of king Máyávaṭu, the monarch of the S'avaras. Now hear the story of our adventures." And thereupon Bhímaparákrama began with the banishment of his master, and related all his various and wonderful adventures, involving the long story of the misfortunes of their forest sojourn and their separation, with the war, and winding up with the prince's reconciliation with Karmasena.

When king Amaradatta heard that, he made up his mind that it was well with his son, and in his joy he announced that he would set out that moment. He mounted an elephant, and accompanied by his queen, his subject kings, and his ministers, and followed by a force of elephants and cavalry, he started full of eagerness to join his son. And travelling uninterruptedly, the king reached in a few days his son's camp, that was pitched in the territory of the monarch of the S'avaras.

And when Mṛigánkadatta, who had long been yearning for his father, heard of his approach, he went out to meet him with all the kings. And he saw him from a distance, and dismounted from his horse, and fell at the feet of his father, who was seated on an elephant, and at the feet of his mother. And when embraced by his father, he filled with his body his clasping arms, with satisfaction his heart, and his eyes with tears. His mother too folded him in a long embrace, and looking at him again and again, was for some time unable to let him go, as if fearing a second separation. And Mṛigánkadatta introduced to his father Amaradatta the kings his friends, and they bowed before him and the queen. And that couple, the king and the queen, received lovingly those friends who had stood by their only son in his difficulties.

Then Amaradatta entered the palace of Máyávaṭu, and saw Sas'ánkavatí, his future daughter-in-law, who bowed at his feet. And after accepting a present, he departed with the queen and that daughter-in-law, and took up his quarters in his own camp. And there he took food with his son and all the kings, and spent that day agreeably with song, music, and dancing. And he thought that all his objects in life had been gained, thanks to his son Mṛigánkadatta, the future emperor, who had attained so much glory.

And in the meanwhile the wise king Karmasena, after deliberating, sent off an ambassador to Mṛigánkadatta with the following message, which was contained in a letter, and also intended to be delivered by word of mouth; "I know that you will not come to Ujjayiní; so I will send to

you my own son Sushena; he will bestow on you with due ceremonies his sister S'as'ánkavatí; so you ought not, blameless one, to marry her in an irregular manner, if you value my friendship."

And when the prince had heard this message delivered in the royal hall of audience, his father the king himself gave this answer to the ambassador; "Who but king Karmasena would send such a gracious message? That excellent monarch is truly well-disposed to us; so let him send here his son Sushena; we will so order matters as that his daughter's marriage shall give him satisfaction." When the king had given this answer and dismissed the messenger with due honours, he said to his son, and S'rutadhi, and the kings, "We had better go now to Ayodhyá; that is the place where the marriage can be performed with most *éclat;* and there we can entertain Sushena with becoming magnificence. And let king Máyávaṭu wait here for Sushena; when that prince arrives he can come on after us to Ayodhyá with him. But we will go on in front to make the necessary preparations for the marriage." And all present approved this speech of the king's.

Then, the next day, the king with the queen and his soldiers, and Mṛigánkadatta with the kings and his ministers, started off with S'asánkavatí, exulting in their success, leaving Máyávaṭu to wait there for Sushena. Their army moved on a like a deep and terrible sea, agitated with hundreds of waves in the form of troops of bounding horses, filling all the horizon with a flood of countless marching footmen, rendering all other sounds inaudible with the confused din that arose from it. And gradually advancing, father and son reached the palace of S'aktirakshita the king of the Kirátas, that lay in their course.

There they and their attendants were courteously and generously welcomed with heaps of valuable jewels, gold, and splendid garments. And they stayed there one day with their army, taking food and resting, and then they set out and reached in course of time their city of Ayodhyá. It seemed like a lake in windy weather, as they entered it: for the ladies of the city that had climbed up to the windows of the palaces, as they moved to and fro, seemed like swaying full-blown lotuses, sending forth shoots of beauty; and their rolling eyes eager to behold the prince, who after a long absence had returned, bringing a bride with him, were like dancing blue lilies; it was crowded with assembling kingly swans; and tossing with wavy banners. And father and son looked grand, as they sat on thrones, being blessed by the Bráhmans, praised by heralds, and hymned by bards.

And when the people there saw the great beauty of S'aśánkavatí, they exclaimed in their astonishment, "If they were to behold this daughter of Karmasena, the Ocean would cease to boast of the beauty of his

daughter Lakshmí, and the Himálaya would no longer pride himself on Gaurí." And then, when the festival came on, the quarters, re-echoing the sound of the auspicious drums of rejoicing, as it were, gave notice to the kings. And the whole city was full of exultation, and the vermilion colours that covered it throughout, seemed like its red glow of affection overflowing in external form.

The next day the astrologers fixed an auspicious date for the prince's marriage, and his father king Amaradatta began to make preparations for it. And the city was filled so full of various jewels, coming from all quarters, that it put to shame the city of Kuvera.

And soon a servant of king Máyávaṭu's came to the sovereign in high spirits, introduced by the warder, and said to him, "King, prince Susheṇa and king Máyávaṭu have arrived, and they are both waiting on the frontier of this realm of Ayodhyá." When king Amaradatta heard that, he sent his own general with a body of soldiers to meet Susheṇa. And Mṛigánkadatta, out of regard for his friend, also went out with the general from Ayodhyá to meet the prince. And both of those princes dismounted, while yet a great distance apart, and met together, embracing one another and asking after one another's health. And out of love they entered the city in the same chariot, giving a great feast to the eyes of the ladies of the city.

And there Susheṇa had an interview with the king, and was received by him with much respect, and then he went to the private apartments of his sister S'aśánkavatí. There she rose up weeping and embraced him, and he sat down, and said to the princess who was overwhelmed with shame, "My father directs me to tell you that you have done nothing unbecoming, for he has just come to learn that prince Mṛigánkadatta was appointed your husband by the goddess Gaurí in a dream, and it is the highest duty of women to follow the steps of their husbands." When he said this to the girl, she dismissed her shame, looking at her heart with downcast face, as if to tell it that its desire was gained.

Then Susheṇa brought and gave to S'aśánkavatí in the presence of the king her own accumulated wealth; two thousand *bha'ras** of gold, five camels heavily laden with jewelled ornaments, and another treasure of gold. And he said, "This is her own private property, but, as for what her father has sent, I will give it her in due course at the marriage altar." Then they all ate and drank, and spent the day there in the king's presence in great comfort, with Mṛigánkadatta and his suite.

The next day dawned, the day fixed as auspicious, and Mṛigánkadatta performed his own daily ceremony, of bathing and so on; in which the

* A *bhára* = 20 *Tulás*.

king himself displayed the utmost interest, in his joy at the occasion. And then S'aśánkavatí, though her beauty was sufficient bridal ornament, was solemnly adorned by the ladies, only out of regard for the good old custom, not because anything of the kind was needed. Then the bride and bridegroom left the room in which the previous ceremony took place, and in which Susheṇa presided, and ascended the altar-platform, where a fire was burning. And on it the prince received the hand of the princess, which was resplendent with the hues of a lotus that she held, as Vishṇu the hand of Lakshmí. And when they circumambulated the fire, the face of S'aśánkavatí was red and tearful from heat and smoke, though anger was far from her. And the handfuls of parched grain, thrown into the fire, appeared like the laughs of the god of Love, pleased with the success of his scheme. And when the first handful was thrown, Susheṇa gave five thousand horses, and a hundred elephants, and two hundred *bháras* of gold, and twenty camels laden with loads of splendid raiment, valuable gems, and pearl-ornaments. And at each subsequent sprinkling of grain, S'aśánkavatí's brother gave her a portion of the wealth gained by the conquest of the earth, double that given at the preceding.

Then Mṛigánkadatta, the auspicious ceremony of his marriage having been performed, entered his own palace with his newly married bride, S'aśánkavatí, while the sound of festal drums rose in the air. And the king, his father, gratified his ministers and the citizens of his capital, with presents of elephants, horses, garments, ornaments, meat, and drink, suited to the worth of the recipient, beginning with the circle of dependent monarchs, and ending with the parrots and pet *mainas*. And the king displayed on this occasion such exceedingly lavish generosity that even the trees had garments and gems fastened to them, and presented the appearance of earthly wishing-trees.

Then the king and Mṛigánkadatta feasted with the kings and S'aśánkavatí and Susheṇa, and spent the rest of the day in a wine-party. Then, after the inhabitants of the palace had eaten and drunk well, and enjoyed music and dancing, the sun, having accomplished his journey, and having drunk up the moisture of the earth, entered the cavern of the western mountain. And the glory of the day, seeing that he had departed somewhere or other with the evening that was all ablaze with a warm glow, ran after him in a fit of jealous anger, and the birds flying to and fro seemed like her agitated zone.* And then in due course appeared advancing the wanton nymph Night, beautiful with her waving black robe of darkness, and showing a face in which stars rolled for eyeballs, and the god of Love waxed mighty. And the moon, own brother

* The words are, by a misprint, wrongly divided in Brockhaus's text.

to the curved corner of an angry long-eyed beauty's eye, arose, and glowing with fresh rosy colour, made itself the driving-hook of the elephant of the eastern mountain. And the eastern quarter, that was clear and bright with the departure of the darkness, bore a laughing face, to which the moon, like a new shoot of the twining plant of Love, formed an extemporized ear-ornament. And at night Mṛigánkadatta, after performing his evening devotions, retired to his luxuriously appointed bed-chamber with his bride S'aśánkavatí. And during it, that fair one's moonlike countenance, dispelling the darkness, and lighting up the pictured panels of the room, seemed to render unnecessary the lamps hanging there, that were made of precious stones.* And the next morning Mṛigánkadatta was aroused by the soft sweet strains of the following song, "The night has past; leave your bed, prince, for the breezes of morning are blowing, fanning the perfumed locks of the gazelle-eyed fair ones. And the dewdrops collected on the points of the blades of *durvá*-grass sparkle brilliantly, looking like pearls fallen from the necklace of the night quickly following the moon. And observe, prince, the bees that long sported in the cups of the white water-lilies opening when touched by the beams of the moon, and drank the honey, and were joyous at having obtained an entrance, now that the water-lilies are closed and their glory is departing, are seeking some other retreat; for to whom are black souls faithful in calamity? And the god of Love, seeing that the lip of night has been adorned by the finger of the sun, has stripped it of the moon which served it for a beauty-patch, and has gradually dissipated the darkness which was a black powder to set it off." Aroused by these strains at the hour of dawn, Mṛigánkadatta cast off sleep, and leaving S'aśánkavatí, at once started up from his couch. And he rose and performed the ceremonies of the day, his father having made all the arrangements that devolved on him; and accompanied by his beloved he passed many more days in similar rejoicing. Then his father, Amaradatta, first inaugurated the prince's brother-in-law Sushena with the holy waters, and placed a turban of honour on his head; and bestowed on him as a mark of respect a suitable territory and elephants, horses, quantities of gold, and garments, and a hundred beautiful women. And then the king complimented the king of the S'avaras and the king of the Kirátas, Máyávaṭu and S'aktirakshita, with their relations and wives, and that king Durgapiśácha the leader of the host of the Mátangas, and the ministers of Mṛigánkadatta with S'rutadhi, by giving them territories, cows, horses, gold and garments. Then king Amaradatta dismissed the king of the Kirátas and the other monarchs, with Sushena, to their own domi-

* Cp. Heliodorus III. 4. *πλέον ἀπὸ τῶν ὀφθαλμῶν σέλας ἢ τῶν δᾳδων ἀπηύγαζεν*, quoted by Rohde, Der Griechische Roman, p. 152, note.

nions; and ruled his realm in happiness, at ease because his valour was so well known. Mṛigánkadatta, for his part, having conquered his enemies, and attained his ends, remained in happiness with his wife S'aśánkavatí, whom he had gained after a long struggle, and with Bhímaparákrama and his other ministers.

And in course of time old age, slowly creeping on, approached the root of the ear of that king Amaradatta, appearing as if it had taken form in order to say to him, "You have enjoyed the good things of fortune; your age is fully ripe; surely it is now time to retire from the world." Then the king's mind became averse to enjoyment, and he said to his ministers, "Listen, I will now tell you the scheme which I have in my mind. My life has passed; that grey hue which is the harbinger of Death has just now twitched my locks; and when old age once arrives, a vicious clinging to enjoyment on the part of persons like myself, when all the zest is gone, is mere vanity. And though in some people a mad passion of avarice and lust goes on increasing with increasing age, that is without doubt the natural tendency of base souls, and the good do not acquire it. Now I have this son here Mṛigánkadatta, who has gained glory by conquering the sovereign of Avanti and his allied kings*, who abounds in good qualities, is beloved by the subjects, and has excellent friends. So I propose to make over to him my mighty kingdom, and to retire to a holy water for mortification of the flesh; conduct in conformity with the laws laid down for the various periods of life, that their enemies cannot blame, becomes men of great soul."

When the calm and resolute ministers heard this determined speech of the king's, they, and in due course the queen and the citizens all approved it, saying, "So let it be!" Then the king performed the joyful ceremony of the coronation† of his son Mṛigánkadatta at a moment fixed by the astrologers, on a day selected by the chief Bráhmans assembled together. And on that day the palace of the king was full of people running hither and thither at the order of the warder, and all the officials in it had their hands full, and it reeled with the merriment of famous bards and of lovely women who were dancing there. And while the water of holy places was being poured in copious showers upon the head of Mṛigánkadatta and his wife, a second flood seemed to gush from the eyes of his joyful parents. And, when that new king, of lion-like might, mounted his lion-seat, it seemed as if his enemies, bowed down by fear of his wrath, crouched on the ground in a fashion other than lion-like.

* For *Sarájakávarti* I read *Sarájakávanti;* Mṛigánkadatta might be said by an admiring father to have conquered the king of Ujjayiní.

† It corresponds to the European ceremony of coronation, though performed with water.

Then his father, king Amaradatta, prolongued for seven days the great feast, in which the king's highway was decorated, and the subject kings honoured according to their worth. And on the eighth day he went out of the city with his wife, and after turning back Mṛigánkadatta and the citizens, who followed him with tearful faces, he went with his ministers to Váráṇasí. There the king remained with his body steeped in Ganges water, worshipping S'iva three times a day, performing penance, like a hermit, by living on roots and fruits; and his wife shared all his devotions and privations.

But Mṛigánkadatta, for his part, having obtained that kingdom broad and pure as the sky, which the sun takes as his domain, and having overwhelmed the kings with imposition of numerous tributes, as the sun does the mountains with showers of rays, began to blaze forth with increasing heat of valour. And associated with his lieutenants Máyávaṭu and Karmasena and the others, and with his own ministers headed by S'rutadhi, he conquered this circle of the earth, with all its continents, as far as the four cardinal points, and ruled it under one umbrella. And while he was king, such calamities as famine, and the dread of robbers and of foreign invaders were heard of only in tales; and the world was ever joyous and happy, and enjoyed unparalleled felicity, so that it seemed as if the gentle reign of Ráma the good were renewed. And so the monarch established himself in that city of Ayodhyá with his ministers, and kings came from various quarters to worship the lotus of his foot, and he long enjoyed with his beloved S'aśánkavatí pleasures the joy of which no enemy marred.*

When the hermit Piśangajaṭa had told this story in the wood on the Malaya mountain to Naraváhanadatta, who was separated from his beloved, he went on to say to him, "So, my son, as Mṛigánkadatta in old time gained S'aśánkavatí after enduring affliction, you also will regain your Madanamanchuká." When Naraváhanadatta had heard this nectarous utterance of the mighty hermit Piśangajaṭa, he conceived in his heart the hope of regaining Madanamanchuká. And with his mind fixed on her, he took leave of that good hermit, and roamed about on the Malaya mountain, looking for Lalitalochaná, whom he had lost, the fair one that originally brought him there.

* This is the conclusion of the story of Mṛigánkadatta, which begins on page 138.

# BOOK XIII.

## CHAPTER CIV.

May that Gaṇeśa, whom, when dancing in the twilight intervals between the Yugas, all the worlds seem to imitate by rising and falling, protect you!

May the blaze of the eye in the forehead of Siva, who is smeared with the beautiful red dye used by Gaurí for adorning her feet, befriend you for your happiness!

We adore the goddess Sarasvatí, taking form as speech to our heart's delight, the bee that dwells in the lotus on the lake of the mighty poet's mind.*

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Then Naraváhanadatta, the son of the king of Vatsa, afflicted with separation, being without Madanamanchuká, roamed about on those lower slopes of mount Malaya, and in its bordering forests, which were in all the beauty of spring, but found joy nowhere. The cluster of mango-blossoms, though in itself soft, yet seeming, on account of the bees† that settled on it, like the pliant bow of the god of Love, cleft his heart. And the song of the cuckoo, though sweet in itself, was hard to bear, and gave pain to his ears, as it seemed to be harsh with the reproachful utterances of Mára.‡ And the wind of the Malaya mountain, though in itself cool, yet being yellow with the pollen of flowers, and so looking like the fire of Cupid, seemed to burn him, when it fell on his limbs. So he slowly left that region, being, so to speak, drummed out of it by those groves that were all resonant with the hum of bees.

And gradually, as he journeyed on, with the deity for his guide, by a path that led towards the Ganges, he reached the bank of a lake in a neighbouring wood. And there he beheld two young Bráhmans of handsome appearance, sitting at the foot of a tree, engaged in unrestrained conversa-

* There is of course an allusion to the Mánasa lake.

† Here there is a pun; the word translated "bees" can also mean "arrows."

‡ The god of love, the Buddhist devil.

tion And when they saw him, they thought he was the god of Love, and they rose up, and bowing before him, said, "All hail to thee, adorable god of the flowery bow! Tell us why thou wanderest here alone without that fragrant artillery of thine, and where is that Rati thy constant companion?" When the son of the king of Vatsa heard that, he said to those Bráhmans, "I am not the god Káma, I am a mere mortal; but I have indeed lost my Rati."* When the prince had said this, he told his history, and said to those Bráhmans, "Who are you, and of what kind is this talk that you two are carrying on here?" Then one of those young Bráhmans said to him respectfully, "King, how can we tell our secret in the presence of a man of your worth? Nevertheless, out of respect for your command, I will tell our history; give ear!"

*The first Bráhman's story.*

There is in the territory of Kalinga a city of the name of S'obhávatí, which has never been entered by the demon Kali, nor touched by evil-doers, nor seen by a foreign foe: such has it been made by the Creator. In it there was a wise and rich Bráhman, of the name of Yaśaskara, who had offered many sacrifices, and he had an excellent wife named Mekhalá. I was born to them as an only son, when they were already in middle life, and I was in due course reared up by them, and invested with the sacrificial thread.

Then, while as a boy I was studying the Vedas, there arose a mighty famine in that land, owing to drought. So my father and my mother went off with me to a city named Viśálá, taking with them their wealth and their servants. In that city, in which fortune and learning dwelt together, having laid aside their long feud, my father established himself, having had a house given him by a merchant, who was a friend of his. And I dwelt there in the house of my preceptor, engaged in the acquisition of learning, in the society of my fellow-students of equal age.

And among them I had a friend, a promising young man of the military caste, Vijayasena by name, the son of a very rich Kshatriya. And one day the unmarried sister of that friend of mine, whose name was Madirávatí, came with him to my teacher's house. So beautiful was she that I feel convinced that the Creator made the orb of the moon, that is like nectar to the eyes of men, out of the overflowing of the perfect loveliness of her face. I ween, the god of Love, when he beheld her form, which was to him a sixth weapon, bewildering the world, valued but little his other five shafts. When I saw her, and heard from that friend her name and descent, I was at once overpowered by Love's potent sway, and my mind was altogether fixed upon her. And she, for her part, looked askance at

* The word "*rati*" in Sanskrit means "joy."

me with modest loving eye, and the down standing erect on her cheeks told that love had begun to sprout. And after she had remained there a long time on the pretext of play, she at last tore herself away and went home, sending to me from the reverted corner of her eye a look that was a messenger of love.

Then I went home, grieved at having to part with her, and throwing myself flat, I tossed up and down convulsively like a fish on dry land. I said to myself, "Shall I ever again behold her face, which is the Creator's storehouse of all the nectar of beauty? Happy are her companions* whom she looks at with that laughing eye, and talks freely to with that mouth." Engaged in such thoughts as these, I with difficulty got through that day and night, and on the second day I went to the house of my teacher.

There my friend Vijayasena approached me courteously, and in the course of a confidential conversation, said to me joyfully, "My mother has heard from my sister Madirávatí that you are so great a friend of mine, and being full of love for you, she wishes to behold you; so, if you have any regard for me, come with me to our house; let it be adorned for us with the dust of your lotus-like foot." This speech of his was a sudden refreshment to me, as an unexpected heavy shower of rain is to a traveller in the desert. So I consented, and went to his house, and there I had an interview with his mother, and was welcomed by her, and remained there gladdened by beholding my beloved.

Then Vijayasena, having been summoned by his father, left me, and the foster-sister of Madirávatí came to me, and said, bowing before me, "Prince, the princess Madirávatí trained up to maturity in our garden a jasmine creeper; and it has recently produced a splendid crop of flowers, which laugh and gleam with joyous exultation at being united with the spring. To-day the princess herself has gathered its buds, in defiance of the bees that settled on the flowers; and she has threaded them, like pearls, into a necklace, and she sends this to you her old friend as a new present." When that dexterous girl had said this, she gave me the garland, and with it leaves of the betel, together with camphor and the five fruits. So I threw round my neck the garland, which my beloved had made with her own hand, and I enjoyed exceeding pleasure, surpassing the joy of many embraces.† And putting the betel into my mouth, I said to that dear companion of hers, "What can I say more than this, my good girl? I have in my heart such intense love for your companion, that, if I

* No. 1882 has *dhanyá sa cha naro*, No. 2166 *dhanyaḥ sa cha naro*, *i. e.*, Happy is that man.

† Two of the India Office MSS. read *álinganadhikaṃ*.

could sacrifice my life for her, I should consider that it had not been given me in vain; for she is the sovereign of my being." When I had said this, I dismissed her, and I went to my teacher's house with Vijayasena, who had that moment come in.

The next day Vijayasena came with Madirávatí to our house, to the great delight* of my parents. So the love of myself and Madirávatí, though carefully concealed, increased every day from being in one another's society.

And one day a servant of Madirávatí's said to me in secret, "Listen, noble sir, and lay up† in your heart what I am going to tell you. Ever since my darling Madirávatí beheld you there in your teacher's house, she has no appetite for her food, she does not adorn herself, she takes no pleasure in music, she does not play with her parrots and other pets; she finds that fanning with plantain leaves, and moist anointings with sandal-wood ointment, and the rays of the moon, though cool as snow, torture her with heat; and every day she grows perceptibly thinner, like the streak of the moon in the black fortnight, and the only thing that seems to give her any relief is conversation about you; this is what my daughter told me, who knows all that she does, who attends her like a shadow, and never leaves her side. Moreover, I drew Madirávatí herself into a confidential conversation, and questioned her, and she confessed to me that her affections were fixed on you. So now, auspicious sir, if you wish her life to be saved, take steps to have her wishes fulfilled." This nectarous speech of hers delighted me, and I said, "That altogether depends on you, I am completely at your disposal." When she heard this, she returned delighted, and I, relying on her, conceived hopes, and went home with my mind at ease.

The next day an influential young Kshatriya came from Ujjayiní and asked Madirávatí's father for her hand. And her father promised to give him his daughter; and I heard that news, terrible to my ears, from her attendants. Then I was for a long time amazed, as if fallen from heaven, as if struck with a thunderbolt, as if possessed by a demon. But I recovered, and said to myself, "What is the use of bewilderment now? I will wait and see the end. It is the self-possessed man that gains his desire."

Buoyed up by such hopes I passed some days, and my beloved one's companions came to me and supported me by telling me what she said; but at last Madirávatí was informed that the auspicious moment had been fixed, and the day of her marriage arrived celebrated with great rejoicings. So she was shut up in her father's house, and prevented from roaming

* I read *sammadaḥ for sampadaḥ*. I find it in MSS. Nos. 1882 and 2166.

† MSS. Nos. 1882 and 2166 give *cha tat* for *tathá*.

about at will, and the processional entry of the bridegroom's friends drew nigh, heralded by the sound of drums.

When I saw that, I considered that my miserable life had lost all its zest, and came to the conclusion that death was to be preferred to separation; so I went outside the city, and climbed up a *banyan*-tree, and fastened a noose to it, and I let myself drop from the tree suspended by that noose, and let go at the same time my chimerical hope of obtaining my beloved. And a moment afterwards I found myself, having recovered the consciousness which I had lost, lying in the lap of a young man who had cut the noose; and perceiving that he had without doubt saved my life, I said to him, "Noble sir, you have to-day shewn your compassionate nature; but I am tortured by separation from my beloved and I prefer death to life. The moon is like fire to me, food is poison, songs pierce my ear like needles, a garden is a prison, a wreath of flowers is a series of envenomed shafts, and anointing with sandal-wood ointment and other unguents is a rain of burning coals. Tell me, friend, what pleasure can wretched bereaved ones, like myself, to whom everything in the world is turned upside down, find in life?"

When I had said this, that friend in misfortune asked me my history, and I told him the whole of my love affair with Madirávatí. Then that good man said to me, "Why, though wise, are you bewildered? What is the use of surrendering life, for the sake of which we acquire all other things?" *À propos* of this, hear my story, which I now proceed to relate to you.

*The second Bráhman's story.*

There is in the bosom of the Himálayas a country named Nishada, which is the only refuge of virtue, banished from the earth by Kali, and the native land of truth, and the home of the Kṛita age. The inhabitants of that land are insatiable of learning, but not of money-getting; they are satisfied with their own wives, but with benefiting others never. I am the son of a Bráhman of that country who was rich in virtue and wealth. I left my home, my friend, out of a curiosity which impelled me to see other countries, and wandering about, visiting teachers, I reached in course of time the city of S'ankhapura not far from here, where there is a great purifying lake of clear water, sacred to Sánkhapála king of the Nágas, and called S'ankhahrada.

While I was living there in the house of my spiritual preceptor, I went one holy bathing festival to visit the lake S'ankhahrada. Its banks were crowded, and its waters troubled on every side by people who had come from all countries, like the sea when the gods and Asuras churned it. I beheld that great lake, which seemed to make the women look more lovely,

as their garlands of flowers fell from their loosened braids, while it gently stroked their waists with its waves like hands, and made itself slightly yellow with the unguents which its embraces rubbed off from their bodies. I then went to the south of the lake, and beheld a clump of trees, which looked like the body of Cupid being consumed by the fire of S'iva's eye: its *tápinchas* did duty for smoke, its *kinśukas* for red coals, and it was all aflame with twining masses of the full-blown scarlet *as'oka.*

There I saw a certain maiden gathering flowers at the entrance of an arbour composed of the *atimukta* creeper; she seemed with her playful sidelong glances to be threatening the lotus in her ear; she kept raising her twining arm and displaying half her bosom; and her beautiful loosened hair, hanging down her back, seemed like the darkness seeking shelter to escape from her moon-like face. And I said to myself "Surely the Creator must have made this girl, after he had got his hand in by creating Rambhá and her sister-nymphs, but one can see that she is mortal by the winking of her eyes."

The moment I saw that gazelle-eyed maid, she pierced my heart, like a crescent-headed javelin of Mára, bewildering the three worlds. And the moment she saw me, she was overcome by Cupid, and her hands were rendered nerveless and listless by love, and she desisted from her amusement of gathering flowers. She seemed, with the flashings of the ruby in the midst of her moving flexible chain,* to be displaying the flames of affection that had broken forth from her heart in which they could not be contained; and turning round, she looked at me again and again with an eye that seemed to be rendered more charming by the pupil coming down to rest in its corner.

While we stood for a while looking at one another, there arose there a great noise of people flying in terror. And there came that way an infuriated elephant driven mad by the smell of the wild elephants; it had broken its chain, and thrown its rider, and the elephant-hook was swinging to and fro at the end of its ear. The moment I saw the animal, I rushed forward, and taking up in my arms my beloved, who was terrified, and whose attendants had run away, I carried her into the middle of the crowd. Then she began to recover her composure, and her attendants came up; but just at that moment the elephant, attracted by the noise of the people, charged in our direction. The crowd dispersed in terror at the monster's approach, and she disappeared among them, having been carried off by her attendants in one direction, while I went in another.

At last the alarm caused by the elephant came to an end, and then I searched in every direction for that slender-waisted maid, but I could

* More literally "creeper-like chain."

not find her, as I did not know her name, her family, or her dwelling-place; and so roaming about, with a void in my heart, like a Vidyádhara that has lost his magic power, I with difficulty tottered into my teacher's house. There I remained like one in a faint or asleep, remembering the joy of embracing my beloved, and anxious lest her love might fail.* And in course of time reflection lulled me in her lap, as if affected with the compassion natural to noble women, and shewed me a glimpse of hope, and soul-paining ignorance hugged my heart, and an exceedingly severe headache took possession of my brain.† In the meanwhile the day slipped away and my self-command with it, and the lotus-thicket folded its cups and my face was contracted with them, and the couples of Brahmany ducks were dispersed with my hopes, the sun having gone to rest.

Then the moon, the chief friend of Love, that gladdens the eyes of the happy, rose up, adorning the face of the east; its rays, though ambrosial, seemed to me like fiery fingers, and though it lit up the quarters of the sky, it closed in me all hope of life. Then one of my fellow-students, seeing that in my misery I had flung my body into moonlight as into a fire, and was longing for death, said to me, "Why are you in this evil case? You do not appear to have any disease; but, if you have mental affliction caused by longing for wealth or by love, I will tell you the truth about those objects; listen to me. The wealth, which through over-covetousness men desire to gain by cheating their neighbours, or by robbing them, does not remain. The poison-trees‡ of wealth, which are rooted in wickedness and bring forth an abundant crop of wickedness, are soon broken by the weight of their own fruit. All that is gained by that wealth in this world, is the toil of acquiring it and other annoyances, and in the next world great suffering in hell, a suffering that shall continue as long as the moon and stars endure. As for love, that love which fails of attaining its object brings disappointment that puts an end to life, and unlawful love, though pleasing in the mouth, is simply the forerunner of the fire of hell §

* I have followed Brockhaus's text, which is supported by MS. No 3003. The other two read *tatpremabhayasotkampam.*

† The words denoting "reflection" "headache" and "ignorance" are feminine in Sanskrit and so the things denoted by them have feminine qualities attributed to them. Ignorance means perhaps "the having no news of the beloved." All the India Office MSS. read *vṛiddhayá* for *vṛittayá.*

‡ Here the reading of MS. No. 1882 is *Pápamúlá yatah pápaphalabhárauṃ prasúyate Tatkshaneṇaiva bhajyante śíghraṃdhanavishadrumáh* No 3003 reads *práptamulá, tadbhareṇaiva*, and *bhujyante.* No. 2166 agrees with No. 1882 in the main, but substitutes *tana* for *dhana.*

I have followed No. 1882, adopting *tadbhareṇaiva* from No. 3003.

§ I read *yaś chádharmyo 'gradútaḥ.* MS. No. 1882 read *yaś chádhamyo;* No. 3003 reads *yaś chádharmo* and No. 2166 reads as I propose.

But a man's mind is sound owing to good actions in a former life, and a hero, who possesses self-command and energy, obtains wealth, and the object of his desires, not a spiritless coward like you. So, my good fellow, have recourse to self-command, and strive for the attainment of your ends."

When that friend said this to me I returned him a careless and random answer. However, I concealed my real thoughts, spent the night in a calm and composed manner, and in course of time came here, to see if by any chance she lived in this town. When I arrived here, I saw you with your neck in a noose, and after you were cut down, I heard from you your sorrow, and I have now told you my own.

So I have made efforts to obtain that fair one whose name and dwelling-place I know not, and have thus exerted myself to gain what no heroism could procure; but why do you, when Madiravátí is within your grasp, play the faint-heart, instead of manfully striving to win her? Have you not heard the legend of old days with regard to Rukmiṇí? Was she not carried off by Vishṇu after she had been given to the king of Chedi?

While that friend of mine was thus concluding his tale, Madirávatí came there with her followers, preceded by the usual auspicious band of music, in order to worship the god of Love in this temple of the Mothers. And I said to my friend, "I knew all along that maidens on the day of their marriage come here to worship the god of Love, this is why I tried to hang myself on the *banyan*-tree in front of this temple, in order that when Madirávati came here, she might see that I had died for her sake." When that resolute Bráhman friend heard that, he said, "Then let us quickly slip into this temple and remain hidden behind the images of the Mothers, and see whether any expedient will then present itself to us or not." When my friend made this proposal, I consented, and went with him into that temple, and remained there concealed.

And Madirávatí came there slowly, escorted by the auspicious wedding music, and entered that temple. And she left at the door all her female friends and male attendants, saying to them, "I wish in private to crave from the awful god of Love a certain boon* that is in my mind, so remain all of you outside the building." Then she came in and addressed the following prayer to Kámadeva after she had worshipped him, "O god, since thou art named 'the mind-born,' how was it that thou didst not discern the beloved that was in my mind? Why hast thou disappointed and slain me? If thou hast not been able to grant me my boon in this birth, at any rate have mercy upon me in my next birth, O husband of Rati. Shew me so much favour as to ensure that handsome young Bráhman's being my husband in my next birth."

* The word may mean "bridegroom."

When the girl had said this in our hearing and before our eyes, she made a noose by fastening her upper garment to a peg, and put it round her neck. And my friend said to me, "Go and shew yourself to her, and take the noose from her neck; so I immediately went towards her. And I said to her with a voice faltering from excess of joy, "Do not act rashly, my beloved; see, here is your slave in front of you, bought by you with the risk of your life, in whom affection has been produced by your utterance in the moment of your grief;" and with these words I removed the noose from the neck of that fair one.

She immediately looked at me, and remained for a moment divided between joy and terror, and then my friend said quickly to me, "As this is a dimly lighted hour owing to the waning of the day, I will go out dressed in Madirávatí's garments with her attendants. And do you go out by the second door, taking with you this bride wrapped up in our upper garments. And make for whatever foreign country you please, during the night, when you will be able to avoid detection. And do not be anxious about me. Fate will bestow on me prosperity." When my friend had said this, he put on Madirávatí's dress, and went out, and left that temple in the darkness, surrounded by her attendants.

And I slipped out by another door with Madirávatí, who wore a necklace of priceless jewels, and went three *yojanas* in the night. In the morning I took food, and slowly travelling on, I reached in the course of some days, with my beloved, a city named Achalapura. There a certain Bráhman shewed himself my friend, and gave me a house, and there I quickly married Madirávatí.

So I have been living there in happiness, having obtained my desire, and my only anxiety has been as to what could have become of my friend. And in course of time I came here to bathe in the Ganges, on this day which is the festival of the summer solstice, and lo! I found here this man who without cause shewed himself my friend. And full of embarrassment I folded him in a long embrace, and at last made him sit down and asked him to tell me his adventures, and at that moment your Highness came up. Know, son of the king of Vatsa, that this other Bráhman at my side is my true friend in calamity, to whom I owe my life and my wife.

When one Bráhman had told his story in these words, Naraváhanadatta said to the other Bráhman, "I am much pleased; now tell me, how did you escape from so great a danger? For men like yourself, who disregard their lives for the sake of their friends, are hard to find." When the second Bráhman heard this speech of the son of the king of Vatsa, he also began to tell his adventures.

When I went out that night from the temple in Madirávatí's dress, her attendants surrounded me under the impression that I was their mistress. And being bewildered with dancing, singing and intoxication, they put me in a palanquin* and took me to the house of Somadatta, which was in festal array. In one part it was full of splendid raiment, in another of piled up ornaments; here you might see cooked food provided, there an altar-platform made ready; one corner was full of singing female slaves, another of professional mimes; and a third was occupied by Bráhmans waiting for the auspicious moment.

*Subsequent adventures of the second Bráhman.*

Into one room of this house I was ushered in the darkness, veiled, by the servants, who were beside themselves with drink and took me for the bride. And when I sat down there, the females surrounded me, full of joy at the wedding festival, busied with a thousand affairs.

Immediately the sound of bracelets and anklets was heard near the door, and a maiden entered the room surrounded by her attendants. Like a female snake, her head was adorned with flashing jewels, and she had a white skin-like boddice; like a wave of the sea, she was full of beauty,† and covered with strings of pearls. She had a garland of beautiful flowers, arms shapely as the stalk of the creeper, and bright bud-like fingers; and so she looked like the goddess of the garden moving among men. And she came and sat down by my side, thinking I was her beloved confidante. When I looked at her, I perceived that that thief of my heart had come to me, the maiden that I saw at the S'ankha lake whither she had come to bathe; whom I saved from the elephant, and who, almost as soon as seen, disappeared from my sight among the crowd. I was overpowered with excess of joy, and I said to myself, "Can this be mere chance, or is it a dream, or sober waking reality?"

Immediately those attendants of Madirávatí said to the visitor, "Why do you seem so disturbed in mind, noble lady?" When she heard that, she said, concealing her real feelings,‡ "What! are you not aware what a dear friend of mine Madirávatí is. And she, as soon as she is married, will go off to her father-in-law's house, and I shall not be able to live without her; this is why I am afflicted. So leave the room quickly, in order that I may have the pleasure of a little confidential chat with Madirávatí."

With these words she put them all out, and fastened the door herself, and then sat down, and under the impression that I was her confidante,

* I adopt Dr Kern's conjecture *áropya sibikám*. It is found in two out of three India Office MSS. for the loan of which I am indebted to Dr. Rost.

† The word which means "boddice," means also "the skin of a snake;" and the word translated "beauty" means also "saltness."

‡ Because she really wanted to talk to Madirávatí about her own love affair.

began to speak to me as follows; "Madirávatí, no affliction can be greater than this affliction of yours, in that you are in love with one man, and you are given by your father in marriage to another; still you may possibly have a meeting or be united with your beloved, whom you know by having been in his society. But for me a hopeless affliction has arisen, and I will tell you what it is; for you are the only repository of my secrets, as I am of yours.

"I had gone to bathe on a festival in the lake named the lake of Śankha,* in order to divert my mind which was oppressed with approaching separation from you. While thus engaged, I saw in the garden near that lake a beautiful blooming young Bráhman, whose budding beard seemed like a swarm of bees come to feed on the lotus of his face; he himself looked like the moon come down from heaven in the day, like the golden binding-post of the elephant of beauty. I said to myself, 'Those hermits' daughters who have not seen this youth, have only endured to no purpose hardship in the woods; what fruit have they of their asceticism?' And even as I thought this in my heart, the god of Love pierced it so completely with his shafts, that shame and fear at once left it together.

"Then, while I looked with sidelong looks at him, whose eyes were fixed on me, there suddenly came that way a furious elephant that had escaped from its binding-post. That scared away my attendants and terrified myself; and the young man, perceiving this, ran, and taking me up in his arms, carried me a long way into the midst of the crowd. While in his arms, I assure you, my friend, I was rendered dead to all beside by the joy of his ambrosial touch, and I knew not the elephant, nor fear, nor who I was, nor where I was. In the meanwhile my attendants came up, and thereupon the elephant rushed down on us like Separation incarnate in bodily form, and my servants, alarmed at it, took me up and carried me home; and in the *mêlée* my beloved disappeared, whither I know not. Ever since that time I do nothing but think on him, who saved my life, but whose name and dwelling I know not, who was snatched from me as one might snatch away from my grasp a treasure that I had found; and I weep all night with the female *chakravákas*, longing for sleep, that takes away all grief, in order that I may behold him in a dream.

"In this hopeless affliction my only consolation, my friend, is the sight of yourself, and that is now being far removed from me. Accordingly, Madirávatí, the hour of my death draws nigh, and that is why I am now enjoying the pleasure of beholding your face."

When she had uttered this speech, which was like a shower of nectar in my ears, staining all the while the moon of her face with tear-drops

* I omit *cha* after *vinodayitum* as it is not found in the three India Office MSS.

mixed with the black pigment of her eyes, she lifted up the veil from my face, and beheld and recognized me, and then she was filled with joy, wonder, and fear. Then I said, "Fair one, what is your cause of alarm? Here I am at your service. For Fate, when propitious, brings about unexpected results. I too have endured for your sake intolerable sorrow; the fact is, Fate produces a strange variety of effects in this phenomenal universe. Hereafter I will tell you my story at full length; this is not the time for conversation; now devise, if you can, my beloved, some artifice for escaping from this place." When I said this to the girl, she made the following proposal, which was just what the occasion demanded; "Let us slip out quietly from this house by the back-door; the garden belonging to the house of my father, a noble Kshatriya, is just outside: let us pass through it and go where chance may take us." When she had said this, she hid her ornaments, and I left the house with her by the way which she recommended.

So in that night I went a long distance with her, for we feared detection, and in the morning we reached together a great forest. And as we were going along through that savage wilderness, with no comfort but our mutual conversation, noon gradually came on. The sun, like a wicked king, afflicted with his rays the earth that furnished no asylum for travellers, and no shelter.* By that time my beloved was exhausted with fatigue and tortured with thirst, so I slowly carried her into the shade of a tree, which it cost me a great effort to reach.

There I tried to restore her by fanning her with my garment, and while I was thus engaged, a buffalo that had escaped with a wound, came towards us. And there followed in eager pursuit of it a man on horseback armed with a bow, whose very appearance proclaimed him to be a noble-minded hero. He slew that great buffalo with a second wound from a crescent-headed arrow; striking him down as Indra strikes down a mountain with the dint of a thunder-bolt. When he saw us, he advanced towards us, and said kindly to me, "Who are you, my good sir; and who is this lady; and why have you come here?"

Then I shewed my Bráhmanical thread, and gave him an answer which was half truth and half falsehood; "I am a Bráhman, this is my wife: business led us to a foreign land, and on the way our caravan was destroyed by bandits, and we, separating from it, lost our way, and so came to enter this forest; here we have met you, and all our fears are at an end." When I said this, he was moved by compassion for my Bráhmanical character, and said "I am a chief of the foresters, come here to hunt; and

* The whole passage is an elaborate pun resting upon the fact that the same word means "tribute" and "ray" in Sanskrit. *A'kranda* sometimes means a protector.

you way-worn travellers have arrived here as my guests; so now come to my house, which is at no great distance, to rest."

When he had said this, he made my wearied darling get up on his horse, and himself walked, and so he led us to his dwelling. There he provided us with food and other requisites, as if he had been a relation.* Even in bad districts some few noble-hearted men spring up here and there. Then he gave me attendants, who enabled me to get out of that wood, and I reached a royal grant to Bráhmans, where I married that lady. Then I wandered about from country to country, and meeting with a caravan, I have to-day come here with her to bathe in the water of the Ganges. And here I have found this man whom I selected for myself as a friend; and I have seen your Highness; this, prince, is my story.

When he had said this, he ceased, and the prince of Vatsa loudly praised that Bráhman, who had obtained the prize he desired, the fitting reward of his genuine goodness; and in the meanwhile the prince's ministers, Gomukha and the others, who had long been roaming about looking for him, came up and found him. And they fell at the feet of Naraváhanadatta, and tears of joy poured down their faces; while he welcomed them all with due and fitting respect. Then the prince, accompanied by Lalitalochaná, returned with those ministers to his city, taking with him those two young Bráhmans, whom he valued on account of the tact and skill they had displayed in attaining worthy objects.

* I read *bándhavavat so*. The late Professor Horace Hayman Wilson observes of this story. "The incidents are curious and diverting, but they are chiefly remarkable from being the same as the contrivances by which Mádhava and Makaraṇḍa obtain their mistresses in the drama entitled Málatí and Mádhava or the Stolen Marriage."

# BOOK XIV.

## CHAPTER CV.

May S'iva, the granter of boons, who, when pleased, bestowed on Umá half his own body, grant you your desire!

May the vermilion-stained trunk which Gaṇeśa at night throws up in the dance, and so seems to furnish the moon-umbrella with a coral handle, protect you!

Then Naraváhanadatta, son of the king of Vatsa, possessing as his wives those various ladies, the most beautiful in the three worlds, and Madanamanchuká as his head-queen, dwelt with Gomukha and his other ministers in Kauśámbí, having his every want supplied by his father's magnificent resources. His days passed pleasantly in dancing, singing, and conversation, and were enlivened by the exquisite enjoyment of the society of the ladies whom he loved.

Then it happened one day that he could not find his principal charmer Madanamanchuká anywhere in the female apartments, nor could her attendants find her either.* When he could not see his beloved, he became pale from grief, as the moon loses its beauty in the morning, by being separated from the night. And he was distracted by an innumerable host of doubts, saying to himself, "I wonder whether my beloved has hidden herself somewhere to ascertain my sentiments towards her; or is she indignant with me for some trifling fault or other; or is she concealed by magic, or has she been carried off by some one?" When he had searched for her, and could not find her anywhere, he was consumed by violent grief for his separation from her, which raged in his bosom like a forest conflagration. His father, the king of Vatsa, who came to visit him, as soon as he knew the state of affairs, and his mothers, ministers, and servants were all beside themselves. The pearl necklace, sandal-wood ointment, the rays of the moon, lotus-fibres and lotus-leaves did not alleviate his torture, but

* I adopt the reading of MSS. Nos. 1882 and 2166, *parijanaḥ*. This seems to make better sense.

rather increased it. As for Kalingasená, when she was suddenly deprived of that daughter, she was confounded like a Vidyádharí, who has lost her magic power.

Then an aged female guardian of the women's apartments said in the presence of Naraváhanadatta, so that all there heard, "Long ago, that young Vidyádhara, named Mánasavega, having beheld Madanamanchuká, when she was a maiden, on the top of the palace, suddenly descended from heaven, and approaching Kalingasená, told her his name, and asked her to give him her daughter. When Kalingasená refused, he went as he came; but why should he not have now come secretly and carried her off by his magic power? It is of course true that heavenly beings do not carry off the wives of others; on the other hand, who, that is blinded by passion, troubles himself about the right or wrong of an action?" When Naraváhanadatta heard this, his heart was overwhelmed with anger, impatience, and the sorrow of bereavement, and became like a lotus in the waves.

Then Rumaṇvat said, "This palace is guarded all round, and it is impossible to enter or go out from it, except through the air. Moreover, by the favour of S'iva no misfortune can befall her; so we may be certain that she has hidden herself somewhere, because her affection has been wounded. Listen to a story which will make this clear."

*Story of Sávitrí and Angiras.*

Once on a time a hermit, named Angiras, asked Ashṭávakra for the hand of his daughter Sávitrí. But Ashṭávakra would not give him his daughter Sávitrí, though he was an excellent match, because she was already betrothed to some one else. Then Angiras married Aśrutá his brother's daughter, and lived a long time with her as his wife in great happiness; but she was well aware that he had previously been in love with Sávitrí.

One day that hermit Angiras remained muttering for a long time in an inaudible voice. Then his wife Aśrutá asked him again and again lovingly, "Tell me, my husband, why do you remain so long fixed in thought?" He said, "My dear, I am meditating on the Sávitrí;" and she, thinking that he meant Sávitrí, the hermit's daughter, was vexed in soul. She said to herself, "He is miserable," so she went off to the forest determined to abandon the body; and after she had prayed that good fortune might attend her husband, she fastened a rope round her neck. And at that moment Gáyatrí appeared with rosary of *aksha*-beads and ascetic's pitcher, and said to her, "Daughter, do not act rashly! Your husband was not thinking of any woman; he was meditating on me, the holy Sávitrí;" and with these words she freed her neck from the noose; and the goddess, merciful to her votaries, having thus consoled her, disappeared. Then her husband Angiras, searching for her, found her in the wood,

and brought her home. So you see that women in this world cannot endure the wounding of their affections.

"So you may be certain that this wife of the prince is angry on account of some trifling injury, and is hidden somewhere in this place; for she is under the protection of S'iva; and we must again search for her."

When Rumaṇvat said this, the sovereign of Vatsa said, "It must be so: for no misfortune can befall her, inasmuch as a heavenly voice said "'This Madanamanchuká is an incarnation of Rati, appointed by the god to be the wife of Naraváhanadatta, who is an emanation of the god of Love, and he shall rule the Vidyádharas with her as his consort for a *kalpa* of the gods,' and this utterance cannot be falsified by the event. So let her be carefully looked for." When the king himself said this, Naraváhanadatta went out, though he was in such a miserable state.

But, however much he searched for her, he could not find her, so he wandered about in various parts of the grounds, like one distracted; when he went to her dwelling, the rooms with closed doors seemed as if they had shut their eyes in despair at beholding his grief; and when he went about in the groves asking for her, the trees, agitating their shoots like hands, seemed to say, "We have not seen your beloved." When he searched in the gardens, the *sárasa*-birds, flying up to the sky, seemed to tell him that she had not gone that way. And his ministers Marubhúti, Hariśikha, Gomukha, and Vasantaka wandered about in every direction to find her.

In the meanwhile an unmarried Vidyádharí, of the name of Vegavatí, having beheld Madanamanchuká in her splendid and glorious beauty, deliberately took her shape, and came and stood alone in the garden under an *aśoka*-tree. Marubhúti saw her, as he was roaming about in search of the queen, and she seemed at once to extract the dart from his pierced heart. And in his joy he went to Naraváhanadatta, and said to him, "Cheer up, I have seen your beloved in the garden." When he said this, Naraváhanadatta was delighted, and immediately went with him to that garden.

Then, exhausted with long bereavement, he beheld that semblance of Madanamanchuká, with feelings like those with which a thirsty traveller beholds a stream of water. And the moment he beheld her, the much afflicted prince longed to embrace her, but she, being cunning and wishing to be married by him, said to him, "Do not touch me now, first hear what I have to say. Before I married you, I prayed to the Yakshas to enable me to obtain you, and said, 'On my wedding-day I will make offerings to you with my own hand.' But, my beloved, when my wedding-day came, I forgot all about them. That enraged the Yakshas, and so they carried me off from this place. And they have just brought me here, and let me go, saying, 'Go and perform over again that ceremony of marriage, and

make oblations to us, and then repair to your husband ; otherwise you will not prosper.' So marry me quickly, in order that I may offer the Yakshas the worship they demand ; and then fulfil all your desire."

When Naraváhanadatta heard that, he summoned the priest S'ántisoma and at once made the necessary preparations, and immediately married the supposed Madanamanchuká, who was no other than the Vidyádharí Vegavatí, having been for a short time quite cast down by his separation from the real one. Then a great feast took place there, full of the clang of cymbals, delighting the king of Vatsa, gladdening the queens, and causing joy to Kalingasená. And the supposed Madanamanchuká, who was really the Vidyádharí Vegavatí, made with her own hand an offering of wine, flesh, and other dainties to the Yakshas. Then Naraváhanadatta, remaining with her in her chamber, drank wine with her in his exultation, though he was sufficiently intoxicated with her voice. And then he retired to rest with her, who had thus changed her shape, as the sun with the shadow. And she said to him in secret, " My beloved, now that we have retired to rest, you must take care not to unveil my face suddenly and look at me while asleep*." When the prince heard this, he was filled with curiosity, to think what this might be, and the next day he uncovered her face while she was asleep, and looked at it, and lo! it was not Madanamanchuká, but some one else, who, when asleep, had lost the power of disguising her appearance by magic.† Then she woke up, while he was sitting by her awake. And he said to her, "Tell me, who are you?" And the discreet Vidyádharí seeing him sitting up awake, and being conscious that she was in her own shape and that her secret was discovered, began to tell her tale saying, " Listen, my beloved, I will now tell you the whole story."

" There is in the city of the Vidyádharas a mountain of the name of A'sháḍhapura. There dwells a chief of the Vidyádharas, named Mánasavega, a prince puffed up with the might of his arm, the son of king Vegavat. I am his younger sister, and my name is Vegavatí. And that brother of mine hated me so much that he was not willing to bestow on me the sciences. Then I obtained them, though with difficulty, from my father, who had retired to a wood of ascetics, and, thanks to his favour, I possess them of greater power than any other of our race. I myself saw the wretched Madanamanchuká, in the palace of mount A'sháḍha, in a garden, surrounded by sentinels, I mean your beloved, whom my brother has carried off by magic, as Rávaṇa carried off the afflicted Sítá, the wife of Rámabhadra. And as the virtuous lady repels his caresses, he cannot subdue her to his will, for a curse has been laid upon him, that will bring about his death, if he uses violence to any woman.

* This bears a slight resemblance to the story of Psyche.

† Cp. Vol. I, p. 301.

"So that wicked brother of mine made use of me, to try and talk her over; and I went to that lady, who could do nothing but talk of you. And in my conversation with her, that virtuous lady mentioned your name,* which was like a command from the god of Love, and thus my mind then became fixed upon you alone. And then I remembered an announcement which Párvatí made to me in a dream, much to the following effect, 'You shall be married to that man the mere hearing of whose name overpowers you with love.' When I had called this to mind, I cheered up Madanamanchuká, and came here in her form, and married myself to you by an artifice. So come, my beloved, I am filled with such compassion for your wife Madanamanchuká that I will take you where she is; for I am the devoted servant of my rival, even as I am of you, because you love her. For I am so completely enslaved by love for you, that I am rendered quite unselfish by it."

When Vegavatí had said this, she took Naraváhanadatta, and by the might of her science flew up with him into the sky during the night. And next morning, while she was slowly travelling through the heaven, the attendants of the husband and wife were bewildered by their disappearance. And when the king of Vatsa came to hear of it, he was immediately, as it were, struck by a thunderbolt, and so were Vásavadattá, Padmávatí and the rest. And the citizens, and the king's ministers Yaugandharáyaṇa and the others, together with their sons Marubhúti and the rest, were altogether distracted.

Then the hermit Nárada, surrounded with a circle of light, descended there from heaven, like a second sun. The king of Vatsa offered him the *arghya*, and the hermit said to him, "Your son has been carried off by a Vidyádharí to her country, but he will soon return; and I have been sent by S'iva to cheer you up." And after this prelude he went on to tell the king of Vegavatí's proceedings, exactly as they took place; then the king recovered his spirits and the hermit disappeared.

In the meanwhile Vegavatí carried Naraváhanadatta through the air to the mountain A'sháḍhapura. And Mánasavega, hearing of it, hastened there to kill them both. Then Vegavatí engaged with her brother in a struggle which was remarkable for a great display of magic power; for a woman values her lover as her life, and much more than her own relations. Then she assumed by the might of her magic a terrible form of Bhairava, and at once striking Mánasavega senseless, she placed him on the mountain of Agni.† And she took Naraváhanadatta, whom at the beginning of the

* I read with MSS. Nos. 1882 and 2166 *tvadnámnyudírite*; No. 3003 reads *tvattrásyudírite*. This seems to point to the same reading, which agrees with sl. 74, *a*. It is also found in a MS. lent me by the Principal of the Sanskrit College.

† The god of fire.

contest she had deposited in the care of one of her sciences,* and placed him in a dry well in the city of the Gandharvas, to keep him. And when he was there, she said to him, "Remain here a little while, my husband; good fortune will befall you here; and do not despond in your heart, O man appointed to a happy lot, for the sovereignty over all the Vidyádharas is to be yours. But I must leave this for the present, to appease my sciences, impaired by my resistance to my elder brother; however, I will return to you soon." When the Vidhyádharí Vegavatí had said this, she departed somewhere or other.

## CHAPTER CVI.

Then a certain Gandharva, of the name of Vínádatta, saw Naraváhanadatta in that well. Truly if there were not great souls in this world, born for the benefit of others, relieving distress as wayside trees heat, the world would be a withered forest. Thus the good Gandharva, as soon as he saw Naraváhanadatta, asked him his name and lineage, and supporting him with his hand, drew him out of that well, and said to him,† "If you are a man and not a god, how did you reach this city of the Gandharvas inaccessible to man? Tell me!" Then Naraváhanadatta answered him, "A Vidyádharí brought me here, and threw me into the well by her power." Then the good Gandharva Vínádatta, seeing that he had the veritable signs of an emperor, took him to his own dwelling, and waited upon him with all the luxuries at his command. And the next day, Naraváhanadatta, perceiving that the inhabitants of the city carried lyres in their hands, said to his host, "Why have all these people, even down to the children, got lyres in their hands?"‡

Then Vínádatta gave him this answer, "Ságaradatta the king of the Gandharvas, who lives here, has a daughter named Gandharvadattá, who eclipses the nymphs of heaven; it seems as if the Creator had blended nectar, the moon, and sandalwood, and other choice things, in order to compose her

* Two of the India Office MSS. read *haste*. So also the Sanskrit College MS.

† I follow Dr. Kern in deleting the inverted commas, and the comma after *drishtvá*.

‡ Bernhard Schmidt in a note on page 12 of his Griechische Märchen informs us that he considers the connexion between the Vidyádharas and the Phæacians of Homer to be clearly proved. Here we have two points wherein the Gandharvas resemble them; (1) the love of music, (2) the right of ordinary citizens to aspire to the hand of the princess.

body, as a specimen of his skill in making all that is fair. She is always singing to the lyre the hymn of Vishṇu, which the god himself bestowed on her, and so she has attained supreme skill in music.* And the princess has firmly resolved that whoever is so well skilled in music, that he can play on the lyre, and sing perfectly in three scales a song in praise of Vishṇu, shall be her husband. The consequence is, that all here are trying to learn to play the lyre, but they have not acquired the amount of skill demanded by the princess."

Prince Naraváhanadatta was delighted at hearing this speech from the mouth of Vínádatta and he said to him, "All the accomplishments have chosen me for a husband, and I know all the music, that there is in the three worlds." When he said this, his friend Vínádatta conducted him into the presence of king Ságaradatta, and said there, "Here is Naraváhanadatta, the son of the king of Vatsa, who has fallen into your city from the hand of a Vidyádharí. He is an adept in music, and he knows the song in praise of Vishṇu, in which the princess Gandharvadattá takes so much pleasure." When the king heard this, he said, "It is true; I heard so much before from the Gandharvas; so I must to-day receive him with respect here. And he is an emanation of a divinity; he is not out of place in the abode of gods; otherwise, if he were a man, how could he have come here by associating with a Vidyádharí? So summon Gandharvadattá quickly and let us test him." When the king said this, the chamberlains went to fetch her.

And the fair one came there, all glorious with flower-ornaments, agitating with her beauty, as if with a wind, the creepers of spring. She sat down at her father's side, and the servants told her what had taken place, and immediately, at his command, she sang a song to the lyre. When she was joining the notes to the quarter-tones, like Sarasvatí the wife of Brahmá, Naraváhanadatta was astonished at her singing and her beauty. Then he said to her, "Princess, your lyre does not seem to me to sound well, I think there must be a hair on the string." Thereupon the lyre was examined, and they found the hair where he said, and that astonished even the Gandharvas. Then the king took the lyre from his daughter's hand, and gave it to him, saying, "Prince, take this, and pour nectar into our

* I read *satataṃ sá cha gáyantí vínáyám Saurinà svayam Dattam svagítakaṃ káshtáṃ gándharve paramáṃ gatá.* In this all the three India Office MSS. substantially agree. No. 1882 writes *gáyantí* with both short and long *i* and *gandharva*, No. 2166 has *káshthaṃ* with short *a*, and all three have a short *a* in *Gandharve*. It is curious to see how nearly this agrees with Dr. Kern's conjecture. I find that the MS. lent me by the Principal of the Sanskrit College agrees with the reading I propose, except that it gives *gandharva*.

ears." Then he played on it, and sang the hymn of Vishṇu with such skill that the Gandharvas there became motionless as painted pictures.

Then Gandharvadattá herself threw on him a look tender with affection, as it were a garland of full-blown blue lotuses,* and therewith chose him as her husband. When the king saw it, and called to mind his promise of that import, he at once gave him his daughter Gandharvadattá in marriage. As for the wedding that thereupon took place, gladdened by the drums of the gods and other festal signs, to what could we compare it, as it served as the standard by which to estimate all similar rejoicings? Then Naraváhanadatta lived there with his new bride Gandharvadattá in heavenly bliss.

And one day he went out to behold the beauty of the city, and after he had seen all kinds of places, he entered the park attached to it. There he saw a heavenly female descending from the sky with her daughter, like the lightning with the rain in a cloudless atmosphere. And she was saying to her daughter, as she descended, recognising him by her knowledge, "This, my daughter, is your future husband, the son of the king of Vatsa." When he saw her alight and come towards him, he said to her, "Who are you, and why have you come?" And the heavenly female said to him, thus introducing the object of her desire:

"Prince, I am Dhanavatí, the wife of a chief of the Vidyádharas, named Sinha, and this is my unmarried daughter, the sister of Chaṇḍasinha, and her name is Ajinávatí. You were announced as her future husband by a voice that came from heaven. Then, learning by my magic science, that you, the future emperor of the Vidyádharas, had been deposited here by Vegavatí, I came to tell you my desire. You ought not to remain in such a place as this which is accessible to the Vidyádharas, for they might slay you out of enmity, as you are alone, and have not obtained your position of emperor. So come, let us now take you to a land which is inaccessible to them. Does not the moon delay to shine, when the circle of the sun is eclipsed? And when the auspicious day arrives you shall marry this daughter of mine." When she had said this, she took him and flew up into the air with him, and her daughter accompanied them. And she took him to the city of S'rávastí, and deposited him in a garden, and then she disappeared with her daughter Ajinávatí.

There king Prasenajit, who had returned from a distant hunting expedition, saw that prince of noble form and feature. The king approached him full of curiosity, and asked him his name and lineage, and then, being much delighted, courteously conducted him to his palace. It was

* In the Swayamvara the election used to be made by throwing a garland on the neck of the favoured suitor.

full of troops of elephants, adorned with lines of horses, and looked like a pavilion for the Fortune of empire to rest in, when wearied with her wanderings. Wherever a man born to prosperity may be, felicities eagerly approach him, as women do their beloved one. This accounts for the fact that the king, being an admirer of excellence, gave Naravágdhanadatta his own daughter, named Bhagírathayaśas. And the prince lived happily there with her in great luxury, as if with Good Fortune created by the Disposer in flesh and blood for his delectation.

One evening, when the lover of the night had arisen, raining joy into the eyes of men, looking like the full-orbed face* of the nymph of the eastern quarter, or rather the countenance of Bhagírathayaśas charming as nectar, reflected in the pure mirror of the cloudless heaven, he drank wine with that fair one at her request on the top of a palace silvered over with the elixir of moonlight. He quaffed the liquor which was adorned with the reflection of his beloved's face, and so gave pleasure to his eyes as well as to his palate. And then he considered the moon as far inferior in beauty to his charmer's face, for it wanted the intoxicating† play of the eyes and eyebrows. And after his drinking-bout was over he went inside the house, and retired to his couch with Bhagírathayaśas.

Then Naravábhanadatta awoke from sleep, while his beloved was still sleeping, and suddenly calling to mind his home, exclaimed, "Through love for Bhagírathayaśas I have, so to speak, forgotten my other wives; how can that have happened? But in this too Fate is all-powerful. Far away too are my ministers. Of them Marubhúti takes pleasure in nought but feats of prowess, and Hariśikha is exclusively devoted to policy; of those two I do not now feel the need, but it grieves me that the dexterous Gomukha, who has been my friend in all emergencies, is far away from me." While he was thus lamenting, he suddenly heard the words "Ah! how sad!" uttered in a low soft tone, like that of a woman, and they at once banished sleep. When he heard them, he got up, and lighted a candle, and looked about, and he saw in the window a lovely female face. It seemed as if the Disposer had determined out of playfulness to show him a second but spotless moon not in the sky, as he had that night seen the spot-beflecked moon of heaven. And not being able to discern the rest of her body, but eager to behold it, his eyes being attracted by her beauty, he

* MSS. Nos. 1882 and 2166 read *mukhamaṇḍane i. e.*, face-ornament.

† Perhaps the word also conveys the meaning, "intoxicated." MSS. Nos. 1882 and 3166, give *samadátámranetra*, the other by mistake *átáma*. This would mean the "play of the eyes a little red with intoxication and of the eyebrow." The word I have translated "palate" means the tongue considered as the organ of taste. The MS. kindly lent me by the Principal of the Sanskrit College reads *samadáttámranetra-bhrúvibhramáḥ*.

immediately said to himself, "Long ago, when the Daitya Átápin was impeding the creation of Brahmá, that god employed the artifice of sending him to Nandana, saying to him, 'Go there and see a very curious sight;' and when he got there, he saw only the foot of a woman, which was of wonderful beauty; and so he died from an insane desire to see the rest of her body.* In the same way it may be that the Disposer has produced this lady's face only to bring about my destruction." While he was making this momentary surmise, the lady displayed her shoot-like finger at the window, and beckoned to him to come towards her.

Then he deliberately went out of the chamber in which his beloved was sleeping, and with eager impatience approached that heavenly lady: and when he came near, she exclaimed, "Madanamanchuká, they say that your husband is in love with another woman: alas! you are undone." When Naraváhanadatta heard this, he called to mind his beloved, and the fire of separation flamed up in his bosom, and he said to that fair one, "Who are you? Where did you see my beloved Manadamanchuká? And why have you come to me? Tell me!" Then the bold lady took the prince away to a distance in the night, and saying to him, "Hear the whole story," she thus began to speak.

"There is in the city of Puskharávatí a prince of the Vidyádharas named Pingalagándhára, who has become yellow with continually adoring the fire. Know that I am his unmarried daughter, named Prabhávatí, for he obtained me by the special favour of the god of fire, who was pleased with his adoration. I went to the city of Asháḍhapura to visit my friend Vegavatí, and I did not find her there, as she had gone somewhere to perform asceticism. But hearing from her mother Pṛithivídeví that your beloved Madanamanchuká was there, I went to her. I beheld her emaciated with fasting, pale and squalid, with only one lock, weeping, talking only of your virtues, surrounded by tearful bands of Vidyádhara princesses, who were divided between grief produced by seeing her, and joy produced by hearing of you. She told me what you were like, and I comforted her by promising to bring you, for my mind was overpowered by pity for her, and attracted by your excellences. And finding out by means of my magic skill that you were here at present, I came to you, to inserve her interests and my own also. But when I found that you had forgotten your first love and were talking here of other persons, I bewailed the lot of that wife of yours, and exclaimed 'Ah! how sad!'"

When the prince had been thus addressed by her, he became impatient and said, "Take me where she is, and impose on me whatever command

* The three India Office MSS., which Dr. Rost has kindly lent me, read *tadanyánga*. So does the Sanskrit College MSS.

you think fit." When the Vidyádharí Prabhávatí heard that, she flew up into the air with him, and proceeded to journey on through the moonlit night. And as she was going along, she saw a fire burning in a certain place, so she took Naraváhanadatta's hand, and moved round it, keeping it on the right. In this way the bold lady managed by an artifice to go through the ceremony of marriage with Naraváhanadatta, for all the actions of heavenly beings have some important end in view.* Then she pointed out to her beloved from the sky the earth looking like a sacrificial platform, the rivers like snakes, the mountains like ant-hills, and many other wonders did she show him from time to time, until at last she had gradually accomplished a long distance.

Then Naraváhanadatta became thirsty with his long journey through the air, and begged for water; so she descended to earth from her airy path. And she took him to the corner of a forest, and placed him near a lake, which seemed to be full of molten silver, as its water was white with the rays of the moon. So his craving for water was satisfied by the draught which he drank in that beautiful forest, but there arose in him a fresh craving as he felt a desire to embrace that lovely lady.† But she, when pressed, would hardly consent; for her thoughts reverted with pity to Madanamanchuká, whom she had tried to comfort; in truth the noble-minded, when they have undertaken to forward the interests of others, put out of sight their own. And she said to him "Do not think ill, my husband, of my coldness; I have an object in it; and now hear this story which will explain it."

*Story of the child that died of a broken heart because his mother forgot to bring him a sweetmeat.*

Once on a time, there lived in the city of Páṭaliputra a certain widow who had one child; she was young, and beautiful, but poor. And she was in the habit of making love to a strange man for her gratification, and at night she used to leave her house and roam where she pleased. But, before she went, she used invariably to console her infant son by saying to him, "My boy, I will bring you a sweetmeat to-morrow morning," and every day she brought him one. And the child used to remain quiet at home, buoyed up by the hope of that sweetmeat.

* I have altered the division of the words, as there appears to be a misprint in Brockhaus's text.

† The three India Office MSS. give *S'rántamjalatṛishá*. In No. 1882 the line begins with *atra*, in the other two with *tatra*: I have given what I believe to be the sense taking *tṛishá* as the instrumental. *S'ránta* appears to be sometimes used for *S'ánta*. The Sanskrit College MS. reads *tatra śántaṃ jalatṛishá tasya pítámbhaso vane.* This exactly fits in with my rendering.

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But one day she forgot, and did not bring him the sweetmeat. And when the child asked for the sweetmeat, she said to him, "Sweetmeat indeed! I know of no sweet, but my sweetheart." Then the child said to himself, "She has not brought me a sweetmeat, because she loves another better than me." So he lost all hope, and his heart broke.

"So if I were over-eager to appropriate you whom I have long loved, and if Madanamanchuká, whom I consoled with the hope of a joyful reunion with you, were to hear of it, and lose all hope through me, her heart, which is as soft as a flower, would break.* It is this desire to spare her feelings, which prevents me from being so eager now for your society, before I have consoled her, though you are my beloved, dearer to me than life."

When Prabhávatí said this to Naraváhanadatta, he was full of joy and astonishment, and he said to himself, "Well! Fate seems to take a pleasure in perpetually creating new marvels, since it has produced Prabhávatí, whose conduct is so inconceivably noble." With these thoughts in his mind, the prince lovingly praised her, and said, "Then take me where that Madanamanchuká is." When Prabhávatí heard that, she took him up, and in a moment carried him through the air to the mountain Áśháḍhapura. There she bestowed him on Madanamanchuká, whose body had long been drying up with grief, as a shower bestows fullness on a river.

Then Naraváhanadatta beheld that fair one there, afflicted with separation, thin and pale, like a digit of the new moon. That reunion of those two seemed to restore them to life, and gave joy to the world, like the union of the night and the moon. And the pair embraced, scorched with the fire of separation, and as they were streaming with fatigue, they seemed to melt into one. Then they both partook at their ease of luxuries suddenly provided in the night by the might of Prabhávatí's science. And thanks to her science, no one there but Madanamanchuká saw Naraváhanadatta.

The next morning Naraváhanadatta proceeded to loose Madanamanchuká's one lock,† but she, overpowered with resentment against her enemy, said to her beloved, "Long ago I made this vow, 'That lock of mine must be loosed by my husband, when Mánasavega is slain, but not till then; and if he is not slain, I will wear it till my death, and then it shall be loosed by the birds, or consumed with fire.' But now you have loosed it, while this enemy of mine is still alive; that vexes my soul. For

* I delete the stop at the end of the 100th śloka. All the India Office MSS. read *kṛitáśvásá*, and so does the Sanskrit College MS., but *kṛitáśá sá* makes sense.

† A single braid of hair worn by a woman as a mark of mourning for an absent husband. Monier Williams *s. v. ekaveṇi*.

though Vegavatí flung him down on Agniparvata, he did not die of the fall. And you have now been made invisible here by Prabhávatí by means of her magic power; otherwise the followers of that enemy, who are continually moving near you here, would see you, and would not tolerate your presence."

When Naraváhanadatta had been thus addressed by his wife, he, recognising the fact that the proper time for accomplishing his object had not yet arrived, said to her by way of calming her, "This desire of yours shall be fulfilled; I will soon slay that enemy; but first I must acquire the sciences; wait a little, my beloved." With speeches of this kind Naraváhanadatta consoled Madanamanchuká; and remained there in that city of the Vidyádharas.

Then Prabhávatí disappeared herself, and, by the power of her magic science, bestowed in some incomprehensible way on Naraváhanadatta her own shape. And the prince lived happily there in her shape, and without fear of discovery, enjoying pleasures provided by her magic science. And all the people there thought, "This friend of Vegavatí's is attending on Madanamanchuká, partly out of regard for Vegavatí, and partly on account of the friendly feelings which she herself entertains for the captive princess;" for they all supposed that Naraváhanadatta was no other than Prabhávatí, as he was disguised in her shape: and this was the report that they carried to Mánasavega. Then, one day, something caused Madanamanchuká to relate to Naraváhanadatta her adventures in the following words,

*Madanamanchuká's account of her treatment while in captivity.*

When Mánasavega first brought me here, he tried to win me to his will by his magic power, endeavouring to alarm me by cruel actions. And then S'iva appeared in a terrible form, with drawn sword and lolling tongue, and making an appalling roar, said to Mánasavega; "How is it that, while I still exist, thou dost presume to treat disrespectfully the wife of him who is destined to be emperor over all the Vidyádhara kings?" When the villain Mánasavega had been thus addressed by S'iva, he fell on the earth vomiting blood from his mouth. Then the god disappeared, and that villain immediately recovered, and went to his own palace, and again began to practise cruelties against me.*

Then in my terror, and in the agony of separation, I was thinking of abandoning my life, but the attendants of the harem came to me, and said to me by way of consolation, "Long ago this Mánasavega beheld a certain

* MSS. Nos. 1882 and 2166 read *na cha* for *mayi;* "and did not practise cruelties;" No. 3003 has *mayí.* The Sanskrit College MS. has *mama krauryánnyavartatá* (*sic.*).

beautiful hermit maiden and tried to carry her off by force but was thus cursed by her relations; 'When, villain, you approach another's wife against her will, your head shall split into a thousand fragments;' so he will never force himself on the wife of another, do not be afraid. Moreover you will soon be reunited with your husband, as the god announced." Soon after the maids had said this to me, Vegavatí, the sister of that Mánasavega, came to me to talk me over; but when she saw me, she was filled with compassion, and she comforted me by promising to bring you; and you already know how she found you.

Then Pṛithivídeví, the good mother of that wicked Mánasavega, came to me, looking, with her garments white as moonlight, like the orb of Luna without a spot, seeming to bathe me with nectar by her charming appearance; and with a loving manner she said to me, "Why do you refuse food and so injure your bodily health, though you are destined to great prosperity? And do not say to yourself, 'How can I eat an enemy's food?' For my daughter Vegavatí has a share in this kingdom, bestowed on her by her father, and she is your friend, for your husband has married her. Accordingly her wealth, as belonging to your husband, is yours as much as hers. So enjoy it. What I tell you is true, for I have discovered it by my magic knowledge." This she said, and confirmed it with an oath, and then, being attached to me, on account of her daughter's connexion, she fed me with food suited to my condition. Then Vegavatí came here with you, and conquered her brother, and saved you; the sequel I do not know.

So I, remembering the magic skill of Vegavatí and the announcement of the god, did not surrender my life, which was supported by the hope of regaining you, and, thanks to the power of the noble Prabhávatí, I have regained you, although I am thus beset by my enemies. But my only anxiety is as to what would happen to us, if Prabhávatí here were deprived of her power, and you were so to lose her shape, which she has bestowed on you by way of disguise.

This and other such things did Madanamanchuká say, while the brave Naraváhanadatta remained there with her, endeavouring to console her. But one night Prabhávatí went to her father's palace, and in the morning Naraváhanadatta, owing to her being at a distance, lost her shape, which she had bestowed on him. And next day the attendants beheld him there in male form, and they all ran bewildered and alarmed to the king's court and said, "Here is an adulterer crept in;" thrusting aside the terrified Madanamanchuká, who tried to stop them.

Then king Mánasavega came there at full speed, accompanied by his army, and surrounded him. Then the king's mother Pṛithivídeví hurried thither and said to him, "It will not do for you or me either to put this

man to death. For he is no adulterer, but Naraváhanadatta, the son of the king of Vatsa, who has come here to visit his own wife. I know this by my magic power; why are you so blinded with wrath that you cannot see it? Moreover I am bound to honour him, as he is my son-in-law, and sprung from the race of the moon." When Mánasavega's mother said this to him, he flew into a passion, and said, "Then he is my enemy." Then his mother, out of love for her son-in-law, used another argument with him. She said, "My son, you will not be allowed to act wrongfully in the world of the Vidyádharas. For here there exists a court of the Vidyádharas to protect the right. So accuse him before the president of that court*. Whatever steps you take with regard to your captive in accordance with the court's decision will be commendable; but if you act otherwise, the Vidyádharas will be displeased, and the gods will not tolerate it."

Mánasavega, out of respect for his mother, consented to follow her advice, and attempted to have Naraváhanadatta bound, with the intention of taking him before the court. But he, unable to endure the indignity of being bound, tore a pillar from the arched gateway, and killed with it a great number of his captor's servants. And the hero, whose valour was god-like, snatched a sword from one of those that he had killed, and at once slew with it some more of his opponents. Then Mánasavega fettered him by his superhuman powers, and took him, with his wife, before the court. Then the Vidyádharas assembled there from all quarters, summoned by the loud sound of a drum, even as the gods assemble in Sudharmá.

And the president of the court, king Váyupatha, came there, and sat down on a jewelled throne surrounded by Vidyádharas, and fanned by chowries which waved to and fro, as if to winnow away all injustice. And the wicked Mánasavega stood in front of him, and said as follows, "This enemy of mine, who though a mortal, has violated my harem, and seduced my sister, ought immediately to be put to death; especially as he actually wishes to be our sovereign." When the president heard this, he called on Naraváhanadatta for an answer, and the hero said in a confident tone, "That is a court, where there is a president; he is a president, who says what is just; that is just, in which there is truth; that is truth in which there is no deceit. Here I am bound by magic, and on the floor, but my adversary here is on a seat, and free; what fair controversy can there be between us?"

* I read *tatrásya tatpradhánágre dosham śirasi pátaya.* The three India Office MSS. give *tatrásya;* No. 1882 has *prasádágre* and *dháraya;* No. 3003 *pradhánágre* and *dháraya;* No. 2166 *pradhánágre* and *pátaya.* The Sanskrit College MS. agrees with Brockhaus's text.

When Váyupatha heard this, he made Mánasavega also sit upon the floor, as was just, and had Naraváhanadatta set free from his bonds. Then before Váyupatha, and in the hearing of all, Naraváhanadatta made the following reply to the accusations of Mánasavega; "Pray, whose harem have I violated by coming to visit my own wife, Madanamanchuká here, who has been carried off by this fellow? And if his sister came and tricked me into marrying her by assuming my wife's form, what fault have I committed in this? As for my desiring empire, is there any one that does not desire all sorts of things?" When king Váyupatha heard this, he reflected a little, and said, "This noble fellow says what is quite just; take care, my good Mánasavega, that you do not act unjustly towards one, whom great exaltation awaits."

Though Váyupatha said this, Mánasavega, blinded with delusion, refused to turn from his wicked way; and then Váyupatha flew into a passion. Then, out of regard for justice, he engaged in a contest with Mánasavega, in which fully equipped armies were employed on both sides. For resolute men, when they sit on the seat of justice, keep only the right in view, and look upon the mighty as weak, and one of their own race as an alien.* And then Naraváhanadatta, looking towards the nymphs of heaven, who were gazing at the scene with intense interest, said to Mánasavega, "Lay aside your magic disguises, and fight with me in visible shape, in order that I may give you a specimen of my prowess by slaying you with one blow."

Accordingly those Vidyádharas there remained quarrelling among themselves, when suddenly a splendid pillar in the court cleft asunder in the middle with a loud noise,† and S'iva issued from it in his terrific form. He filled the whole sky, in colour like antimony; he hid the sun; the gleams of his fiery eyes flickered like flashes of lightning; his shining teeth were like cranes flying in a long row; and so he was terrible like a roaring cloud of the great day of doom. The great god exclaimed "Villain, this future emperor of the Vidyádharas shall not be insulted," and with these words he dismissed Mánasavega with face cast down, and encouraged Váyupatha. And then the adorable one took Naraváhanadatta up in his arms, and in order to preserve his life, carried him in this way to the beautiful and happy mountain Ṛishyamúka, and after setting him down there, disappeared. And then the quarrel among the Vídyádharas in

* Dr. Kern would read *na cha* for *vata*. Righteous kings and judges see no difference between a feeble and powerful person, between a stranger and a kinsman. But the three India Office MSS. read *vata*. So does the MS. which the Principal of the Sanskrit College, Paṇḍit Maheśa Chandra Nyáyaratna, has kindly lent me.

† The Petersburg lexicographers are of opinion that *riśad* should be *ṭaśad* or *ṭasad*. Two of the India Office MSS. seems to read *ṭasad*.

that court came to an end, and Váyupatha went home again accompanied by the other Vidyádharas his friends. But Mánasavega, making Madanamanchuká, who was distracted with joy and grief, precede him, went despondent to Áśháḍhapura his own dwelling.

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## CHAPTER CVII.

I think, a hero's prosperity must be unequal; Fate again and again severely tests firmness by the ordeals of happiness and misery: this explains why the fickle goddess kept uniting Naraváhanadatta to wife after wife, when he was alone in those remote regions, and then separated him from them.

Then, while he was residing on the mountain Ṛishyamúka, his beloved Prabhávatí came up to him, and said, "It was owing to the misfortune of my not being present that Mánasavega carried you off on that occasion to the court, with the intention of doing you an injury. When I heard of it, I at once went there, and by means of my magic power I produced the delusion of an appearance of the god, and brought you here. For, though the Vidyádharas are mighty, their influence does not extend over this mountain, for this is the domain of the Siddhas.* Indeed even my science is of no avail here for that reason, and that grieves me, for how will you subsist on the products of the forest as your only food?" When she had said this, Naraváhanadatta remained with her there, longing for the time of deliverance, thinking on Madanamanchuká. And on the banks of the sanctifying Pampá-lake near that mountain, he ate fruits and roots of heavenly flavour, and he drank the holy water of the lake which was rendered delicious and fragrant by the fruits dropped from trees on its bank, as a relish to his meal of deer's flesh.† And he lived at the foot of trees and in the interior of caverns, and so he imitated the conduct of Ráma who once lived in the forests of that region. And Prabhávatí, beholding there various hermitages once occupied by Ráma, told him the story of Ráma for his amusement.

* See Vol. I, pp. 136 and 142.

† Here two of the India Office MSS. read *máṃsopadaṃśam*, the third *máṃsopadeśaṃ*.

*Story of Ráma.*

In this forest Ráma once dwelt accompanied by Lakshmaṇa, and waited on by Sítá, in the society of hermits, making to himself a hut at the foot of a tree. And Sítá, perfuming the whole forest with the perfume given her by Anasúyá, remained here in the midst of the hermits' wives, wearing a robe of bark.

Here the Daitya Dundubhi was slain in a cave by Báli, which was the original cause of the enmity between Báli and Sugríva. For Sugríva, wrongly supposing that the Daitya had slain Báli, blocked up the entrance of the cave with mountains, and went away terrified. But Báli broke through the obstruction, and came out, and banished Sugríva, saying, "This fellow imprisoned me in the cave because he wanted to get my kingdom." But Sugríva fled, and came and established himself on this plateau of Ṛishyamúka with the lords of the monkeys, of whom Hanumán was the chief.

Then Rávaṇa came here, and beguiling the soul of Ráma with the phantom of a golden deer, he carried off his wife the daughter of Janaka. Then the descendant of Raghu, who longed for news of Sítá, made an alliance with Sugríva, who desired the slaughter of Báli. And in order to let his might be known, he cleft seven palm-trees here with an arrow, while the mighty Báli with great difficulty cleft one of them. And then the hero went hence to Kishkindhya, and after slaying Báli with a single arrow, which he launched as if in sport, gave his kingdom to Sugríva.

Then the followers of Sugríva, headed by Hanumán, went hence in every direction to gain information about Sítá. And Ráma remained here during the rainy season with the roaring clouds, which seemed to share his grief shedding showery tear-drops. At last Hanumán crossed the sea at the suggestion of Sampáti, and by great exertions obtained for Ráma the required information; whereupon he marched with the monkeys, and threw a bridge over the sea, and killed his enemy the lord of Lanká, and brought back queen Sítá in the flying chariot, passing over this place.

"So, my husband, you also shall attain good fortune: successes come of their own accord to heroes who remain resolute in misfortunes." This and other such tales did Prabhávatí tell, while she roamed about here and there for her pleasure with Naravábanadatta.

And one day, as he was in the neighbourhood of Pampá, two Vidyádharís, Dhanavatí and Ajinávatí, descended from heaven and approached him. These were the two ladies who carried him from the city of the Gandharvas to the city of S'rávastí, where he* married Bhagírathayaśas.

* Dr. Kern reads *tena* for *yena*. His conjecture is confirmed by the three India Office MSS. and the Sanskrit College MS.

And while Ajinávatí was conversing with Prabhávatí as an old friend, Dhanavatí thus addressed Naraváhahanadatta, "I long ago bestowed on you this daughter of mine Ajinávatí, as far as promises could do it; so marry her; for the day of your exaltation is nigh at hand." Prabhávatí, out of love for her friend, and Naraváhanadatta both agreed to this proposal. Then Dhanavatí bestowed that daughter of hers Ajinávatí on that son of the king of Vatsa, with appropriate ceremonies. And she celebrated the great feast of her daughter's wedding in such style that the glorious and heavenly preparations she had accumulated by means of her magic knowledge made it really beautiful.

Then the next day she said to Naraváhanadatta, "My son, it will never do for you to remain long in a nondescript place like this: for the Vidyádharas are a deceitful race, and you have no business here. So depart now with your wife for your own city of Kauśámbí; and I will come there with my son Chaṇḍasinha and with the Vidyádhara chiefs that follow me, to ensure your success."* When Dhanavatí had said this, she mounted up into the sky, illuminating it, as it were, with moonlight, though it was day, by the gleam of her white body and raiment.

And Prabhávatí and Ajinávatí carried Naraváhanadatta through the air to his city of Kauśámbí. When he reached the garden of the city, he descended from heaven into his capital, and was seen by his attendants. And there arose there a cry from the people on all sides, "We are indeed happy; here is the prince come back." Then the king of Vatsa, hearing of it, came there quickly in high delight, as if irrigated with a sudden shower of nectar, with Vásavadattá and Padmávatí, and the prince's wives, Ratnaprabhá and the rest; and Yaugandharáyaṇa and the other ministers of the king of Vatsa, and Kalingasená and the prince's own ministers, Gomukha and his fellows, approached him in order of precedence as eagerly as travellers make for a lake in the hot season. And they saw the hero, whose high birth qualified him for a lofty station, sitting between his two wives, like Krishṇa between Rukmiṇí and Satyabhámá. And when they saw him, they hid their eyes with tears of joy, as if for fear lest they should leap out of their skins in their delight. And the king of Vatsa and his queens embraced after a long absence that son of theirs, and could not let him go, for they were, as it were, riveted to him by the hairs of their bodies erect from joy.

Then a great feast began by beat of drum, and Vegavatí, the daughter of Vegavat, and sister of Mánasavega, who was married to Naraváhanadatta,

* I have adopted Dr. Kern's conjecture of *saha* for *sahi* and separated with him *abhyudayáyate* into two words, *abhyudayáya te*. I find that his conjecture as to *saha* is confirmed by the three India Office MSS.

finding it all out by the might of her recovered science, came down to Kauśámbí through the air, and fell at the feet of her father-in-law and mother-in-law, and prostrating herself before her husband, said to him, "Auspicious sir, after I had become weak by my exertions on your behalf, I recovered my magic powers by self-mortification in a grove of ascetics and now I have returned into your presence." When she had said this, she was welcomed by her husband and the others, and she repaired to her friends Prabhávatí, and Ajinávatí.

They embraced her and made her sit between them; and at that moment Dhanavatí, the mother of Ajinávatí, also arrived; and various kings of the Vidyádharas came with her, surrounded by their forces, that hid the heaven like clouds; her own heroic son, the strong-armed Chaṇḍasinha, and a powerful relation of hers, Amitagati by name, and Pingalagándhára the mighty father of Prabhávatí, and Váyupatha, the president of the court, who had previously declared himself on Naraváhanadatta's side, and the heroic king Hemaprabha, the father of Ratnaprabhá, accompanied by his son Vajraprabha and followed by his army. And Ságaradatta the king of the Gandharvas came there, accompanied by his daughter Gandharvadattá, and by Chitrángada. And when they arrived, they were becomingly honoured by the king of Vatsa and his son, and sat in due order on thrones.

And immediately king Pingalagándhára said to his son-in-law Naraváhanadatta, as he was in the hall of assembly, "King, you have been appointed by the god* emperor over us all, and it is owing to our great love for you, that we have all come to you. And queen Dhanavatí here, your mother-in-law, a strict votary, possessing divine knowledge, wearing the rosary, and the skin of the black antelope, like an incarnation of Durgá, or Sávitrí having acquired magic powers, an object of reverence to the noblest Vidyádharas, has made herself ready to protect you; so you are certain to prosper in your undertaking; but listen to what I am about to say. There are two divisions of the Vidyádhara territory† on the Himálayas here, the northern and the southern, both extending over many peaks of that range; the northern division is on the other side of Kailása, but the southern is on this side of it. And this Amitagati here has just performed a difficult penance on mount Kailása, in order to obtain the sovereignty over the northern division, and propitiated S'iva. And S'iva made this revelation to him, 'Naraváhanadatta thy emperor will accomplish thy desire,' so he has come here to you. In that division there is a chief monarch, named Mandaradeva, who is evilly disposed, but though mighty, he will be easy for you to conquer, when you have obtained the sciences peculiar to the Vidyádharas.

* Probably *devanirmitaḥ* should be one word.

† See Vol. I, p. 405.

"But the king named Gaurímuṇḍa, who rules in the midst of the southern division, is evil-minded and exceedingly hard to conquer on account of the might of his magic science. Moreover he is a great friend of your enemy Mánasavega. Until he is overcome, your undertaking will not prosper; so acquire as quickly as possible great and transcendent power of science."

When Pingalagándhára had said this, Dhanavatí spake, "Good, my son, it is as this king tells thee. Go hence to the land of the Siddhas* and propitiate the god S'iva, in order that thou mayest obtain the magic sciences, for how can there be any excelling without his favour? And these kings will be assembled there to protect thee." Then Chitrángada said, "It is even so; but I will advance in front of all; let us conquer our enemies."

Then Naraváhanadatta determined to do as they had advised, and he performed the auspicious ceremony before setting out, and bowed at the feet of his tearful parents, and other superiors, and received their blessing, and then ascended with his wives and ministers a splendid palanquin provided by the skill of Amitagati, and started on his expedition, obscuring the heaven with his forces, that resembled the water of the sea raised by the wind at the end of a *kalpa*, as it were proclaiming by the echoes of his army's roar on the limits of the horizon, that the emperor of the Vidyádharas had come to visit them.

And he was rapidly conducted by the king of the Gandharvas and the chiefs of the Vidyádharas and Dhanavatí to that mountain, which was the domain of the Siddhas. There the Siddhas prescribed for him a course of self-mortification, and he performed asceticism by sleeping on the ground, bathing in the early morning, and eating fruits. And the kings of the Vidyádharas remained surrounding him on every side, guarding him unweariedly day and night. And the Vidyádhara princesses, contemplating him eagerly while he was performing his penance, seemed with the gleams of their eyes to clothe him in the skin of a black antelope. Others shewed by their eyes turned inwards out of anxiety for him, and their hands placed on their breasts, that he had at once entered their hearts.

And five more noble maidens of the Vidyádhara race, beholding him, were inflamed with the fire of love, and made this agreement together, "We five friends must select this prince as our common husband, and we must marry him at the same time, not separately; if one of us marries him separately, the rest must enter the fire on account of that violation of friendship."

While the heavenly maidens were thus agitated at the sight of him, suddenly great portents manifested themselves in the grove of ascetics.

* In Sanskrit Siddhakshetra.

A very terrible wind blew, uprooting splendid trees, as if to shew that even thus in that place should heroes fall in fight; and the earth trembled as if anxious as to what all that could mean, and the hills cleft asunder, as if to give an opening for the terrified to escape, and the sky, rumbling awfully, though cloudless,* seemed to say, "Ye Vidyádharas, guard, guard to the best of your power, this emperor of yours." And Naraváhanadatta, in the midst of the alarm produced by these portents, remained unmoved, meditating upon the adorable three-eyed god; and the heroic kings of the Gandharvas and lords of the Vidyádharas remained guarding him, ready for battle, expecting some calamity; and they uttered war-cries, and agitated the forest of their lithe swords, as if to scare away the portents that announced the approach of evil.

And the next day after this the army of the Vidyádharas was suddenly seen in the sky, dense as a cloud at the end of the *kalpa*, uttering a terrible shout. Then Dhanavatí, calling to mind her magic science, said, "This is Gaurímuṇḍa come with Mánasavega." Then those kings of the Vidyádharas and the Gandharvas raised their weapons, but Gaurímuṇḍa with Mánasavega rushed upon them exclaiming, "What right has a mere man to rank with beings like us? So I will to-day crush your pride, you sky-goers that take part with him." When Gaurímuṇḍa said this, Chitrángada rushed upon him angrily, and attacked him.

And king Ságaradatta, the sovereign of the Gandharvas, and Chaṇḍasinha, and Amitagati, and king Váyupatha, and Pingalagándhára, and all the chiefs of the Vidyádharas, great heroes all, rushed upon the wicked Mánasavega, roaring like lions, followed by the whole of their forces. And right terrible was that storm of battle, thick with the clouds of dust raised by the army, with the gleams of weapons for flashes of lightning, and a falling rain of blood. And so Chitrángada and his friends made, as it were, a great sacrifice for the demons, which was full of blood for wine, and in which the heads of enemies were strewn as an offering. And streams of gore flowed away, full of bodies for alligators, and floating weapons for snakes, and in which marrow intermingled took the place of cuttle-fish bone.

Then Gaurímuṇḍa, as his army was slain, and he himself was nigh to death, called to mind the magic science of Gaurí, which he had formerly propitiated and made well-disposed to him; and that science appeared in visible form, with three eyes, armed with the trident,† and paralysed the chief

* Perhaps we may compare Vergil Georgics, I, 487, and Horace, Od. I, 34, 5; and Vergil Aeneid VII, 141, with the passages there quoted by Forbiger. But MSS. Nos. 1882 and 2166 read *udbhúta*.

† It is clear that the goddess did not herself appear, so *trinetrá* is not a proper name, unless we translate the passage "armed with the trident of Gaurí."

heroes of Naraváhanadatta's army. Then Gaurímuṇḍa, having regained strength, rushed with a loud shout towards Naraváhanadatta, and fell on him to try his strength in wrestling. And being beaten by him in wrestling, the cogging Vidyádhara again summoned up that science, and by its power he seized his antagonist in his arms and flew up to the sky. However, he was prevented by the might of Dhanavatí's science from slaying the prince, so he flung him down on the mountain of fire.

But Mánasavega seized his comrades Gomukha and the rest, and flew up into the sky with them, and flung them at random in all directions. But, after they had been flung up, they were preserved by a science in visible shape employed by Dhanavatí, and placed in different spots on the earth. And that science comforted those heroes, one by one, saying to them, "You will soon recover that master of yours successful and flourishing," and having said this it disappeared. Then Gaurímuṇḍa went back home with Mánasavega, thinking that their side had been victorious.

But Dhanavatí said, "Naraváhanadatta will return to you after he has attained his object, no harm will befall him;" and thereupon the lords of the Gandharvas and princes of the Vidyádharas, Chitrángada and the others, flung off their paralysing stupor, and went for the present to their own abodes. And Dhanavatí took her daughter Ajinávatí, with all her fellow-wives, and went to her own home.

Mánasavega, for his part, went and said to Madanamanchuká, "Your husband is slain; so you had better marry me;" but she, standing in front of him, said to him laughing, "He will slay you, no one can slay him, as he has been appointed by the god."

But when Naraváhanadatta was being hurled down by his enemy on the mountain of fire, a certain heavenly being came there, and received him; and after preserving his life, he took him quickly to the cool bank of the Mandákiní. And when Naraváhanadatta asked him who he was, he comforted him, and said to him, "I, prince, am a king of the Vidyádharas named Amṛitaprabha, and I have been sent by S'iva on the present occasion to save your life. Here is the mountain of Kailása in front of you, the dwelling-place of that god; if you propitiate S'iva there, you will obtain unimpeded felicity. So, come, I will take you there." When that noble Vidyádhara had said this, he immediately conveyed him there, and took leave of him, and departed.

But Naraváhanadatta, when he had reached Kailása, propitiated with asceticism Gaṇeśa, whom he found there in front of him. And after obtaining his permission, he entered the hermitage of S'iva, emaciated with self-mortification, and he beheld Nandin at the door. He devoutly circumambulated him, and then Nandin said to him, "Thou hast well-nigh attained all thy ends; for all the obstacles that hindered thee have now been

overcome; so remain here, and perform a strict course of asceticism that will subdue sin, until thou shalt have propitiated the adorable god; for successes depend on purity." When Nandin had said this, Naraváhanadatta began a severe course of penance there, living on air and meditating on the god S'iva and the goddess Párvatí.

And the adorable god S'iva, pleased with his asceticism, granted him a vision of himself, and accompanied by the goddess, thus spake to the prince, as he bent before him, "Become now emperor over all the Vidyádharas, and let all the most transcendent sciences be immediately revealed to thee! By my favour thou shalt become invincible by thy enemies, and, as thou shalt be proof against cut or thrust, thou shalt slay all thy foes. And when thou appearest, the sciences of thy enemies shall be of no avail against thee. So go forth: even the science of Gaurí shall be subject to thee." When S'iva and Gaurí had bestowed these boons on Naraváhanadatta, the god also gave him a great imperial chariot, in the form of a lotus, made by Brahmá. Then all the sciences presented themselves to the prince in bodily form, and expressed their desire to carry out his orders by saying, "What do you enjoin on us, that we may perform it?"

Accordingly Naraváhanadatta, having obtained many boons, bowed before the great god, and ascended the heavenly lotus-chariot, after he had received permission from him to depart, and went first to the city of Amitagati, named Vakrapura; and as he went, the sciences shewed him the path, and the bards of the Siddhas sang his praises. And Amitagati, seeing him from a distance, as he came along through the air, mounted on a chariot, advanced to meet him and bowed before him, and made him enter his palace. And when he described how he had obtained all these magic powers, Amitagati was so delighted that he gave him as a present his own daughter named Sulochaná. And with her, thus obtained, like a second imperial fortune of the Vidyádhara race, the emperor joyfully passed that day as one long festival.

## CHAPTER CVIII.

The next day, as the new emperor Naraváhanadatta was sitting in Vakrapura, in the hall of audience, a certain man descended from heaven, with a wand in his hand, and came up to him, and bowing before him, said to him, "Know, O king, that I am Pauraruchideva the hereditary warder of the emperor of the Vidyádharas, and I am come here to tender my services to you in that capacity." When Naraváhanadatta heard this, he looked at the face of Amitagati; and he said, "It is true, my liege:" so Naraváhanadatta gladly admitted the new-comer to the office of warder.

Then Dhanavatí, finding out by her power what had occurred, with his wives Vegavatí and the others, and her son Chaṇḍasinha, and king Pingalagándhára with Váyupatha, and Chitrángada with Ságaradatta, and Hemáprabha and the others came there, obscuring the sun with their armies; as if declaring beforehand that they would endure no fire and heat in their foes. When they arrived, they fell at the feet of that emperor, and he honoured them with a welcome as their rank deserved, but, out of great veneration, he himself fell at the feet of Dhanavatí, and she, being highly pleased, loaded that son-in-law of her's with blessings. And when he told the story of his obtaining magic powers, Chaṇḍasinha and the others were exceedingly gratified at their emperor's success.

And the emperor, seeing that his wives had arrived in his presence, said to Dhanavatí, "Where are my ministers?" And she answered him, "When they had been flung in all directions by Mánasavega, I saved them by the help of a mighty science, and placed them in different spots." Then he had them brought by a science incarnate in bodily form; and they came and enquired after his welfare and clung to his feet, and then he said to them, "Why and how and where have you spent so many days? Tell me one by one your marvellous tale." Then Gomukha told his story first.

*Gomukha's account of his adventures.*

When I was flung away by the enemy on that occasion, some goddess bore me up in her hands, and comforted me, and placed me in a distant forest, and disappeared. Then I was minded in my affliction to abandon the body by hurling myself from a precipice; but a certain ascetic came up to me and dissuaded me saying, "Do not act thus, Gomukha, you will again behold your master when he has gained his object." Then I said to him, "Who are you, and how do you know that?" He answered, "Come to my hermitage, and there I will tell you." Then I went with that man, who by his knowing my name had proved the greatness of his knowledge, to his hermitage, which was called S'ivakshetra. There he entertained me and told me his story in the following words:

*Story of Nágasvámin and the witches.*

I am a Bráhman named Nágasvámin, from a city called Kuṇḍina. When my father went to heaven, I went to Páṭaliputra, and repaired to a teacher named Jayadatta, to acquire learning. But in spite of all the teaching that I got, I was so stupid that I did not manage to learn a single syllable; so all the pupils there made game of me. Then, being the victim of contempt, I set out on a pilgrimage to the shrine of the goddess Durgá in the Vindhya mountains; and when I had got halfway I came across a city named Vakrolaka.

I went into that city to beg; and in one house the mistress gave me

with my alms a red lotus. I took it, and went on to another house, and there the mistress said to me, when she saw me, "Alas! a witch has secured possession of you. See! she has given you a man's hand,* which she has passed off on you for a red lotus." When I heard that, I looked myself, and lo! it was no lotus, but a human hand. I flung it away, and fell at her feet, and said, "Mother, devise some expedient for me, that I may live." When she heard this she said, "Go! in a village of the name of Karabha, three *yojanas* distant from this place, there is a Bráhman of the name of Devarakshita. He has in his house a splendid brown cow, an incarnation of Surabhi; she will protect you during this night, if you repair to her for refuge."

When she said this, I ran full of fear, and reached, at the close of the day, the house of that Bráhman in the village of Karabha. When I had entered, I beheld that brown cow, and I worshipped her and said, "Being terrified, goddess, I have come to you for protection." And just then, night having set in, that witch came there through the air with other witches, threatening me, longing for my flesh and blood. When the brown cow saw that, she placed me between her hoofs, and defended me, fighting against those witches all the livelong night. In the morning they went away, and the cow said to me with an articulate voice, "My son, I shall not be able to protect you the next night. So go on further; at a distance of five *yojanas* from this place there is a mighty Páśupata ascetic named Bhútiśiva, dwelling in a temple of S'iva in a forest. He possesses supernatural knowledge, and he will protect you for this one night, if you take refuge with him."

When I heard that, I bowed before her, and set out from that place; and I soon reached that Bhútiśiva, and took refuge with him. And at night those very same witches came there also in the very same way. Then that Bhútiśiva made me enter the inner apartment of his house,† and taking up a position at the door, trident in hand, kept off the witches. Next morning, Bhútiśiva, having conquered them, gave me food, and said to me, "Bráhman, I shall not be able to protect you any longer; but in a village named Sandhyávása, at a distance of ten *yojanas* from this place, there is a Bráhman named Vasumati: go to him: and if you manage to get through this third night, you will escape altogether."

When he said this to me, I bowed before him, and set out from that place. But on account of the length of the journey that I had to make, the sun set before I had reached my destination. And when night had set

* Compare Webster's play, The Duchess of Malfy, where the Duchess says
What witchcraft doth he practise, that he hath left
A dead man's hand here?

† I read *antargriham* as one word.

in, the witches pursued after me and caught me. And they seized me and went off with me through the air much pleased. But thereupon some other witches of great power flew past them in front. And suddenly there arose between the two parties a tumultuous fight. And in the confusion I escaped from the hands of my captors, and fell to the ground in a very desolate part of the country.*

And there I saw a certain great palace, which seemed to say to me with its open door, "Come in." So I fled into it bewildered with fear, and I beheld a lady of wonderful beauty, surrounded with a hundred ladies-in-waiting, gleaming with brightness, like a protecting herb† that shines in the night, made by the Creator out of pity for me. I immediately recovered my spirits and questioned her, and she said to me, "I am a Yakshiṇí named Sumitrá, and I am thus here owing to a curse. And in order that my curse may come to an end, I have been directed to marry a mortal: so marry me, as you have unexpectedly arrived here; fear not." When she had said this, she quickly gave orders to her servants; and she provided me, to my great delight, with baths and unguents, food and drink, and garments. Strange was the contrast between the terror caused by those witches and the happiness that immediately followed! Even fate itself cannot comprehend the principle that makes men fall into happiness or misery.

Then I remained there in happiness with that Yakshiṇí during those days; but at last one day she said to me of her own accord, "Bráhman, my curse is at an end; so I must leave this place at once. However, by my favour you shall have divine insight; and, though an ascetic, you shall have all enjoyments at your command, and be free from fear. But as long as you are here, do not visit the middle block of buildings of this palace of mine." When she had said this, she disappeared; and thereupon, I, out of curiosity, went up to the middle block of buildings, and there I saw a horse. I

* In the above wild story the hero has to endure the assaults of the witches on three successive nights. So in the story of the Headless Princess (Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales, p. 271) the priest's son has to read the psalter over the dead princess three nights running. He is hardest pressed on the last night; and on each occasion at day-break the "devilry vanished." In the same way in The Soldier's Midnight Watch (ib. p. 274) the soldier has three nights of increasing severity. So in Southey's Old Woman of Berkeley, the assaults continue for three nights, and on the third are successful.

† Kuhn in his Westfälische Sagen, Vol. II, p. 29, gives a long list of herbs that protect men from witches. The earliest instance in literature is perhaps that Moly,

"That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave."

See also Bartsch Sagen aus Meklenburg, Vol. II, p. 37.

went up to the horse, and he flung me from him with a kick; and immediately I found myself in this temple of S'iva.*

Since that time I have remained here, and I have gradually acquired supernatural powers. Accordingly, though I am a mortal, I possess knowledge of the three times. In the same way do all men in this world find successes beset with difficulties. So do you remain in this place; S'iva will bestow on you the success that you desire.

When that wise being had told me all this, I conceived hopes of recovering you, and I remained there some days in his hermitage. And to day, my lord, S'iva in a dream informed me of your success, and some heavenly nymph seized me up, and brought me here. This is the history of my adventures.

When Gomukha had said this, he stopped, and then Marubhúti began to tell his tale in the presence of Naraváhanadatta.

*Marubhúti's account of his adventures.*

When I was flung away on that occasion by Mánasavega, some divinity took me up in her hands, and placing me in a distant forest, disappeared. Then I wandered about afflicted and anxious to obtain some means of committing suicide, when I saw a certain hermitage encircled with a river. I entered it, and beheld an ascetic with matted hair sitting on a slab of rock, and I bowed before him and went up to him. He said to me, "Who are you, and how did you reach this uninhabited land?" Thereupon, I told him my whole story. Then he understood and said to me, "Do not slay yourself now! You shall learn here the truth about your master, and afterwards you shall do what is fitting."

In accordance with this advice of his I remained there, eager for tidings of you, my liege: and while I was there, some heavenly nymphs came to bathe in the river. Then the hermit said to me, "Go quickly and carry off the clothes of one of those nymphs bathing there;† and then

* See Vol. I, pp. 224 and 576, and p. 268 of the present volume. To the parallels quoted by Ralston may be added, Prym and Socin's Syrische Sagen, p. 116; Bernhard Schmidt's Griechische Märchen, p. 94; and Coelho's Contos Portuguezes, p. 63.

† Cp. Hagen's Helden-Sagen, Vol. II, pp. 341, 342. Here Hagen steals the clothes of some Meerweiber, who were bathing in the Danube; in this way he induces the elder of the two to prophesy the fate of himself and his companions at the court of Attila. In the Russian story of Vasilissa the Wise (Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales, p. 126,) the hero steals Vasilissa's shift. She promises to do him good service if he gives it back, which he does. She turned into a spoonbill and flew away after her companions. (See Ralston's remarks on p. 120.) We find the incident of stealing the robes of bathing nymphs in Prym and Socin's Syrische Sagen und Märchen, p. 116; in Waldau's Böhmische Märchen, p. 250; Weckenstedt's Wendische Märchen, pp. 119-130; Gonzenbach's Sicilianische Märchen, Part I, p. 31, (with Köhler's notes). In the above tales the dress stolen is what our great folk-lore authority terms a "plumage-robe."

you will learn tidings of your master. When I heard that, I did as he advised me, and that nymph, whose garments I had taken, followed me, with her bathing-dress dripping with moisture,* and with her arms crossed in front of her breasts.

That hermit said to her, "If you tell us tidings of Naraváhanadatta, you may have back your two garments." Then she said, "Naraváhanadatta is at present on mount Kailása, engaged in worshipping S'iva, and in a few days he will be the emperor of the Vidyádharas."

After she had said this, that heavenly nymph became, in virtue of a curse, the wife of that ascetic, having made acquaintance with him by conversing with him.† So the ascetic lived with that Vidyádharí, and on account of her prophecy I conceived the hope of being reunited with you and I went on living there. And in a few days the heavenly nymph became pregnant, and brought forth a child, and she said to the ascetic, "My curse has been brought to an end by living with you.‡ If you desire to see any more of me, cook this child of mine with rice and eat it; then you will be reunited to me?" When she had said this, she went away, and that ascetic cooked her child with rice, and ate it: and then he flew up into the air and followed her.

At first I was unwilling to eat of that dish, though he urged me to do so; but seeing that eating of it bestowed supernatural powers, I took two grains of rice from the cooking-vessel, and ate them. That produced in me the effect that wherever I spat, gold§ was immediately produced. Then I roamed about relieved from my poverty, and at last I reached a town. There I lived in the house of a *hetæra*, and, thanks to the gold I was able to produce, indulged in the most lavish expenditure; but the *kuttaní*, eager to discover my secret, treacherously gave me an emetic. That made me vomit, and in the process the two grains of rice, that I had

The Nereids in modern Greek stories are swan-maidens; see Bernhard Schmidt's Griechische Märchen und Sagen, p. 134. The subject of Swan-Maidens is thoroughly worked out by Baring Gould in his Curious Myths of the Middle Ages, New edition, pp. 561-578. See also Benfey's Panchatantra, Vol. I, pp. 263 and *ff.* He expresses his firm conviction that tales of this kind will be found in Indian collections.

* Or possibly, "clothed in moisture."

† The three India Office MSS. read *saṃstavád.*

‡ Cp. Vol. I, p. 250; and for what follows p. 230 of the same volume.

§ Cp. p. 8 of this volume and the note there. In Sagas from the Far East there is a story of a gold-spitting prince. In Gonzenbach's Sicilianische Märchen, Quaddaruni's sister drops pearls and precious stones from her hair whenever she combs it. Dr. Köhler in his note on this tale gives many European parallels. In a Swedish story a gold ring falls from the heroine's mouth whenever she speaks, and in a Norwegian story gold coins. I may add to the parallels quoted by Dr Köhler, No. 36 in Coelho's Contos Portuguezes, in which tale pearls drop from the heroine's mouth.

previously eaten, came out of my mouth, looking like two glittering rubies. And no sooner had they come cut, than the *kuṭṭaní* snapped them up, and swallowed them. So I lost my power of producing gold, of which the *kuṭṭaní* thus deprived me.

I thought to myself, "S'iva still retains his crescent and Vishṇu his *kaustubha* jewel; but I know what would be the result, if those two deities were to fall into the clutches of a *kuṭṭaní*.* But such is this world, full of marvels, full of frauds; who can fathom it, or the sea, at any time?" With such sad reflections in my bosom I went despondent to a temple of Durgá, to propitiate the goddess with asceticism, in order to recover you. And after I had fasted for three nights, the goddess gave me this command in a dream, "Thy master has obtained all he desires: go, and behold him;" upon hearing this I woke up; and this very morning some goddess carried me to your feet; this, prince, is the story of my adventures.

When Marubhúti had said this, Naraváhanadatta and his courtiers laughed at him for having been tricked by a *kuṭṭaní*.

*Hariśikha's account of his adventures.*

Then Hariśikha said;—On that occasion when I was seized by my enemy, some divinity saved me and deposited me in Ujjayiní. There I was so unhappy that I conceived the design of abandoning the body; so at night-fall I went into the cemetery and proceeded to construct a pyre with the logs there. I lighted it and began to worship the fire, and while I was thus engaged, a prince of the demons, named Tálajangha, came up to me, and said to me, "Why do you enter the fire? Your master is alive, and you shall be united with him, now that he has obtained the supernatural powers he desired." With these words, the demon, though naturally cruel, lovingly dissuaded me from death; even some stones melt when fate is propitious. Then I went and remained for a long time performing asceticism in front of the god; and some divinity has to-day brought me to your side, my liege.

Thus Hariśikha told his tale, and the others in their turn told theirs, and then, at the suggestion of Amitagati, king Naraváhanadatta incited the venerable Dhanavatí, adored by the Vidyádharas, to bestow all the sciences on those ministers of his also. Then all his ministers also became Vidyádharas; and Dhanavatí said, "Now conquer your enemies;" so on a fortunate day the hero gave orders that the imperial troops should march out towards the city of Gaurímuṇḍa, called Govindakúṭa.

* All the India Office MSS. read *'dyápi* for *yo 'pi* and two seem to read *ápátane*. I find *ápatana* in the Petersburg lexicon, but not *ápátana*. I have translated the passage loosely so as to make a good sense. The Sanskrit College MS. gives a reading which exactly suits my translation; *Sachandrárdhaḥ S'ivo 'dyápi Harir yaś cha sakaustubhaḥ Tattayorvedmi kuṭṭanyá gocharápatane phalam.*

Then the army of the Vidyádharas mounted up into the sky, obscuring the sun, looking like a rising of Ráhu out of due time chilling to the foe. And Naraváhanadatta himself ascended the pericarp of the lotus-chariot, and placed his wives on the filaments, and his friends on the leaves, and preceded by Chaṇḍasinha and the others, set out through the air to conquer his enemies. And when he had completed half his journey, he came to the palace of Dhanavatí which was called Mátangapura, and he stayed there that day, and she did the honours of the house to him. And while he was there, he sent an ambassador to challenge to the combat the Vidyádhara princes Gaurímuṇḍa and Mánasavega.

The next day he deposited his wives in Mátangapura, and went with the Vidyádhara kings to Govindakúṭa. There Gaurímuṇḍa and Mánasavega came out to fight with them, and Chaṇḍasinha and his colleagues met them face to face. When the battle began, brave warriors fell like trees marked out for the axe, and torrents of blood flowed on the mountain Govindakúṭa. The combat, eager to devour the lives of heroes, yawned like a demon of destruction, with tongues in the form of flexible swords greedily licking up blood.* That great feast of slaughter, terrible with the rhythmic clapping of hands on the part of Vetálas drunk with blood and flesh, and covered with palpitating corpses for dancers, gave great delight to the demons.

Then Mánasavega met Naraváhanadatta face to face in the conflict, and the prince himself rushed on him in wrath. And having rushed on him, that emperor seized the villain by the hair, and at once cut off his head with his sword. When Gaurímuṇḍa saw that, he too sprang forward in a fury, and Naraváhanadatta dragged him along by the hair, for the power of his science left him as soon as he saw the prince, and flung him on the ground, and seizing his legs whirled him round in the air, and dashed him to pieces on a rock. In this way he slew Gaurímuṇḍa and Mánasavega; and the rest of their army, being terrified,† took to flight. And a rain of flowers fell into the lap of that emperor, and all the gods in heaven exclaimed, "Bravo! Bravo!" Then Naraváhanadatta, with all those kings that followed him, entered the palace of Gaurímuṇḍa; and immediately the chiefs of the Vidyádharas, who were connected with Gaurímuṇḍa's party, came and submitted humbly to his sway.

Then Dhanavatí came up to that sovereign in the midst of the rejoicings on account of his having taken possession of his kingdom after slaying all his enemies, and said to him, "My liege, Gaurímuṇḍa has left a

* More literally "smeared with blood and relishing it." Böhtlingk and Roth seem to think *rasat* refers to some noise made by the swords.

† All the India Office MSS. read *bhítam* for the *bhímam* of Brockhaus's text.

daughter named Ihátmatiká, the belle of the three worlds; you should marry that maiden." When she said this to the king, he immediately sent for the girl, and married her, and passed the day very happily in her society.

The next morning he sent Vegavatí and Prabhávatí, and had Madanamanchuká brought by them from the town of Mánasavega. When brought, she looked upon that hero in his prosperity, who had destroyed the darkness of his enemies, with face expanded and wet with tears of joy; and at the end of her night of separation she enjoyed indescribable happiness, like a lotus-bed, the open flowers of which are wet with dew. Then he bestowed on her all the sciences, and having pined for her long, he exulted in the society of his beloved, who had thus in a moment attained the rank of a Vidyádharí. And in the garden of Gaurímuṇḍa's city he spent those days with his wives in the joys of a banquet. And then he sent Prabhávatí, and had Bhagírathayaśas also brought there, and bestowed on her the sciences.

And one day, as the emperor was sitting in his hall of audience, two Vidyádharas came and said to him with due respect, "Your majesty, we went hence, by the orders of Dhanavatí, to the northern division of the land of the Vidyádharas, to find out the movements of Mandaradeva. And there we, being ourselves invisible, saw that king of the Vidyádharas in his hall of audience, and he happened to be saying with regard to your Highness, 'I hear, that Naraváhanadatta has obtained the sovereignty over the Vidyádharas, and has slain Gaurímuṇḍa and the rest of his opponents; so it will not do for me to overlook that enemy; on the contrary, I must nip him in the bud.' When we heard that speech of his, we came here to tell you."

When the assembly of Naraváhanadatta's partizans heard this from the spies, they were all beside themselves with anger, and appeared like a lotus-bed smitten by the wind. The arms of Chitrángada, frequently waved and extended, seemed with the tinkling of their bracelets to be demanding the signal for combat. The necklace of Amitagati, rising up on his breast, as he sighed with anger, seemed to say again and again, "Rouse thyself, rouse thyself, hero." Pingalagándhára, striking the ground with his hand so that it resounded, seemed to be going through a prelude introductory to the crushing of his enemies. A frown took its seat upon the face of Váyupatha, looking like a bow strung by Fate for the destruction of his foes. Chaṇḍasinha, angrily pressing one hand against the other, seemed to say, "Even thus will I pulverize my enemies." The arm of Ságaradatta, struck by his hand, produced a sound that rang through the air, and seemed to challenge that foe. But Naraváhanadatta, though angry, was no whit disturbed; for imperturbability is the characteristic sign of the greatness of great ones.

Then he resolved to march forth to conquer his enemy, after obtaining the jewels essential to an emperor of the Vidyádharas. So the emperor mounted a chariot, with his wives and his ministers, and set out from that Govindakúṭa. And all his partizans, the kings of the Gandharvas and the chiefs of the Vidyádharas, accompanied by their armies, marched along with him, encircling him, as the planets do the moon. Then Naraváhanadatta reached the Himálayas, preceded by Dhanavatí, and found there a large lake. With its white lotuses like lofty umbrellas and its soaring swans like waving chowries, it seemed to have brought a present fit for a sovereign. With its lofty waves flung up towards him like beckoning hands at no great distance, it seemed to summon him again and again to take the bath which should ensure him supreme sovereignty. Then Váyupatha said to the king, "My emperor, you must go down and bathe in this lake;" so he went down to bathe in it. And a heavenly voice said, "None but an emperor can ever succeed in bathing in this lake, so now you may consider the imperial dignity secured to you."

When the emperor heard that, he was delighted, and he sported in the water of that lake with his wives, as Varuṇa does in the sea. He took pleasure in watching them with the moist garments clinging to their bodies, with the fastenings of their hair loosened, and their eyes reddened by the washing into them of antimony. The rows of birds, flying up with loud cries from that lake, appeared like the girdles of its presiding nymphs advancing to meet him. And the lotuses, eclipsed by the beauty of the lotus-like faces of his wives, plunged beneath the waves as if ashamed. And after bathing, Naraváhanadatta, with his attendants, spent that day on the bank of that lake.

There the successful prince, with his wives and ministers, spent his time in jocose conversation, and next morning he set forth thence in his chariot with his army. And as he was going along, he reached the city of Váyupatha, which lay in his way; and he stayed there a day to please him. There he fell in love with a maiden, that he came across in a garden, the sister of Váyupatha, by name Váyuvegayaśas. She, while amusing herself in a garden on the bank of the Hemabáluka* river, saw him arrive, and though in love with him, disappeared at once. Then Naraváhanadatta, supposing that she had turned her back on him for some reason other than the real one, returned with downcast face to his quarters. There the queens found out the adventure that had befallen the king by means of Marubhúti who was with him, (for Gomukha was too clever for them to try him,) and then they made all kinds of jokes at the king's expense, while Gomukha stood by ashamed at the indiscretion of Marubhúti.

* The word means "having sands of gold."

Then Gomukha, seeing the king out of countenance, consoled him, and, in order to ascertain the real sentiments of Váyuvegayaśas, went to her city. There Váyupatha saw him suddenly arrived as if to take a look at the city, and he lovingly entertained him, and taking him aside, said to him, "I have an unmarried sister named Váyuvegayaśas, and holy seers have prophesied that she is destined to be the wife of an emperor. So I am desirous of giving her as a present to the emperor Naraváhanadatta; pray do your best to bring about the accomplishment of my wish. And with this very object in view I was preparing to come to you." When the minister Gomukha had been thus addressed by Váyupatha, he said to him; "Although this prince of ours set out primarily with the object of conquering his enemies, still you have only to make the request, and I will arrange this matter for you." With these words Gomukha took leave of him, and going back informed Naraváhanadatta that he had gained his object without any solicitation.

And the next day Váyupatha came in person and requested the favour, and the sagacious Gomukha said to the king, "My prince, you must not refuse the request of Váyupatha; he is your faithful ally; your majesty should do whatever he asks." Then the king consented to do it; and Váyupatha himself brought his younger sister, and bestowed her on the emperor against her will. And while the marriage was being performed, she exclaimed, "Ye guardians of the world, I am being bestowed in marriage by my brother by force, and against my will, so I have not committed any sin thereby." When she said this, all the females belonging to Váyupatha's household made such a noise that no outsiders heard what she said. But the king was put out of countenance by her speech, so Gomukha was anxious to find some means of ascertaining its import, and he roamed hither and thither with that object.

And after he had roamed about awhile, he saw in a certain retired spot four Vidyádhara maidens preparing to enter the fire at the same time. And when he asked them the cause, those fair ones told him how Váyuvegayaśas had broken her solemn agreement. Then Gomukha went and told it to king Naraváhanadatta in the presence of all there, exactly as he had seen and heard. When the king heard it, he smiled, but Váyuvegayaśas said, "Arise, my husband, let us two quickly go and save these maidens; afterwards I will tell you the reason of this act of theirs." When she said this to the king, he went with her and with all his followers to the spot where the tragedy was to take place.

And he saw those maidens with a blazing fire in front of them; and Váyuvegayaśas, after dragging them away from it, said to the king, "This first here is Káliká, the daughter of the lord of Kálakúṭa, and this second is Vidyutpunjá, the daughter of Vidyutpunja; and this third is Matanginí,

the daughter of Mandara; and this fourth is Padmaprabhá the daughter of Mahádanshṭra; and I am the fifth; all we five, when we saw you performing asceticism in the domain of the Siddhas, were bewildered with love, and we made the following mutual agreement, 'We will all five* at the same time take this prince as our dear husband, and no one of us must surrender herself to him alone; if any one of us marries him separately, the others shall enter the fire to bring down vengeance on her who has been guilty of such treachery to friends.' It was out of respect for this agreement that I did not wish to marry you separately; indeed I did not even to-day give myself to you; you, my husband, and the guardians of the world can bear testimony as to whether even now I have broken this agreement willingly. So now, my husband, marry also those friends of mine; and you, my friends, must not let any other lot befall you."†

When she said this, those maidens, who had escaped from death, rejoiced and embraced one another; and the king was delighted in his heart. And the fathers of the ladies, hearing what had taken place, came there immediately, and bestowed their daughters on Naraváhanadatta. And those chiefs of the Vidyádharas, headed by the lord of Kálakúṭa,‡ agreed to accept the sovereignty of their son-in-law. Thus Naraváhanadatta obtained at one stroke the daughters of five great Vidyádharas, and gained great importance thereby.

And the prince remained there some days with those wives, and then his Commander-in-Chief Hariśikha said, "Why, my liege, though you are versed in the approved treatises on the subject, do you act contrary to policy? What means this devotion on your part to the pleasures of love, when it is time to fight? This raising of an expedition to conquer Mandaradeva, and this your dallying for so many days with your wives, are things wholly incompatible." When Hariśikha said this, the great king answered him, "Your reproof is just, but I am not acting for my own pleasure in all this; this allying of myself with wives involves the acquisition of friends; and is so the most efficacious method at present of crushing the foe; this is why I have had recourse to it. So let these my troops now advance to the conquest of the enemy!"

When the king had given this order, his father-in-law Mandara said to him, "King, that Mandaradeva lives in a distant and difficult country, and he will be hard for you to overcome until you have achieved all the

* The word *asmábhir* has been omitted in Brockhaus's text. It follows *panchabhir* in the three India Office MSS. and in the Sanskrit College MS.

† Two of the India Office MSS. have *bhávaníyam*. In the third the passage is omitted. But the text of Brockhaus gives a good sense.

‡ I read *prashṭhás* which I find in two of the India Office MSS. No. 1882 has *prasthás*.

distinctive jewels of an emperor. For he is protected by the cave, called the cave of Triśírsha,* which forms the approach to his kingdom, and the entrance of which is guarded by the great champion Devamáya. But that cave can be forced by an emperor who has obtained the jewels. And the sandal-wood tree, which is one of the jewels of an emperor, is in this country, so quickly gain possession of it, in order that you may attain the ends you have in view. For no one who is not an emperor ever gets near that tree."

Having heard this from Mandara, Naraváhanadatta set out at night, fasting and observing a strict vow, for that sandal-wood tree. As the hero went along, very terrible portents arose to bewilder him, but he was not terrified at them, and so he reached the foot of that mighty tree. And when he saw that sandal-wood tree surrounded with a lofty platform made of precious jewels, he climbed up to it with ladders and adored it. The tree then said to him with bodiless voice, "Emperor, thou hast won me the sandal-wood tree, and when thou thinkest on me, I will appear to thee, so leave this place at present, and go to Govindakúṭa; thus thou wilt win the other jewels also; and then thou wilt easily conquer Mandaradeva." On hearing this, Naraváhanadatta, the mighty sovereign of the Vidyádharas, said, "I will do so," and being now completely successful, he worshipped that heavenly tree,† and went delighted through the air to his own camp.

There he spent that night; and the next morning in the hall of audience he related at full length, in the presence of all, his night's adventure by which he had won the sandal-wood tree. And when they heard it, his wives, and the ministers who had grown up with him from infancy, and those Vidyádharas who were devoted to him, namely, Váyupatha and the other chiefs with their forces, and the Gandharvas, headed by Chitrángada, were delighted at this sudden attainment of great success, and praised his heroism remarkable for its uninterrupted flow of courage, enterprise, and firmness. And after deliberating with them, the king, determined to overthrow the pride of Mandaradeva, set out in a heavenly chariot for the mountain of Govindakúṭa, in order to obtain the other jewels spoken of by the sandal-wood tree.

* An epithet of S'iva.

† See Vol. I, pp. 153 and 575. *Cf.* also the story of Aschenkatze in the Pentamerone of Basile, Vol. I, p. 83; the Dummedhajátaka, Ed. Fausböll, Vol. I, p. 259; Preller Römische Mythologie, p 96; Kuhn, Westfälische Sagen, Vol. I, pp. 241, 242, 244, 245; Ovid's Metamorphoses VIII, 722-724, and 743 and *ff*; and Ralston's Tibetan Tales, Introduction, p. lii.

# BOOK XV.

## CHAPTER CIX.

May Gaṇeśa, who at night seems with the spray blown forth from his hissing trunk uplifted in the tumultuous dance, to be feeding the stars, dispel your darkness!

Then, as the emperor Naraváhanadatta was in his hall of audience on the mountain Govindakúṭa, a Vidyádhara named Amṛitaprabha came to him through the air, the same who had before saved him, when he was flung down by his enemy on the Mountain of Fire. That Vidyádhara came and humbly made himself known, and having been lovingly entertained by that emperor, said to him, "There is a great mountain named Malaya in the southern region; and in a hermitage on it lives a great hermit named Vamadeva. He, my liege, invites you to come to him alone for the sake of some important affair, and on this account he has sent me to you to-day. Moreover you are my sovereign, won by previous merits; and therefore have I come; so come along with me; let us quickly go to that hermit in order to ensure your success!"

When that Vidyádhara had said this, Naraváhanadatta left his wives and forces there, and himself flew up into the air with that Vidyádhara, and in that way quickly reached the Malaya mountain, and approached the hermit Vámadeva. And he beheld that hermit white with age, tall of stature, with eye-balls sparkling like bright jewels in the fleshless sockets of his eyes, the depository of the jewels of the emperor of the Vidyádharas, with his matted hair waving like creepers, looking like the Himálaya range accompanying the prince, to assist him in attaining success. Then the prince worshipped the feet of that sage, and he entertained him, and said to him, "You are the god of Love consumed long ago by S'iva, and appointed by him emperor of all the Vidyádhara chiefs, because he was pleased with Rati.* Now, I have in this my hermitage, within the deep recess of an inner cave, certain jewels, which I will point out to you, and you must seize them. For you will find Mandaradeva easy enough to conquer, after you have obtained the jewels; and it was with this object that I invited you hither by the command of Siva."

* The Sanskrit College MS. has Ratyá.

When the hermit had said this to him, and had instructed him in the right method of procedure, Naraváhanadatta joyfully entered that cave. In it the hero overcame many and various obstacles, and then he beheld a huge furious elephant charging him with a deep guttural roar. The king smote it on the forehead with his fist, and placed his feet on its tusks, and actively mounted that furious elephant. And a bodiless voice came from the cave, "Bravo, emperor! thou, hast won the jewel of the mighty elephant." Then he saw a sword looking like a mighty snake, and he fell upon it, and seized it, as if it were the locks of the Fortune of Empire. Again a bodiless voice sounded in the cave, "Bravo, conqueror of thy foes! thou hast obtained the victorious sword-jewel." Then he obtained the moonlight-jewel and the wife-jewel, and the jewel of charms, named the destroying charm. And thus having achieved in all seven jewels (useful in time of need, and bestowers of majesty,) taking into account the two first, the lake and the sandal-wood tree, he went out from that cave and told the hermit Vámadeva that he had succeeded in accomplishing all his objects.*

Then the hermit said lovingly to that emperor, "Go, my son, now that you have obtained the jewels of a great emperor, and conquer Mandaradeva on the north side of Kailása, and enjoy the glorious fortune of the sovereignty of both sides of that mountain." When the hermit had said this to him, the successful emperor bowed before him, and went off through the air with Amṛitaprabha. And in a moment he reached his camp on Govindakúṭa guarded by his mighty mother-in-law Dhanavatí. Then those kings of the Vidyádharas, that had sided with him, and his wives and his ministers, who were all watching for him, saw him, and welcomed him with delight. Then he sat down and they questioned him, and he told them how he had seen the hermit Vámadeva, and how he had entered the cave, and how he had obtained the jewels. Then a great festival took place there, in which celestial drums were joyfully beaten, and the Vidyádharas danced, and people generally were drunk with wine.

And the next day, in a moment in which a malignant planet stood in the house of his foe, and one which argued his own success† as a planet benignant to him, predominated over his enemy's house, and which was

* The seven jewels of the Chakravartin are often mentioned in Buddhist works. In the Mahávastu, p 108 (Ed. Senart) they are, chariot. elephant, horse, wife, householder, general. In a legend quoted by Burnouf (Introduction a l' Histoire du Buddhisme Indien, p 343) the same six are enumerated as "les sept joyaux." In both cases the sword is omitted. They are also described in the Mahá-Sudassana-Sutta translated by Rhys Davids in the eleventh volume of the Sacred Books of the East Series.

† For *átmasamarddhiná* the India Office MS. No. 1882 has *átmasamṛiddhiná*; No. 2166 has *samashṭiná*, and No. 3003 agrees with Brockhaus's text. So does the Sanskrit College MS.

fraught with every other kind of prosperity, Naraváhanadatta performed the ceremonies for good fortune, and ascended that car made by Brahmá, which S'iva had bestowed on him, and set out with his army through the air, accompanied by his wives, to conquer Mandaradeva. And various heroes, his followers, marched surrounding him, and kings of the Gandharvas and chiefs of the Vidyádharas, fearless and faithful, obedient to the orders of the general Hariśikha, and Chaṇḍasinha, with his mother the wise Dhanavatí, and the brave Pingalagándhára, and Váyupatha the strong, and Vidyutpunja and Amitagati, and the lord of Kálakúṭa, and Mandara, and Mahádanshṭra and his own friend Amṛitaprabha, and the hero Chitrángada with Ságaradatta,—all these, and others who were there of the party of the slain Gaurímuṇḍa, pressed eagerly after him, with their hosts, as he advanced intent on victory. Then the sky was obscured by his army, and the sun hid his face, as if for shame, somewhere or other, his brightness being eclipsed by the splendour of the monarch.

Then the emperor passed the Mánasa lake haunted by troops of divine hermits, and left behind him Gaṇḍaśáila the pleasure-garden of the nymphs of heaven, and reached the foot of mount Kailása gleaming white like crystal, resembling a mass of his own glory.* There he encamped on the bank of the Mandákiní, and while he was sitting there, the wise chief of the Vidyádharas, named Mandara, came up to him, and addressed to him the following pleasing speech, "Let your army halt here, king, on the bank of the river of the gods! It is not fitting that you should advance over this mountain Kailása. For all sciences are destroyed by crossing this dwelling-place of S'iva. So you must pass to the other side of the mountain by the cave of Triśírsha. And it is guarded by a king named Devamáya, who is exceedingly haughty; so how can you advance further without conquering him?" When Mandara said this, Dhanavatí approved it, and Naraváhanadatta waited there for a day.

While he was there, he sent an ambassador to Devamáya with a conciliatory message, but he did not receive the order it conveyed in a conciliatory spirit. So the next day the emperor moved out against Devamáya with all the allied kings prepared for battle. And Devamáya too, when he heard it, marched out towards him to give battle, accompanied by numerous kings, Varáha, Vajramushṭi and others, and followed by his army. Then there took place on Kailása a battle between those two armies, and while it was going on, the sky was obscured by the chariots of the gods who came to look on. Terrible was that thunder-cloud of war, awful with the dense hailstorm of many severed heads, and loud with the shouting of

* We have often had occasion to remark that the Hindu poets conceive of glory as white.

heroes. That Chaṇḍasinha slew Varáha the general of Devamáya, as he fought in the front rank, was in truth by no means wonderful; but it was strange that Naraváhanadatta, without employing any magic power, took captive Devamáya himself, when exhausted by the wounds he received from him in the combat. And when he was captured, his army was broken, and fled, together with the great champions Vajramushṭi, Mahábáhu, Tikshṇadanshṭra and their fellows. Then the gods in their chariots exclaimed, "Bravo! Bravo!" and all present congratulated the victorious emperor. Then that mighty monarch consoled Devamáya, who was brought before him bound, and welcomed him kindly, and set him at liberty. But he, having been subdued by the emperor's arm, humbly submitted to him, together with Vajramushṭi and the others.

Then, the battle having come to an end, that day passed away, and next morning Devamáya came to the place of audience, and stood by the side of the emperor, and when questioned by him about the cave of Triśírsha, which he wished to enter, related the following true history of it.

*History of the cave of Triśírsha.*

In old time, my liege, the two sides of mount Kailása, the north and the south side, formed different kingdoms, having been assigned to distinguished Vidyádharas. Then one, Ṛishabha by name, propitiated S'iva with austerities, and was appointed by that god emperor over both of them. But one day he was passing over Kailása to go to the northern side, and lost his magic science owing to the anger of S'iva, who happened to be below, and so fell from the sky. Ṛishabha again propitiated S'iva with severe asceticism, and the god again appointed him Supreme Sovereign of both sides; so he thus humbly addressed the god, "I am not permitted to pass over Kailása, so by what path am I to travel in order to be able to exercise my prerogatives on both sides of the mountain?" When S'iva, the trident-bearing god, heard this, he cleft asunder Kailása, and made this cave-like opening for Ṛishabha to pass to the northern side.

Then mount Kailása, having been pierced, was despondent, and addressed this petition to S'iva, "Holy one, this north side of me used to be inaccessible to mortals, but it has now been made accessible to them by this cave-passage; so provide that this law of exclusion be not broken." When S'iva had been thus supplicated by the mountain, he placed in the cave as guards, elephants of the quarters, mighty basilisks,* and Guhyakas; and at its southern opening he placed Mahámáya the Vidyádhara chief, and at its northern opening Kálarátri the invincible Chaṇḍiká.†

* See Sir Thomas Browne's Vulgar Errors, Book III, Chap. 7, Heliodorus, Aethiopica, III, 8.

† One of the S'aktis.

When S'iva had thus provided for the guarding of the cave, he produced great jewels, and made this decree with regard to the cave, " This cave shall be open at both ends to any one who has obtained the jewels, and is emperor over the Vidyádharas with their wives and their messengers,* and to those who may be appointed by him as sovereigns over the northern side of the mountain,—by these, I say, it may be passed, but by no one else in the world." When the three-eyed god had made this decree, Rishabha went on holding sway over the Vidyádharas, but in his pride made war on the gods and was slain by Indra. This is the history, my liege, of the cave, named the cave of Triśírsha; and the cave cannot be passed by any but persons like yourself.

And in course of time I Devamáya was born in the family of Mahámáya the keeper of the entrance of the cave. And at my birth a heavenly voice proclaimed, " There is now born among the Vidyádharas a champion hard for his foes to conquer in fight; and he, who shall conquer him, shall be emperor over them; he shall be the master of this child now born, and shall be followed by him as a lord." I, that Devamáya, have been now conquered by you, and you have obtained the jewels, and are the mighty sole emperor of both sides of mount Kailása,—the lord of us all here. So, now pass the cave of Triśírsha, and conquer the rest of your enemies.

When Devamáya had told the story of the cave in these words, the emperor said to him, " We will march now and encamp for the present at the mouth of the cave, and to-morrow morning, after we have performed due ceremonies, we will enter it." When Naraváhanadatta had said this, he went and encamped with all those kings at the mouth of the cave. And he saw that underground passage with deep rayless cavity, looking like the birthplace of the sunless and moonless darkness of the day of doom.

And the next day he offered worship, and entered it in his chariot, with his followers, assisted by the glorious jewels, which presented themselves to him, when he thought of them. He dispelled the darkness with the moonlight jewel, the basilisks with the sandal-wood tree, the elephants of the quarters with the elephant-jewel, the Guhyakas with the sword-jewel, and other obstacles with other jewels; and so passed that cave with his army, and emerged at its northern mouth. And coming out from the bowels of the cave, he saw before him the northern side of the mountain, looking like another world, entered without a second birth. And then a voice came from the sky, " Bravo, emperor! thou hast passed this cave by means of the majesty conferred by the power of the jewels."

* Two of the India Office MSS. and the Sanskrit College MS. read *cha chárāṇám* for *sadáráṇám*. This would mean, I suppose, that the cave might be passed by all the scouts and ambassadors of the Vidyádharas.

Then Dhanavatí and Devamáya said to the emperor, "Your Majesty, Kálarátri is always near this opening. She was originally created by Vishṇu, when the sea was churned for the nectar, in order that she might tear in pieces the chiefs of the Dánavas, who wished to steal that heavenly drink. And now she has been placed here by S'iva to guard this cave, in order that none may pass it, except those beings like yourself, of whom we spoke before. You are our emperor, and you have obtained the jewels, and have passed this cave; so, in order to gain the victory, you must worship this goddess, who is a meet object of worship."

In such words did Dhanavatí and Devamáya address Naraváhanadatta, and so the day waned for him there. And the northern peaks of Kailása were reddened with the evening light, and seemed thus to foreshadow the bloodshed of the approaching battle. The darkness, having gained power, obscured the army of that king, as if recollecting its animosity against him for his recent victory over it in its home the cave; an animosity which was still fresh and new. And goblins, vampires, jackals, and the sisterhood* of witches roamed about, as it were the first shoots of the anger of Kálarátri enraged on account of Naraváhanadatta having omitted to worship her. And in a moment the whole army of Naraváhanadatta became insensible, as if with sleep, but he alone remained in full possession of his faculties. Then the emperor perceived that this was a display of power on the part of Kálarátri, angry because she had not been worshipped, and he proceeded to worship her with flowers of speech.

"Thou art the power of life, animating all creatures, of loving nature, skilful in directing the discus to the head of thy foes; thee I adore. Hail! thou, that under the form of Durgá dost console the world with thy trident and other weapons streaming with the drops of blood flowing from the throat of the slain Mahisha. Thou art victorious dancing with a skull full of the blood of Ruru in thy agitated hand, as if thou wast holding the vessel of security of the three worlds. Goddess beloved of S'iva, with uplifted eyes, though thy name means the night of doom, still, with skull surmounted by a burning candle, and with a skull in thy hand, thou dost shine as if with the sun and moon."

Though he praised Kálarátri in these words, she was not propitiated, and then he made up his mind to appease her by the sacrifice of his head; and he drew his sword for that purpose. Then the goddess said to him, "Do not act rashly my son. Lo! I have been won over by thee, thou hero. Let this thy army be as it was before, and be thou victorious!" And immediately his army awoke as it were from sleep. Then his wives, and his companions, and all the Vidyádharas praised the might of that emperor. And the hero, having eaten and drunk and performed the necessary duties, spent

* Or possibly "Gaṇas (S'iva's attendants) and witches."

that night, which seemed as long as if it consisted of a hundred watches instead of three.

And the next morning he worshipped Kálarátri, and marched thence to engage Dhúmaśikha, who had barred his further advance with an army of Vidyádharas. Then the emperor had a fight with that king, who was the principal champion of Mandaradeva, of such a desperate character, that the air was full of swords, the earth covered with the heads of warriors, and the only speech heard was the terrible cry of heroes shouting, "Slay! slay!" Then the emperor took Dhúmaśikha captive in that battle by force, and afterwards treated him with deference; and made him submit to his sway. And he quartered his army that night in his city, and the host seemed like fuel consumed with fire, as it had seen the extinction of Dhúmaśikha's* pride.

And the next day, hearing from the scouts that Mandaradeva, having found out what had taken place, was advancing to meet him in fight, Naravánanadatta marched out against him with the chiefs of the Vidyádharas, determined to conquer him. And after he had gone some distance, he beheld in front of him the army of Mandaradeva, accompanied by many kings, attacking in order of battle. Then Naraváhanadatta, with the allied kings at his side, drew up his forces in an arrangement fitted to encounter the formation of his enemies, and fell upon his army.

Then a battle took place between those two armies, which imitated the disturbed flood of the ocean overflowing its banks at the day of doom. On one side were fighting Chaṇḍasinha and other great champions, and on the other Kánchanadanshṭra and other mighty kings. And the battle waxed sore, resembling the rising of the wind at the day of doom, for it made the three worlds tremble, and shook the mountains. Mount Kailása, red on one side with the blood of heroes, as with saffron paint, and on the other of ashy whiteness, resembled the husband of Gaurí. That great battle was truly the day of doom for heroes, being grimly illuminated by innumerable orbs of the sun arisen in flashing sword-blades. Such was the battle that even Nárada and other heavenly beings, who came to gaze at it, were astonished, though they had witnessed the fights between the gods and the Asuras.

In this fight, which was thus terrible, Kánchanadanshṭra rushed on Chaṇḍasinha, and smote him on the head with a formidable mace. When Dhanavatí saw that her son had fallen under the stroke of the mace, she cursed and paralysed both armies by means of her magic power. And Naraváhanadatta on one side, in virtue of his imperial might,† and on the

* Dhúmaśikha, literally the smoke-crested, means fire.

† I read *śaptrá* which I find in MSS. Nos. 1882 and 2196, the other has *śastrá*. I also find *cakravartibalád* in No. 1882, (with a short i,) and this reading I have adopted.

other side, Mandaradeva were the only two that remained conscious. Then even the gods in the air fled in all directions, seeing that Dhanavatí, if angry, had power to destroy a world.

But Mandaradeva, seeing that the emperor Naraváhanadatta was left alone, ran upon him with uplifted weapon. Naraváhanadatta, for his part, descended from his chariot, and drawing the sword which was one of his imperial jewels, quickly met him. Then Mandaradeva, wishing to gain the victory by magic arts, assumed by his science the form of a furious elephant maddened with passion. When Naraváhanadatta, who was endowed with pre-eminent skill in magic, saw this, he assumed by his supernatural power the form of a lion. Then Mandaradeva flung off the body of an elephant, and Naraváhanadatta abandoned that of a lion, and fought with him openly in his own shape.* Armed with sabres, and skilled in every elaborate trick and attitude of fence, they appeared like two actors skilled in gesticulation, engaged in acting a pantomime. Then Naraváhanadatta by a dexterous sleight forced from the grasp of Mandaradeva his sword the material symbol of victory. And Mandaradeva, having been thus deprived of his sword, drew his dagger, but the emperor quickly made him relinquish that in the same way. Then Mandaradeva, being disarmed, began to wrestle with the emperor, but he seized him by the ancles, and laid him on the earth.

And then the sovereign set his foot on his enemy's breast, and laying hold of his hair, was preparing to cut off his head with his sword, when the maiden Mandaradeví, the sister of Mandaradeva, rushed up to him, and in order to prevent him, said, "When I saw you long ago in the wood of ascetics, I marked you for my future husband, so do not, my sovereign, kill this brother of mine, who is your brother-in-law." When the resolute king had been thus addressed by that fair-eyed one, he let go Mandaradeva, who was ashamed at having been conquered, and said to him, "I set you at liberty; do not be ashamed on that account, Vidyádhara chief; victory and defeat in war bestow themselves on heroes with varying caprice." When the king said this, Mandaradeva answered him, "Of what profit is my life to me, now that I have been saved in war by a woman? So I will go to my father in the wood where he is, and perform asceticism; you have been appointed emperor over both divisions of our territory here. Indeed this occurrence was foretold long ago to me by my father as sure to take place." When the proud hero had said this, he repaired to his father in the grove of ascetics.

Then the gods, that were present in the air on that occasion, exclaimed,

The Sanskrit College MS. seems to have *śaptvá*. In sl. 119 I think we ought to delete the *ḥ* in *Sangrámaḥ*. In 121 the apostrophe before *gra-bhásvaraḥ* is useless and misleading. In 122 *yad* should be separated from *vismayam*.

* Cp. Vol. I, p. 343.

"Bravo! great emperor, you have completely conquered your enemies, and obtained sovereign sway." When Mandaradeva had gone, Dhanavatí by her power restored her own son and both armies with him to consciousness. So Naraváhana's followers, ministers and all, arose as it were from sleep, and finding out that the foe had been conquered, congratulated Naraváhanadatta their victorious master. And the kings of Mandaradeva's party, Kánchanadanshṭra, Aśokaka, Ráktáksha, Kálajihva and the others, submitted to the sway of Naraváhanadatta. And Chaṇḍasinha, when he saw Kánchanadanshṭra, remembered the blow of the mace, which he received from him in fight, and was wroth with him, brandishing his good sword firmly grasped in his strong hand. But Dhanavatí said to him, "Enough of wrath, my beloved son! Who could conquer you in the van of battle? But I myself produced that momentary glamour, in order to prevent the destruction of both armies." With these words she pacified her son and made him cease from wrath, and she delighted the whole army and the emperor Naraváhanadatta* by her magic skill. And Naraváhanadatta was exceedingly joyful, having obtained the sovereignty of the north side of Kailása, the mountain of S'iva, a territory now free from the scourge of war, since the heroes, who opposed him, had been conquered, or had submitted, or fled, and that too with all his friends unharmed. Then shrill kettle-drums were beaten for the great festival of his victory over his enemies,† and the triumphant monarch, accompanied by his wives and ministers, and girt with mighty kings, spent that day, which was honoured by the splendid dances and songs of the Vidyádhara ladies, in drinking wine, as it were the fiery valour of his enemies.

## CHAPTER CX.

Then, the next day, the emperor Naraváhanadatta, with his army, left that plateau of Kailása, and by the advice of king Kánchanadanshṭra, who shewed him the way, went to that city of Mandaradeva named Vimala. And he reached that city, which was adored with lofty ramparts of gold, and looked like mount Sumeru come to adore Kailása, and entering it, found that it resembled the sea in all but the presence of water, being very deep, characterized by unfailing prosperity,‡ and an inexhaustible mine of jewels.

* All the India Office MSS. and the Sanskrit College MS read *chakravarti* with a short i.

† The India Office MSS. Nos. 1882 and 2166 and the Sanskrit College MS. read *táratúryam*. It makes the construction clearer, but no material difference in the sense.

‡ Or adorned with Vishnu's Lakshmí. Here we have a pun, as she sprang from the sea.

And as the emperor was sitting in the hall of audience in that city surrounded by Vidyádhara kings, an old woman of the royal harem came and said to him, "Since Mandaradeva has gone to the forest, having been conquered by you, his wives desire to enter the fire; your Highness has now been informed and will decide upon the proper course." When this had been announced, the emperor sent those kings to them, and dissuaded them from suicide, and bestowed upon them dwelling-houses and other gifts, treating them like sisters. By that step he caused the whole race of the Vidyádhara chiefs to be bound to him with bonds of affection.

And then the grateful monarch anointed Amitagati, who had been designated beforehand by S'iva, king over the realm of Mandaradeva, since he was loyal and could be trusted not to fall away, and he placed under him the princes who had followed Mandaradeva, namely, Kánchanadanshṭra and his fellows. And he diverted himself there in splendid gardens for seven days, being caressed by the fortune of the northern side of Kailása, as by a newly-married bride.

And then, though he had acquired the imperial authority over the Vidyádhara kings of both divisions, he began to long for more. He set out, though his ministers tried to dissuade him, to conquer the inaccessible fields of Meru situated in the northern region, the home of the gods. For high-spirited men, though abundantly loaded with possessions, cannot rest without acquiring something still more glorious, advancing like blazing forest-fires.

Then the hermit Nárada came and said to the king, "Prince, what means this striving after things out of your reach, though you know policy? For one who out of overweening self-confidence attempts the impossible, is disgraced like Rávaṇa, who, in his pride, endeavoured to uproot Kailása. For even the sun and moon find Meru hard to overstep; moreover, S'iva has not bestowed on you the sway over the gods, but the sway over the Vidyádharas. You have already conquered the Himálayas, the home of the Vidyádharas, so what need have you of Meru the home of the gods? Dismiss from your mind this chimerical scheme. Moreover, if you desire good fortune, you must go and visit the father of Mandaradeva, Akampana by name, in the forest, where he is residing." When the hermit Nárada had said this, the emperor consented to do as he directed, and so he took leave of him, and returned whence he came.

And the politic emperor, having been advised by Nárada to relinquish his enterprise,* and remembering the destruction of Ṛishabha, of which he

* Herein he shewed himself wiser than king Mándhátar the hero of the first tale in Ralston's Tibetan tales. He connects it with No. 19 in Grimm's collection, and many other European stories. It is probable that the story of Naraváhanadatta's conquests is only another form of the tale of Mándhátar.

had heard from Devamáya, and having reflected over the matter in his own mind, gave up the idea, and went to visit the kingly sage Akampana in the grove of ascetics. And when he reached that ascetic grove, it was crowded with great sages, engaged in contemplation, sitting in the posture called *padmásana*, and so resembled the world of Brahmá. There he saw that aged Akampana, wearing matted hair and a deerskin, looking like a great tree resorted to by hermits. So he went and worshipped the feet of that ascetic, and that royal sage welcomed him and said to him, "You have done well, king, in coming to this hermitage, for if you had passed on neglectful of it, these hermits here would have cursed you."

While the royal sage was saying this to the emperor, Mandaradeva, who was staying in that grove of ascetics, having taken the vows of a hermit, came to his father, accompanied by his sister, the princess Mandaradeví. And Naraváhanadatta, when he saw him, embraced him, for it is fitting that truly brave men should show kindness to foes when conquered and pacified.

Then the royal sage Akampana, seeing Mandaradeví come with her brother, said to that emperor, "Here, king, is my daughter, Mandaradeví by name; and a heavenly voice said that she should be the consort of an emperor; so marry her, emperor, for I give her to you."

When the royal sage said this, his daughter said, "I have four companions here, of like age, noble maidens; one is a maiden called Kanakavatí, the daughter of Kánchanadanshṭra; the second is the daughter of Kálajihva, Kálavatí by name; the third is the offspring of Dírghadanshṭra named S'rutá; the fourth is the daughter of the king of Paunḍra, named Ambaraprabhá; and I am the fifth of those Vidyádhara maidens. We five, when roaming about, saw previously in a grove of ascetics this my destined husband, and setting our hearts on him, we made an agreement together that we would all, at one and the same time, take him for our husband, but that, if any single one married him alone, the others should enter the fire, and lay the guilt at her door. So it is not fitting that I should marry without those friends of mine; for how could persons like myself commit the outrageous crime of breaking plighted faith?"

When that self-possessed lady had said this, her father Akampana summoned those four Vidyadhara chiefs, who were the fathers of the four maidens, and told them exactly what had occurred, and they immediately thought themselves very fortunate, and brought those maidens their daughters. Then Naraváhanadatta married the five in order, beginning with Mandaradeví. And he remained there with them many days, worshipping the hermits three times a day, at dawn, noon, and sunset, while his attendants held high festival.

And Akampana said to him, "King, you must now go to the Ṛishabha

mountain for the great ceremony of your coronation," and thereupon Devamáya also said to him, "King, you must indeed do so, for the emperors of old time, Rishabhaka and others, were anointed* on that mountain." When Hariśikha heard that, he spoke in favour of Naraváhanadatta's being anointed emperor on the splendid mountain of Mandara, which was near; but then a voice came from heaven, "King, all former emperors went through the ceremony of their coronation on the Rishabha mountain; do you also go there, for it is a holy place."† When the heavenly voice said this, Naraváhanadatta bowed before the hermits and Akampana, and set out thence for that mountain on an auspicious day. And he reached that northern opening of the cave of Triśírsha, with many great chiefs of the Vidyádharas headed by Amitagati. There the emperor worshipped that Kálarátri, and entered the cave by that opening, and came out by the southern opening. And after he had come out with his forces, he rested, at Devamáya's request, in his palace for that day, together with his attendants.

And while he was there, he reflected that Śiva was near him on that mountain of Kailása, and he went of his own accord, with Gomukha, to visit the god. And when he reached his hermitage, he saw and adored the cow Surabhi and the sacred bull, and approached Nandin the door-keeper. And Nandin was pleased when the king circumambulated him, and opened the door to him, and then he entered and beheld Śiva accompanied by Deví. The god diffused gladness afar by the streams of rays from the moon on his crest, that seemed to dart hither and thither as if conquered by the splendour of Gaurí's face. He was playing with his beloved with dice, that, like eyes, were allowed at will to pursue their objects independently,—that, though under his command, were ever restlessly rolling. And when Naraváhanadatta saw that giver of boons, and that goddess the daughter of the Mountain, he fell at their feet, and circumambulated them three times. The god said to him, "It is well, my son, that thou hast come hither; for otherwise thou mightest have suffered loss. But now all thy magic powers shall ever be unfailing. So go thou to the Rishabha mountain, that holy place, and obtain there at once in fitting time thy great inauguration." When the emperor had received this command from the god, he hastened to obey it, exclaiming "I will do thy will," and bowed before him and his wife, and returned to that palace of Devamáya. The queen Madanamanchuká playfully said to him on his return, "Where have you been, my husband? You appear to be pleased. Have you managed to pick up here another set of five maidens?" When she made use of these playful taunts, the prince

* Of course in the original the word expresses the idea of sprinkling with water.

† It may possibly mean, "land of the Siddhas." In Chapter 107 the Siddhas are mentioned as directing Naraváhanadatta's devotions on their holy mountain.

gladdened her by telling her the real state of affairs, and remained with her in happiness.

And the next day, Naraváhanadatta, accompanied by a host of Gandharvas and Vidyádharas, making, as it were, a second sun in the heavens by his glorious presence, ascended his splendid car, with his wives and his ministers, and made for the Ṛishabha mountain. And when he reached that heavenly hill, the trees, like hermits, with their creepers like matted hair waving in the wind, shed their flowers before him by way of a respectful offering. And there various kings of the Vidyádharas brought the preparations for the coronation on a scale suited to the might of their master. And the Vidyádharas came to his coronation from all quarters, with presents in their hands, all loyal, terrified, vanquished or respectful.

Then the Vidyádharas said to him, "Tell us, king; who is to occupy half your throne, and to be anointed as queen consort?" The king answered, "The queen Madanamanchuká is to be anointed together with me;" and this at once set the Vidyádharas thinking. Then a bodiless voice came from the air, "Hearken, Vidyádharas! This Madanamanchuká is not a mortal; for she is Rati become incarnate, in order to be the wife of this your master, who is the god of Love. She was not born to Madanavega by Kalingasená, but, being of superhuman origin, was immediately substituted by the gods, who employed their deluding power, for the infant to which Kalingasená gave birth.* But the infant to which she gave birth, was named Ityaka, and remained at the side of Madanavega, having been assigned to him by the Creator. So this Madanamanchuká is worthy to share the throne of her husband, for S'iva long ago granted her this honour as a boon, having been pleased with her asceticism." When the voice had said so much, it ceased, and the Vidyádharas were pleased, and praised the queen Madanamanchuká.

Then, on an auspicious day, the great hermits sprinkled with water from many sacred bathing-places, brought in pitchers of gold, Naraváhanadatta seated on the imperial throne, while Madanamanchuká occupied the left half of it. And during the ceremony S'ántisoma the domestic chaplain was busily occupied, and the assembled cymbals of the heavenly nymphs resounded aloud, and the murmur made by Bráhmans reciting prayers filled the ten points of the sky. Strange to say! when the water, made more purifying by holy texts, fell on his head, the secret defilement† of enmity was washed out from the minds of his foes. The goddess of fortune seemed to accompany in visible presence that water of consecration, under the impression that it came from the sea, and so was a connexion of her own, and to join with it in covering the body of that king. A series of flower-

* See Vol. I, p 305.

† I read *vairamalaṃ*. The reading in Brockhaus's text is a misprint.

garlands flung by the hands of the nymphs of heaven, falling on him, appeared like the Ganges spontaneously descending on his body with a full stream. Adorned with red unguent and valour, he appeared like the sun in the glory of rising, washed in the water of the sea.*

And crowned with a garland of *mandára* flowers, resplendent with glorious raiment and ornaments, having donned a heavenly diadem, he wore the majesty of Indra. And queen Madanamanchuká, having been also anointed, glittered with heavenly ornaments at his side, like S'achí at the side of Indra.

And that day, though drums sounded like clouds, and flowers fell from the sky like rain, and though it was full† of heavenly nymphs like lightning gleams, was, strange to say, a fair one. On that occasion, in the city of the chief of mountains, not only did beautiful Vidyádhara ladies dance, but creepers shaken by the wind danced also; and when cymbals were struck by minstrels at that great festival, the mountain seemed to send forth responsive strains from its echoing caves; and covered all over with Vidyádharas moving about intoxicated with the liquor of heavenly cordials, it seemed to be itself reeling with wine; and Indra, in his chariot, having beheld the splendour of the coronation which has now been described, felt his pride in his own altogether dashed.

Naraváhanadatta, having thus obtained his long-desired inauguration as emperor, thought with yearning of his father. And having at once taken counsel with Gomukha and his other ministers, the monarch summoned Váyupatha and said to him, "Go and say to my father, 'Naraváhanadatta thinks of you with exceeding longing,' and tell him all that has happened, and bring him here, and bring his queens and his ministers too, addressing the same invitation to them." When Váyupatha heard this, he said "I will do so," and made for Kauśámbí through the air.

And he reached that city in a moment, beheld with fear and astonishment by the citizens, as he was encircled by seventy million Vidyádharas. And he had an interview with Udayana king of Vatsa, with his ministers

* *Cp.* Holinshed's account of Richard II's coronation. "The Archbishop, having stripped him, first anointed his hands, after his head, breast, shoulders, and the joints of his arms, with the sacred oil, saying certain prayers, and in the meanwhile did the choir sing the anthem, beginning 'Unxerunt regem Salomonem.' The above quotation comes from the Clarendon Press Edition of King Richard II, p. 137, *sub calcem.*

† I read *vritam* which appears to be the reading of the three India Office MSS. and of the Sanskrit College MS. It is clear enough in No. 2166. In śloka 85 I think that the reading of MS. No. 3003 *nánrityatkevalam yávad vátoddhútalatá api* must be something near the truth, as *yával* in Brockhaus's text gives no meaning. (The Sanskrit College MS. gives *Anrityannaiva vátena dhutá yával latá api.*) Of course the plural must be substituted for the singular. I have translated accordingly. Two MSS. have *valgad* for *vallad* in śl. 87.

and wives, and the king received him with appropriate courtesy. And the Vidyádhara prince sat down and asked the king about his health, and said to him, while all present looked at him with curiosity, "Your son Naraváhanadatta, having propitiated Śiva, and beheld him face to face, and having obtained from him sciences difficult for his enemies to conquer, has slain Mánasavega and Gaurímuṇḍa in the southern division of the Vidyádhara territory, and conquered Mandaradeva who was lord in the northern division, and has obtained* the high dignity of emperor over all the kings of the Vidyádharas in both divisions, who acknowledge his authority; and has now gone through his solemn coronation on the Ṛishabha mountain, and is thinking, king, with eager yearning of you and your queens and ministers. And I have been sent by him, so come at once; for fortunate are those who live to see their offspring elevate their race."

When the king of Vatsa heard Váyupatha say this, being full of longing for his son, he seemed like a peacock that rejoices when it hears the roaring of the rain-clouds. So he accepted Váyupatha's invitation, and immediately mounted a palanquin with him, and by the might of his sciences travelled through the air, accompanied by his wives and ministers, and reached that great heavenly mountain called Ṛishabha. And there he saw his son on a heavenly throne, in the midst of the Vidyádhara kings, accompanied by many wives; resembling the moon reclining on the top of the eastern mountain, surrounded by the planetary host, and attended by a company of many stars. To the king the sight of his son in all this splendour was a shower of nectar, and when he was bedewed with it, his heart swelled with joy, and he closely resembled the sea when the moon rises.

Naraváhanadatta, for his part, beholding that father of his after a long separation, rose up hurriedly and eager, and went to meet him with his train. And then his father embraced him, and folded him to his bosom, and he went through a second sprinkling,† being bathed in a flood of his father's tears of joy. And the queen Vásavadattá long embraced her son, and bathed him with the milk that flowed from her breasts at beholding him, so that he remembered his childhood. And Padmávatí, and Yaugandharáyaṇa, and the rest of his father's ministers, and his uncle Gopálaka, beholding him after a long interval, drank in with thirsty eyes his ambrosial frame, like partridges; while the king treated them with the honour which they deserved. And Kalingasená, beholding her son-in-law and also her daughter, felt as if the whole world was too narrow for her,

* Two of the India Office MSS. and the Sanskrit College MS. read *ásádya;* the line appears to be omitted in the third.

† An allusion to the sprinkling at his coronation. The king "put him on his lap."

much less could her own limbs contain her swelling heart. And Yaugandharáyaṇa and the other ministers, beholding their sons, Hariśikha and the others, on whom celestial powers had been bestowed by the favour of their sovereign, congratulated them.*

And queen Madanamanchuká wearing heavenly ornaments, with Ratnaprabhá, Alankáravatí, Lalitalochaná, Karpúriká, Sáktiyaśas and Bhagírathayaśas, and the sister of Ruchiradeva, who bore a heavenly form, and Vegavatí, and Ajinávatí with Gandharvadattá, and Prabhávatí and Átmaniká and Váyuvegayaśas, and her four beautiful friends, headed by Káliká, and those five other heavenly nymphs, of whom Mandaradeví was the chief,—all these wives of the emperor Naraváhanadatta bowed before the feet of their father-in-law the king of Vatsa, and also of Vásavadattá and Padmávatí, and they in their delight loaded them with blessings, as was fitting.

And when the king of Vatsa and his wives had occupied seats suited to their dignity, Naraváhanadatta ascended his lofty throne. And the queen Vásavadattá was delighted to see those various new daughters-in-law, and asked their names and lineage. And the king of Vatsa and his suite, beholding the godlike splendour of Naraváhanadatta, came to the conclusion that they had not been born in vain.

And in the midst of this great rejoicing† at the reunion of relations, the brave warder Ruchideva entered and said "The banqueting-hall is ready, so be pleased to come there." When they heard it, they all went to that splendid banqueting-hall. It was full of goblets made of various jewels, which looked like so many expanded lotuses, and strewn with many flowers, so that it resembled a lotus-bed in a garden; and it was crowded with ladies with jugs full of intoxicating liquor, who made it flash like the nectar appearing in the arms of Garuḍa. There they drank wine that snaps those fetters of shame that bind the ladies of the harem; wine, the essence of Love's life, the ally of merriment. Their faces, expanded and red with wine, shone like the lotuses in the lakes, expanded and red with the rays of the rising sun. And the goblets of the rosy hue of the lotus, finding themselves surpassed by the lips of the queens, and seeming terrified at touching them, hid with their hue the wine.

Then the queens of Naraváhanadatta began to show signs of intoxication, with their contracted eye-brows and fiery eyes, and the period of quarrelling seemed to be setting in;‡ nevertheless they went thence in

* I read *dṛishṭvá prabhuprasádáptadiryatrán* which I find in two of the India Office MSS. No 3003 has *prata* for *prabhu*.

† All the India Office MSS. read *sangamahotsare*. The Sanskrit College MS. reads *bandhúnáṃ sangamotsare*.

‡ Here Brockhaus supposes a lacuna.

order to the hall* of feasting, which was attractive with its various viands provided by the power of magic. It was strewed with coverlets, abounding in dishes, and hung with curtains and screens, full of all kinds of delicacies and enjoyments, and it looked like the dancing-ground of the goddesses of good fortune.

There they took their meal, and the sun having retired to rest with the twilight on the western mountain, they reposed in sleeping pavilions. And Naraváhanadatta, dividing himself by his science into many forms, was present in the pavilions of all the queens. But in his true personality he enjoyed the society of his beloved Madanamanchuká, who resembled the night in being moon-faced, having eyes twinkling like stars, and being full of revelry. And the king of Vatsa too, and his train, spent that night in heavenly enjoyments, seeming as if they had been born again without changing their bodies. And in the morning all woke up, and delighted themselves in the same way with various enjoyments in splendid gardens and pavilions produced by magic power.

Then, after they had spent many days in various amusements, the king of Vatsa, wishing to return to his own city, went full of affection to his son the king of all the Vidyádharas, who bowed humbly before him, and said to him, "My son, who, that has sense, can help appreciating these heavenly enjoyments? But the love of dwelling in one's mother-country naturally draws every man; † so I mean to return to my own city; but do you enjoy this fortune of Vidyádhara royalty, for these regions suit you as being half god and half man. However, you must summon me again some time, when a suitable occasion presents itself; for this is the fruit of this birth of mine, that I behold this beautiful moon of your countenance, full of nectar worthy of being drunk in with the eyes, and that I have the delight of seeing your heavenly splendour.

When king Naraváhanadatta heard this sincere speech of his father the king of Vatsa, he quickly summoned Devamáya the Vidyádhara prince, and said to him in a voice half-choked with a weight of tears, "My father is returning to his own capital with my mothers, and his ministers, and the rest of his train, so send on in front of him a full thousand *bháras*‡ of gold and jewels, and employ a thousand Vidyádhara serfs to carry it." When Devamáya had received this order given in kind tones by his master, he bowed and said, "Bestower of honour, I will go in person with my

* Literally "ground." No doubt they squatted on the ground at the feast as well as at the banquet; which preceded it, instead of following it, as in the days of Shakespeare.

† The king of Vatsa feels like Ulysses in the island of Calypso.

‡ A *bhára* is 20 tulás.

attendants to Kauśámbí to perform this duty." Then the emperor sent Váyupatha and Devamáya to attend on their journey his father and his followers, whom he honoured with presents of raiment and ornaments. Then the king of Vatsa and his suite mounted a heavenly chariot, and he went to his own city, after making his son, who followed him a long way, turn back. And queen Vásavadattá, whose longing regret rose at that moment with hundred-fold force, turned back her dutiful son with tears, and looking back at him, with difficulty tore herself away. And Naraváhanadatta, who, accompanied by his ministers, had followed his parents and elders, returned to that mountain of Ṛishabha with his eyes blinded with tears. There that emperor remained with his ministers, Gomukha and the rest, who had grown up with him from his youth, and with hosts of Vidyádhara kings, with his wives, and with Madanamanchuká at his side, in the perpetual enjoyment of heavenly pleasures, and he was ever free from satiety.

# BOOK XVI.

## CHAPTER CXI.

May Gaṇeśa protect you, the ornamental streaks of vermilion on whose cheeks fly up in the dance, and look like the fiery might of obstacles swallowed and disgorged by him.

While Naraváhanadatta was thus living on that Ṛishabha mountain with his wives and his ministers, and was enjoying the splendid fortune of emperor over the kings of the Vidyádharas, which he had obtained, once on a time spring came to increase his happiness. After long intermission the light of the moon was beautifully clear, and the earth, enfolded by the young fresh grass, shewed its joy by sweating dewy drops, and the forest trees, closely embraced again and again by the winds of the Malaya mountain, were all trembling, bristling with thorns, and full of sap.* The warder of Cupid, the cuckoo, beholding the stalk of the mango-tree, with his note seemed to forbid the pride of coy damsels; and rows of bees fell with a loud hum from the flowery creepers, like showers of arrows shot from the bow of the great warrior Eros. And Naraváhanadatta's ministers, Gomukha and the others, beholding at that time this activity of Spring, said to Naraváhanadatta; "See, king, this mountain of Ṛishabha is altogether changed, and is now a mountain of flowers, since the dense lines of forest with which it is covered, have their blossoms full-blown with spring. Behold, king, the creepers, which, with their flowers striking against one another, seem to be playing the castanets; and with the humming of their bees, to be singing, as they are swayed to and fro by the wind; while the pollen, that covers them, makes them appear to be crowned with garlands; and the garden made ready by spring, in which they are, is like the Court of Cupid. Look at this mango shoot with its garland of bees; it looks like the bow of the god of love with loosened string, as he reposes after conquering the world. So come, let us go and enjoy this festival of spring on the bank of the river Mandákiní where the gardens are so splendid."

* There is a play on words here. Sanskrit poets suppose that joy produces in human beings, trembling, horripilation, and perspiration.

When Naravâhanadatta had been thus exhorted by his ministers, he went with the ladies of his harem to the bank of the Mandákiní. And there he diverted himself in a garden resounding with the song of many birds, adorned with cardamom-trees, clove-trees, *vakulas*, *aśokas*, and *mandáras*. And he sat down on a broad slab of moonstone, placing queen Madanamanchuká at his left hand, accompanied by the rest of his harem, and attended by various princes of the Vidyádharas, of whom Chaṇḍasinha and Amitagati were the chief; and while drinking wine and talking on various subjects, the sovereign, having observed the beauty of the season, said to his ministers, "The southern breeze is gentle and soft to the feel; the horizon is clear; the gardens in every corner are full of flowers and fragrant; sweet are the strains of the cuckoo, and the joys of the banquet of wine; what pleasure is wanting in the spring? Still, separation from one's beloved is during that season hard to bear. Even animals* find separation from their mates in the spring a severe affliction. For instance, behold this hen-cuckoo here distressed with separation! For she has been long searching for her beloved, that has disappeared from her gaze, with plaintive cries, and not being able to find him, she is now cowering on a mango, mute and like one dead."

When the king had said this, his minister Gomukha said to him, "It is true, all creatures find separation hard to bear at this time; and now listen, king; I will tell you in illustration of this something that happened in S'rávastí."

*Story of the devoted couple, S'úrasena and Sushená.*†

In that town there dwelt a Rájput, who was in the service of the monarch, and lived on the proceeds of a village. His name was S'úrasena, and he had a wife named Sushená, who was a native of Málava. She was in every respect well suited to him, and he loved her more than life. One day the king summoned him, and he was about to set out for his camp, when his loving wife said to him, "My husband, you ought not to go off and leave me alone; for I shall not be able to exist here for a moment without you." When S'úrasena's wife said this to him, he replied, "How can I help going, when the king summons me? Do you not understand my position, fair one? You see, I am a Rájput, and a servant, dependent on another for my subsistence." When his wife heard this, she said to him with tears in her eyes, "If you must of necessity go, I shall manage to endure it somehow, if you return not one day later than the commencement of spring." Having heard

* For *anyonyasya* the three India Office MSS. and the Sanskrit College MS. read *anyasyástám*, which means, "Not to speak of other beings, even animals &c."

† This is only another form of the story on page 105 of Vol. I.

this, he at last said to her, "Agreed, my dear! I will return on the first day of the month Chaitra, even if I have to leave my duty."

When he said this, his wife was at last induced to let him go; and so S'úrasena went to attend on the king in his camp. And his wife remained at home, counting the days in eager expectation, looking for the joyful day on which spring begins, on which her husband was to return. At last, in the course of time, that day of the spring-festival arrived, resonant with the songs of cuckoos, that seemed like spells to summon the god of love. The humming of bees drunk with the fragrance of flowers, fell on the ear, like the twanging of Cupid's bow as he strung it.

On that day S'úrasena's wife Sushenά said to herself, "Here is that spring-festival arrived; my beloved will, without fail, return to-day. So she bathed, and adorned herself, and worshipped the god of Love, and remained eagerly awaiting his arrival. But the day came to an end and her husband did not return, and during the course of that night she was grievously afflicted by despondency, and said to herself, "The hour of my death has come, but my husband has not returned; for those whose souls are exclusively devoted to the service of another do not care for their own families." While she was making these reflections, with her heart fixed upon her husband, her breath left her body, as if consumed by the forest-fire of love.

In the meanwhile S'úrasena, eager to behold his wife, and true to the appointed day, got himself, though with great difficulty, relieved from attendance on the king, and mounting a swift camel, accomplished a long journey, and arriving in the last watch of the night, reached his own house. There he beheld that wife of his lying dead, with all her ornaments on her, looking like a creeper, with its flowers full blown, rooted up by the wind. When he saw her, he was beside himself, and he took her up in his arms, and the bereaved husband's life immediately left his body in an outburst of lamentation.

But when their family goddess Chaṇḍí, the bestower of boons, saw that that couple had met their death in this way, she restored them to life out of compassion. And after breath had returned to them, having each had a proof of the other's affection, they continued inseparable for the rest of their lives.

"Thus, in the season of spring, the fire of separation, fanned by the wind from the Malaya mountain, is intolerable to all creatures." When Gomukha had told this tale, Naraváhanadatta, thinking over it, suddenly became despondent. The fact is, in magnanimous men, the spirits, by being elevated or depressed, indicate beforehand the approach of good or evil fortune.*

* *Cp.* Hamlet Act V, Sc. II, l. 223; Julius Cæsar Act V, Sc. I, l 71 and *ff.*

Then the day came to an end, and the sovereign performed his evening worship, and went to his bedroom, and got into bed, and reposed there. But in a dream at the end of the night* he saw his father being dragged away by a black female towards the southern quarter. The moment he had seen this, he woke up, and suspecting that some calamity might have befallen his father, he thought upon the science named Prajnapti, who thereupon presented herself, and he addressed this question to her "Tell me, how has my father the king of Vatsa been going on? For I am alarmed about him on account of a sight which I saw in an evil dream." When he said this to the science that had manifested herself in bodily form, she said to him, "Hear what has happened to your father the king of Vatsa.

"When he was in Kauśámbí, he suddenly heard from a messenger, who had come from Ujjayiní, that king Chaṇḍamahásena was dead, and the same person told him that his wife the queen Angáravatí had burnt herself with his corpse. This so shocked him, that he fell senseless upon the ground: and when he recovered consciousness, he wept for a long time, with queen Vásavadattá and his courtiers, for his father-in-law and mother-in-law who had gone to heaven. But his ministers roused him by saying to him, 'In this transient world what is there that hath permanence? Moreover you ought not to weep for that king, who has you for a son-in-law, and Gopálaka for a son, and whose daughter's son is Naraváhanadatta.' When he had been thus admonished and roused from his prostration, he gave the offering of water to his father-in-law and mother-in-law.

"Then that king of Vatsa said, with throat half-choked with tears, to his afflicted brother-in-law Gopálaka, who remained at his side out of affection,† 'Rise up, go to Ujjayiní, and take care of your father's kingdom, for I have heard from a messenger that the people are expecting you?' When Gopálaka heard this, he said, weeping, to the king of Vatsa, 'I cannot bear to leave you and my sister, to go to Ujjayiní. Moreover, I cannot bring myself to endure the sight of my native city, now that my father is not in it. So let Pálaka, my younger brother, be king there with my full consent.' When Gopálaka had by these words shown his unwillingness to accept the kingdom, the king of Vatsa sent his commander-in-chief Rumaṇvat to the city of Ujjayiní, and had his younger brother-in-law, named Pálaka, crowned king of it, with his elder brother's consent.

"And reflecting on the instability of all things, he became disgusted

* See Vol. I, p. 441. Dante seems to have considered that dreams immediately before morning were true. See Inferno. XXVI, 7; and Purgatorio, IX, 13-18. Fraticelli quotes from Horace—

*Quirinus*
*Post mediam noctem visus cum somnia vera.*

† I read *párśvasthitam* for *pársvaśtham*. The former is found in the three India Office MSS. and in the Sanskrit College MS.

with the objects of sense, and said to Yaugandharáyaṇa and his other ministers, 'In this unreal cycle of mundane existence all objects are at the end insipid; and I have ruled my realm, I have enjoyed pleasures, I have conquered my enemies; I have seen my son in the possession of paramount sway over the Vidyádharas; and now my allotted time has passed away together with my connections; and old age has seized me by the hair to hand me over to death; and wrinkles have invaded my body, as the strong invade the kingdom of a weakling;* so I will go to mount Kálinjara, and abandoning this perishable body, will there obtain the imperishable mansion of which they speak.' When the ministers had been thus addressed by the king, they thought over the matter; and then they all and queen Vásavadattá said to him with calm equanimity, 'Let it be, king, as it has pleased your highness; by your favour we also will try to obtain a high position in the next world.'

"When they had said this to the king, being like-minded with himself, he formed a deliberate resolution, and said to his elder brother-in-law Gopálaka, who was present, 'I look upon you and Naraváhanadatta as equally my sons; so take care of this Kauśámbí, I give you my kingdom.' When the king of Vatsa said this to Gopálaka, he replied, "My destination is the same as yours, I cannot bear to leave you. This he asserted in a persistent manner, being ardently attached to his sister; whereupon the king of Vatsa said to him, assuming† an anger, that he did not feel, 'To-day you have become disobedient, so as to affect a hypocritical conformity to my will; and no wonder, for who cares for the command of one who is falling from his place of power.' When the king spoke thus roughly to him, Gopálaka wept, with face fixed on the ground, and though he had determined to go to the forest, he turned back for a moment from his intention.

"Then the king mounted an elephant, and accompanied by the queens Vásavadattá and Padmávatí, set out with his ministers. And when he left Kauśámbí, the citizens followed him, with their wives, children, and aged sires, crying aloud and raining a tempest of tears. The king comforted them by saying to them, 'Gopálaka will take care of you,' and so at last he induced them to return, and passed on to mount Kálinjara. And he reached it, and went up it, and worshipped S'iva, and holding in his hand his lyre Ghoshavatí, that he had loved all his life, and accompanied by his queens that were ever at his side, and Yaugandharáyaṇa and his other ministers, he hurled himself from the cliff. And even as they fell, a fiery chariot came and caught up the king and his companions, and they went in a blaze of glory to heaven."

* The word, which means "wrinkles," also means "strong."

† The three India Office MSS. read *kritvaiva* for *kritveva.*

When Naraváhanadatta heard this from the science, he exclaimed, "Alas! my father!" and fell senseless on the ground. And when he recovered consciousness, he bewailed his father and mother and his father's ministers, in company with his own ministers, who had lost their fathers.

But the chiefs of the Vidyádharas and Dhanavatí admonished him, saying, "How is it, king, that you are beside yourself, though you know the nature of this versatile world that perishes in a moment, and is like the show of a juggler? And how can you lament for your parents that are not to be lamented for, as they have done all they had to do on earth; who have seen you their son sole emperor over all the Vidyádharas?" When he had been thus admonished, he offered water to his parents, and put another question to that science, "Where is my uncle Gopálaka now? What did he do?" Then that science went on to say to the king,

"When the king of Vatsa had gone to the mountain from which he meant to throw himself, Gopálaka, having lamented for him and his sister, and considering all things unstable, remained outside the city, and summoning his brother Pálaka from Ujjayiní, made over to him that kingdom of Kauśámbí also. And then, having seen his younger brother established in two kingdoms, he went to the hermitage of Kaśyapa in the ascetic-grove on the Black Mountain,* bent on abandoning the world. And there your uncle Gopálaka now is, clothed with a dress of bark, in the midst of self-mortifying hermits."

When Naraváhanadatta heard that, he went in a chariot to the Black Mountain, with his suite, eager to visit that uncle. There he alighted from the sky, surrounded by Vidyádhara princes, and beheld that hermitage of the hermit Kaśyapa. It seemed to gaze on him with many roaming black antelope like rolling eyes, and to welcome him with the songs of its birds. With the lines of smoke ascending into the sky, where pious men were offering the Agnihotra oblations, it seemed to point the way to heaven to the hermits. It was full of many mountain-like huge elephants, and resorted to by troops of monkeys†; and so seemed like a strange sort of Pátála, above ground, and free from darkness.

In the midst of that grove of ascetics, he beheld his uncle surrounded by hermits, with long matted locks, clothed in the bark of a tree, looking like an incarnation of patience. And Gopálaka, when he saw his sister's son approach, rose up and embraced him, and pressed him to his bosom with tearful eyes. Then they, both of them, lamented their lost dear ones with renewed grief; whom will not the fire of grief torture, when fanned by the blast of a meeting with relations? When even the animals there

* Asitagiri.

† This passage is full of lurking puns. It may mean "full of world-upholding kings of the snakes, and of many Kapilas."

were pained to see their grief, Kaśyapa and the other hermits came up and consoled those two. Then that day came to an end, and next morning the emperor entreated Gopálaka to come and dwell in his kingdom. But Gopálaka said to him, "What, my child, do you not suppose that I have all the happiness I desire by thus seeing you? If you love me, remain here in this hermitage, during this rainy season, which has arrived."

When Naraváhanadatta had been thus entreated by his uncle, he remained in the hermitage of Kaśyapa on the Black Mountain, with his attendants, for the term mentioned.

## CHAPTER CXII.

Now, one day, when Naraváhanadatta was in the hall of audience on the Black Mountain, his Commander-in-chief came before him, and said, "Last night, my sovereign, when I was on the top of my house, looking after my troops, I saw a woman being carried off through the air by a heavenly being, crying out, 'Alas! my husband!' and it seemed as if the moon, which is powerful at that season, had taken her and carried her off, finding that she robbed it of all its beauty. I exclaimed, 'Ah villain! where will you go, thus carrying off the wife of another? In the kingdom of king Naraváhanadatta the protector, which is the territory of the Vidyádharas, extending over sixty thousand *yojanas*, even animals do not work wickedness, much less other creatures.' When I had said this, I hastened with my attendants and arrested that swift-footed* one, and brought him down from the air with the lady: and when we looked at him, after bringing him down, we found that it was your brother-in-law, the Vidyádhara Ityaka, the brother of your principal queen, born to Madanavega by queen Kalingasená. We said to him, 'Who is this lady, and where are you taking her?' and then he answered; 'This is Suratamanjarí the daughter of the Vidyádhara chief Matangadeva by Chútamanjarí. Her mother promised her to me long ago; and then her father bestowed her on another, a mere man. So, if I have to-day recovered my own wife, and carried her off, what harm have I done?' When Ityaka had said so much, he was silent.

"Then I said to Suratamanjarí, 'Lady, by whom were you married, and how did this person get possession of you?' Then she said, 'There is in Ujjayiní a fortunate king named Pálaka, he has a son, a prince named†

* For *supád* No 1182 reads *pumán* and No. 2166 *sumán*.

† Two of the India Office MSS. have *sunámávantivardhanaḥ* in sl. 13. In the third there is a lacuna.

Avantivardhana; by him I was married; and this night, when I was asleep on the top of the palace, and my husband was asleep also, I was carried off by this villain.' When she said this, I kept both of them here, the lady and Ityaka, the latter in fetters; it now remains for your majesty to decide what is to be done."

When the emperor heard this from his Commander-in-chief Hariśikha, he went in some perplexity to Gopálaka, and told him the story. Gopálaka said, "My dear nephew, I do not know about this; I know so much, that the lady was lately married to Pálaka's son; so let the prince be summoned from Ujjayiní, together with the minister Bharataroha; then we shall get at the truth." When the emperor received this advice from his uncle, he sent the Vidyádhara Dhúmaśikha to Pálaka his younger uncle, and summoned from Ujjayiní that prince, his son, and the minister. When they arrived and bowed before the emperor, he and Gopálaka received them with love and courtesy, and questioned them about the matter under consideration.

Then, in the presence of Avantivardhana, who looked like the moon robbed of the night,* of Suratamanjarí, her father, and of Ityaka, of Váyupatha and his peers, and the hermit Kaśyapa, and the men-at-arms, Bharataroha began to speak as follows, "Once on a time all the citizens of Ujjayiní met together and said to Pálaka the king of that city 'To-morrow the festival, called the giving of water, will take place in this city, and if your majesty has not heard the true account of the origin of this festival, please listen to it now.'"

*Story of king Chaṇḍamahásena and the Asura's daughter.*†

Long ago your father Chaṇḍamahásena propitiated the goddess Chaṇḍí with asceticism, in order to obtain a splendid sword and a wife. She gave him her own sword, and about a wife said to him, "Thou shalt soon slay, my son, the Asura called Angáraka, and obtain his beautiful daughter Angáravatí for a wife." When the king had been favoured with this revelation from the goddess, he remained thinking on the Asura's daughter.

Now, at this time, everybody that was appointed head police officer in Ujjayiní, was at once carried off by some creature at night and devoured. And this went on night after night. Then Chaṇḍamahásena roaming leisurely about the city at night, to investigate the matter for himself, found an adulterer. He cut off with his sword his oiled and curled head, and no sooner was his neck severed than a certain Rákshasa came and laid

* In Sanskrit the moon is masculine and the night feminine.

† This story is found in Vol I, pp. 69-71; where see notes. Some additional notes will be found on p. 572 of the same volume. *Cp.* also Schöppner, Sagen der Bayerischen Lande, Vol. I, p. 258.

hold of him. The king exclaimed, "This is the gentleman that comes and eats the heads of the police at night," and laying hold of that Rákshasa by the hair, he prepared to slay him.

Then the Rákshasa said "King, do not slay me under a false impression! There is another creature in this neighbourhood that eats the heads of the police." The king said, "Tell me! who is it?" and the Rákshasa continued, "There is in this neighbourhood an Asura of the name of Angáraka, whose home is in Pátála. He it is that eats your police-officers at the dead of night, O smiter of your foes. Moreover, prince, he carries off by force the daughters of kings from every quarter, and makes them attend on his daughter Angáravatí. If you see him roaming about in the forest, slay him, and attain your object in that way."

When the Rákshasa had said this, the king let him go, and returned to his palace. And one day he went out to hunt. And in the place where he was hunting he saw a monstrous boar, with eyes red with fury, looking like a piece of the mountain of Antimony fallen from heaven. The king said to himself, "Such a creature cannot be a real boar, I wonder whether it is the Asura Angáraka that has the power of disguising himself:" so he smote the boar with shafts. But the boar recked not of his shafts, and overturning his chariot, entered a wide opening in the earth.

But the heroic king entered after him, and did not see that boar, but saw in front of him a splendid castle. And he sat down on the bank of a lake, and saw there a maiden with a hundred others attending on her, looking like an incarnation of Rati. She came up to him and asked him the reason of his coming there, and having conceived an affection for him, said to him, looking at him with tearful eyes; "Alas! What a place have you entered! That boar that you saw, was really a Daitya, Angáraka by name, of adamantine frame and vast strength. At present he has abandoned the form of a boar and is sleeping, as he is tired, but when the time for taking food comes, he will wake up and do you a mischief. And I, fair sir, am his daughter, Angáravatí by name; and fearing that some misfortune may befall you, I feel as if my life were in my throat."

When she said this to the king, he, remembering the boon that the goddess Chaṇḍí had given him, felt that he had now a good hope of accomplishing his object, and answered her, "If you have any love for me, do this which I tell you: when your father awakes, go and weep at his side, and when he asks you the reason, say, fair one, 'Father, if any one were to kill you in your reckless daring, what would become of me?' If you do this, you will ensure the happiness of both of us."

When the king said this to her, she went, bewildered with love, and sat down and wept at the side of her father who had woke up; and when he asked her the cause of her weeping, she told him how she was afraid

that some one would slay him.* Then the Daitya said to her, "Why, who can slay me who am of adamantine frame? the only vulnerable and vital point I have is in my left hand, and that the bow protects." This speech of his was heard by the king, who was at the time concealed near.

Then the Daitya bathed and proceeded to worship S'iva. At that moment the king appeared with his bow strung, and challenged to mortal combat the Daitya, who was observing religious silence. The Daitya lifted up his left hand, his right hand being engaged, and made a sign to the king to wait a little. That very moment the king smote him in that hand, which was his vital point, with a well-aimed arrow, and the Daitya fell on the earth. And just before he expired, he said, "If that man who has thus slain me when thirsty, does not every year offer water to my *manes*, his five ministers shall perish." The Daitya being thus slain, the king took his daughter Angáravatí, and returned to this city of Ujjayiní.

"And after that king, your father, had married that queen, he used every year to have an offering of water made to the *manes* of Angáraka; and all here celebrate the feast called the giving of water; and to-day it has come round; so do, king, what your father did before you."

*Story of prince Avantivardhana and the daughter of the Mátanga who turned out to be a Vidyádharí.*

When king Pálaka heard this speech of his subjects', he proceeded to set going in that city the festival of the giving of water. When the festival had begun, and the people had their attention occupied by it, and were engaged in shouting, suddenly an infuriated elephant, that had broken its fastenings, rushed in among them. That elephant, having got the better of its driving-hook, and shaken off its driver, roamed about in the city, and killed very many men in a short time. Though the elephant-keepers ran forward, accompanied by professional elephant-drivers, and the citizens also, no man among them was able to control that elephant. At last, in the course of its wanderings, the elephant reached the quarter of the Chaṇḍálas, and there came out from it a Chaṇḍála maiden. She illuminated the ground with the beauty of the lotus that seemed to cling to her feet, delighted because she surpassed with the loveliness of her face the moon its enemy.† She looked like the night that gives rest to the eyes of the world, because its attention is diverted from other objects, and so it remains motionless at that time.‡

* So, in the story of Ohimé, No. 23, in Gonzenbach's Sicilianische Märchen, Maruzza says to Ohimé, "Tell me, dear master, if by ill luck any one wished to kill you, how ought he to set about it?" The Indian story is much less clumsy than the Sicilian, which is, no doubt, derived from it.

† The moon hates the *kamala* and loves the *kumuda*.

‡ I read *stimitasthiteḥ* which I find in MS. No. 2166, and in the Sanskrit College MS.

That maiden struck that mighty elephant, that came towards her, with her hand, on its trunk; and smote it with those sidelong looks askance of hers. The elephant was fascinated with the touch of her hand and penetrated with her glance, and remained with head bent down, gazing at her, and never moved a step.* Then that fair lady made a swing with her upper garment, which she fastened to its tusks, and climbed up and got into it, and amused herself with swinging. Then the elephant, seeing that she felt the heat, went into the shade of a tree; and the citizens, who were present, seeing this great wonder, exclaimed, "Ah! This is some glorious heavenly maiden, who charms even animals by her power, which is as transcendent as her beauty."

And in the meanwhile the prince Avantivardhana, hearing of it, came out to see the wonderful sight, and beheld that maiden. As he gazed, the deer of his heart ran into that net of the hunter Love, and was entangled by it. She too, when she saw him, her heart being charmed by his beauty, came down from that swing, which she had put up on the elephant's tusks, and took her upper garment. Then a driver mounted the elephant, and she went home, looking at the prince with an expression of shame and affection.

And Avantivardhana, for his part, the disturbance caused by the elephant having come to an end, went home to his palace with his bosom empty, his heart having been stolen from it by her. And when he got home, he was tortured by no longer seeing that lovely maiden, and forgetting the feast of the giving of water, which had begun, he said to his companions, "Do you know whose daughter that maiden is, and what her name is?" When his friends heard that, they said to him, "There is a certain Mátanga† in the quarter of the Chaṇḍálas, named Utpalahasta, and she is his daughter, Suratamanjarí by name. Her lovely form can give pleasure to the good‡ only by being looked at, like that of a pictured beauty, but cannot be touched without pollution." When the prince heard that from his friends, he said to them, "I do not think she can be the daughter of a Mátanga, she is certainly some heavenly maiden; for a Chaṇḍála maiden would never possess such a beautiful form. Lovely as she is, if she does not become my wife, what is the profit of my life?" So the prince continued to say, and his ministers could not check him, but he was exceedingly afflicted with the fire of separation from her.

* *Cp.* Vol. I, p. 328 and *ff.* The story in the Gesta Romanorum to which reference is there made, bears a close resemblance to the present story; but in the present case it appears as if beauty had more to do with fascinating the elephant than modesty.

† The Petersburg lexicographers explain this as a Chaṇḍála, a man of the lowest rank, a kind of Kiráta.

‡ The word "good" is used in a sense approximating to that in which it is used by Theognis, and the patricians in Coriolanus.

Then queen Avantivatí and king Pálaka, his parents, having heard that, were for a long time quite bewildered. The queen said, "How comes it that our son, though born in a royal family, has fallen in love with a girl of the lowest* caste?" Then king Pálaka said, "Since the heart of our son is thus inclined, it is clear that she is really a girl of another caste, who for some reason or other has fallen among the Mátangas. The minds of the good tell them by inclination or aversion what to do and what to avoid. In illustration of this, queen, listen to the following tale, if you have not already heard it."

*Story of the young Chaṇḍála who married the daughter of king Prasenajit.*†

Long ago king Prasenajit, in a city named Supratishṭhita, had a very beautiful daughter named Kurangí. One day she went out into the garden, and an elephant, that had broken from its fastenings, charged her, and flung her up on his tusks litter and all. Her attendants dispersed shrieking, but a young Chaṇḍála snatched up a sword and ran towards the elephant. The brave fellow cut off the trunk of that great elephant with a sword-stroke, and killed it, and so delivered the princess. Then her retinue came together again, and she returned to her palace with her heart captivated by the great courage and striking good looks of the young Chaṇḍála. And she remained in a state of despondency at being separated from him, saying to herself, "Either I must have that man who delivered me from the elephant for a husband, or I must die."

The young Chaṇḍála, for his part, went home slowly, and having his mind captivated by the princess, was tortured by thinking on her. He said to himself, "What a vast gulf is fixed between me, a man of the lowest caste, and that princess! How can a crow and a female swan ever unite? The idea is so ridiculous that I cannot mention it or consider it, so, in this difficulty, death is my only resource." After the young man had gone through these reflections, he went at night to the cemetery, and bathed, and made a pyre, and lighting the flame thus prayed to it, "O thou purifying fire, Soul of the Universe, may that princess be my wife hereafter in a future birth, in virtue of this offering up of myself as a sacrifice to thee!" When he had said this, he prepared to fling himself into the fire, but the Fire-god, pleased with him, appeared in visible shape before him, and said to him, "Do not act rashly, for she shall be thy wife, for thou art not a Chaṇḍála by birth, and what thou art I will tell thee, listen!

* I read *antyajám* which I find in two of the Indian Office MSS. and the Sanskrit College MS. In No 3003 there is, apparently, a lacuna.

† *Cp.* the Sigálajátaka, Fausböll, Vol. II, p. 5. A barber's son dies of love for a Lichchhavi maiden. The Buddha then tells the story of a jackal whose love for a lioness cost him his life.

"There is in this city a distinguished Bráhman of the name of Kapilaśarman; in his fire-chamber I dwell in visible bodily shape. One day his maiden daughter came near me, and smitten with her beauty, I made her my wife, inducing her to forego her objections by promising her immunity from disgrace. And thou, my son, wert immediately born to her by virtue of my power, and she thereupon, out of shame, flung thee away in the open street; there thou wast found by some Chaṇḍálas and reared on goat's milk.* So thou art my son, born to me by a Bráhman lady. Therefore thou canst not be deemed impure, as thou art my son; and thou shalt obtain that princess Kurangí for a wife."

When the god of fire had said this, he disappeared, and the Mátanga's adopted child was delighted, and conceived hope, and so went home. Then king Prasenajit, having been urged by the god in a dream, investigated the case, and finding out the truth, gave his daughter to the son of the Fire-god.

"Thus, queen, there are always to be found heavenly beings in disguise upon the earth, and you may be assured Suratamanjarí is not a woman of the lowest caste, but a celestial nymph. For such a pearl, as she is, must belong to some other race than that of the Mátangas, and without doubt she was the beloved of my son in a former birth, and this is proved by his falling in love with her at first sight." When king Pálaka said this in our presence, I proceeded to relate the following story about a man of the fisher-caste.

*Story of the young fisherman who married a princess.*

Long ago there lived in Rájagṛiha a king named Malayasinha, and he had a daughter named Máyávatí of matchless beauty. One day a young man of the fisher-caste, named Suprahára, who was in the bloom of youth and good looks, saw her as she was amusing herself in a spring-garden. The moment he saw her, he was overpowered by love; for destiny never considers whether a union is possible or impossible. So he went home, and abandoning his occupation of catching fish, he took to his bed, and refused to eat, thinking only on the prin-

* Compare the story of the birth of Servius Tullius, as told by Ovid. The following are Ovid's lines:

Namque pater Tulli Vulcanus, Ocresia mater
Præsignis facie Corniculana fuit.
Hanc secum Tanaquil sacris de more peractis
Jussit in ornatum fundere vina focum.
Hic inter cineres obscœni forma virilis
Aut fuit aut visa est, sed fuit illa magis.
Jussa loco captiva sedet. Conceptus ab illa
Servius a cælo semina gentis habet.

cess. And when persistently questioned, he told his wish to his mother named Rakshitiká, and she said to her son, "My son, abandon your despondency, and take food; I will certainly compass this your end for you by my ingenuity."

When she said this to him, he was consoled, and cherished hopes, and took food; and his mother went to the palace of the princess with fish from the lake.* There that fisher-wife was announced by the maids, and went in, on the pretext of paying her respects, and gave the princess that present of fish. And in this way she came regularly day after day, and made the princess a present, and so gained her goodwill, and made her desirous of speaking. And the pleased princess said to the fisher-wife, "Tell me what you wish me to do; I will do it, though it be ever so difficult."

Then the fisher-wife begged that her boldness might be pardoned, and said in secret to the princess, "Royal lady, my son has seen you in a garden, and is tortured by the thought that he cannot be near you; and I can only manage to prevent his committing suicide by holding out hopes to him; so, if you feel any pity for me, restore my son to life by touching him." When the princess was thus entreated by the fisher-wife, hesitating between shame and a desire to oblige, after reflection, she said to her, "Bring your son to my palace secretly at night." When the fisher-wife heard this, she went in high spirits to her son.

And when night came, she deliberately adorned her son as well as she could, and brought him to the private apartments of the princess. There the princess took Suprahára, who had pined for her so long, by the hand, and affectionately welcomed him, and made him lie down on a sofa, and comforted him whose limbs were withered by the fire of separation, by shampooing him with her hand, the touch of which was cool as sandal-wood. And the fisher-boy was thereby, as it were, bedewed with nectar, and thinking that after long waiting he had attained his desire, he took his rest, and was suddenly seized by sleep. And when he was asleep, the princess escaped, and slept in another room, having thus pleased the fisher-boy, and having avoided being disgraced through him.

Then that son of the fisher-folk woke up, owing to the cessation of the touch of her hand, and not seeing his beloved, who had thus come within his grasp, and again vanished, like a pot of treasure in the case of a very poor man, who is despondent for its loss, he was reft of all hope, and his breath at once left his body. When the princess found that out, she came there, and blamed herself, and made up her mind to ascend the funeral pyre with him next morning.

* All the India Office MSS. and the Sanskrit College MS. read *hṛidyán* "delicious fish."

Then her father, king Malayasinha, heard of it, and came there, and finding that she could not be turned from her resolve, he rinsed his mouth, and spake this speech; "If I am really devoted to the three-eyed god of gods, tell me, ye guardians of the world, what it is my duty to do." When the king said this, a heavenly voice answered him, "Thy daughter was in a former life the wife of this son of the fisher-folk.

"For, long ago, there lived in a village, called Nágasthala, a virtuous Bráhman of the name of Baladhara, the son of Mahídhara. When his father had gone to heaven, he was robbed of his wealth by his relations, and being disgusted with the world, he went with his wife to the bank of the Ganges. While he was remaining there without food, in order to abandon the body, he saw some fishermen eating fish, and his hunger made him long for it in his heart. So he died with his mind polluted by that desire, but his wife kept her aspirations pure, and continuing firm in penance, followed him in death.*

"That very Bráhman, owing to that pollution of his desires, has been born in the fisher-caste. But his wife, who remained firm in her asceticism, has been born as thy daughter, O king. So let this blameless daughter of thine, by the gift of half her life,† raise up this dead youth, who was her husband in a former life. For, owing to the might of her asceticism, this youth, who was thus purified by the splendour of that holy bathing-place, shall become thy son-in-law, and a king."

When the king had been thus addressed by the divine voice, he gave his daughter in marriage to that youth Suprahára, who recovered his life by the gift of half hers. And Suprahára became a king by means of the land, elephants, horses, and jewels, which his father-in-law gave him, and, having obtained his daughter as a wife, lived the life of a successful man.

"In this way a connexion in a former birth usually produces affection in embodied beings; moreover, in illustration of this truth, listen to the following story about a thief."

*Story of the Merchant's daughter who fell in love with a thief.*‡

In Ayodhyá there lived of old time a king named Vírabáhu, who always protected his subjects as if they were his own children. And one day the citizens of his capital came to him and said, "King, some thieves plunder this city every night, and though we keep awake for the purpose, we cannot

* See Vol. I, p. 241.

† See Vol. I, p. 98. In śloka 143 the India Office MSS. Nos. 2166 and 1882 and the Sanskrit College MS give *pramayát* for *prabhayá*. I suppose it means "from dying in that holy place."

‡ This is another version of the story which begins on page 297 of this volume. I have not omitted it, as my object is to reproduce the original faithfully, with the exception of a few passages repugnant to modern European taste.

detect them." When the king heard that, he placed scouts in the city at night to keep watch. But they did not catch the thieves and the mischief did not abate. Accordingly the king went out himself at night to investigate the matter.

And as he was wandering about in every direction, alone, sword in hand, he saw a man going along on the top of the rampart; he seemed to tread lightly out of fear; his eyes rolled rapidly like those of a crow; and he looked round like a lion, frequently turning his neck. He was rendered visible by the steel-gleams that flashed from his naked sword, which seemed like binding ropes sent forth to steal those jewels which men call stars.* And the king said to himself; "I am quite certain that this man is a thief; no doubt he sallies out alone and plunders this my city."

Having come to this conclusion, the wily monarch went up to the thief; and the thief said to him with some trepidation, "Who are you, Sir?" Then the king said to him, "I am a desperate robber, whose many vices make him hard to keep;† tell me in turn, who you are." The thief answered, "I am a robber, that goes out to plunder alone; and I have great wealth; so come to my house: I will satisfy your longing for riches." When the thief made him this promise, the king said, "So be it," and went with him to his dwelling, which was in an underground excavation. It was inhabited by beautiful women, it gleamed with many jewels, it was full of ever new delights, and seemed like the city of the snakes.‡ Then the thief went into the inner chamber of his dwelling, and the king remained in the outer room; and while he was there, a female servant, compassionating him, came and said to him, "What kind of place have you entered? Leave it at once, for this man is a treacherous assassin, and as he goes on his expeditions alone, will be sure to murder you, to prevent his secrets being divulged."§ When the king heard that, he went out at once, and quickly repaired to his palace; and summoning his commander-in-chief, returned with his troops. And he came and surrounded the thief's dwelling, and made the bravest men enter it, and so brought the thief back a prisoner, and carried off all his wealth.

* I read *iva serana*: I suppose *serana* comes from *si*. Dr. Kern would read *ahrasva-sana*: (the former word hesitatingly). But *iva* is required. *Prerana* would make a kind of sense. See Taranga 43, śl. 26, a. The śloka is omitted in all the three India Office MSS. and in the Sanskrit College MS.

† The Petersburg lexicographers translate *durbharah* by *Schwer beladen*. I think it means that the supposed thief had many costly vices, which he could not gratify without stealing. Of course it applies to the king in a milder sense.

‡ In the realms below the earth.

§ I read after Dr. Kern *viśvastaghátakah* a slayer of those who confide in him. I also read *kvási* for *kvápi*; as the three India Office MSS. give *kvási*.

When the night had come to an end, the king ordered his execution; and he was led off to the place of execution through the middle of the market. And as he was being led along through that part of the town, a merchant's daughter saw him, and fell in love with him at first sight, and she immediately said to her father, "Know that if this man, who is being led off to execution preceded by the drum of death, does not become my husband, I shall die myself."

Then her father, seeing that she could not be dissuaded from her resolution, went and tried to induce the king to spare that thief's life by offering ten millions of coins. But the king, instead of sparing the thief's life, ordered him to be immediately impaled,* and was very angry with the merchant. Then the merchant's daughter, whose name was Vámadattá, took the corpse of that robber, and out of love for him entered the fire with it.

"So, you see, creatures are completely dependent upon connexions in previous births, and this being the case, who can avoid a destiny that is fated to him, and who can prevent such a destiny's befalling anybody? Therefore, king, it is clear that this Suratamanjarí is some excellent being that was the wife of your son Avantivardhana in a previous birth, and is therefore destined to be his wife again; otherwise how could such a high-born prince have formed such an attachment for her, a woman of the Mátanga caste? So let this Mátanga, her father Utpalahasta, be asked to give the prince his daughter; and let us see what he says."

When I had said this to king Pálaka, he at once sent messengers to Utpalahasta to ask for his daughter. And the Mátanga, when entreated by those messengers to give her in marriage, answered them, "I approve of this alliance, but I must give my daughter Suratamanjarí to the man who makes eighteen thousand of the Bráhmans, that dwell in this city, eat in my house." When the messengers heard this speech of the Mátanga's, that contained a solemn promise, they went back and reported it faithfully to king Pálaka.

Thinking that there was some reason for this,† the king called together all the Bráhmans in the city of Ujjayiní, and telling them the whole story, said to them, "So you must eat here in the house of the Mátanga Utpalahasta, eighteen thousand of you; I will not have it otherwise." When the Bráhmans had been thus commanded by the king, being at the same time afraid of touching the food of a Chaṇḍála, and therefore at a loss what to do, they went to the shrine of Mahákála and performed self-torture. Then the god S'iva, who was present there in the form of Mahákála, com-

* The three India Office MSS. give *tu* for *taṃ*.

† I take *sakáranam* as one word.

manded those Bráhmans in a dream, saying, "Eat food here in the house of the Mátanga Utpalahasta, for he is a Vidyádhara; neither he nor his family are Chaṇḍálas." Then those Bráhmans rose up and went to the king, and told him the dream, and went on to say, "So let this Utpalahasta cook pure food for us in some place outside the quarter of the Chaṇḍálas, and then we will eat it at his hands." When the king heard this, he had another house made for Utpalahasta, and being highly delighted, he had food cooked for him there by pure cooks: and then eighteen thousand Bráhmans ate there, while Utpalahasta stood in front of them, bathed, and clothed in a pure garment.

And after they had eaten, Utpalahasta came to king Pálaka, in the presence of his subjects, and bowing before him, said to him, "There was an influential prince of the Vidyádharas, named Gaurímuṇḍa; I was a dependent of his, named Matangadeva; and when, king, that daughter of mine Suratamanjarí had been born, Gaurímuṇḍa secretly said to me, 'The gods assert that this son of the king of Vatsa, who is called Naraváhana-datta, is to be our emperor: so go quickly, and kill that foe of ours by means of your magic power, before he has attained the dignity of emperor.'

"When the wicked Gaurímuṇḍa had sent me on this errand, I went to execute it, and while going along through the air, I saw S'iva in front of me. The god, being displeased, made an angry roar, and immediately pronounced on me this curse, 'How is it, villain, that thou dost plot evil against a noble-minded man? So go, wicked one, and fall with this same body of thine into the midst of the Chaṇḍálas in Ujjayiní, together with thy wife and daughter. And when some one shall make eighteen thousand of the Bráhmans, that dwell in that city, eat in thy house by way of a gift to purchase thy daughter; then thy curse shall come to an end, and thou must marry thy daughter to the man who bestows on thee that gift.'

"When S'iva had said this, he disappeared, and I, that very Matangadeva, assuming the name of Utpalahasta, fell among men of the lowest caste, but I do not mix with them. However, my curse is now at an end, owing to the favour of your son, so I give him my daughter Suratamanjarí. And now I will go to my own dwelling-place among the Vidyádharas, in order to pay my respects to the emperor Naraváhanadatta." When Matangadeva had said this, he solemnly gave the prince his daughter, and flying up into the air with his wife, repaired, king, to thy feet.

"And king Pálaka, having thus ascertained the truth, celebrated with great delight the marriage of Suratamanjarí and his son. And his son Avantivardhana, having obtained that Vidyádharí for a wife, felt himself fortunate in having gained more than he had ever hoped for.

"Now, one day, that prince went to sleep on the top of the palace with her, and at the end of the night he woke up, and suddenly discovered that

his beloved was nowhere to be seen. He looked for her, but could not find her anywhere, and then he lamented, and was so much afflicted that his father the king came, and was exceedingly discomposed. We all, being assembled there at that time, said, 'This city is well-guarded, no stranger could enter it during the night; no doubt she must have been carried off by some evilly disposed wanderer of the air;' and even while we were saying that, your servant the Vidyádhara Dhúmaśikha descended from the sky. He brought here this prince Avantivardhana, and king Pálaka also was asked to part with me, in order that I might state the facts of the case. Here too is Suratamanjarí with her father, and the facts concerning her are such as I have said: your Majesty is the best judge of what ought to be done now."

When Bharataroha the minister of Pálaka had told this tale, he stopped speaking; and the assessors put this question to Matangadeva in the presence of Naraváhanadatta, "Tell us, to whom did you give this daughter of yours Suratamanjarí?" He answered, "I gave her to Avantivardhana." Then they put this question to Ityaka, "Now do you tell us why you carried her off?" He answered, "Her mother promised her to me originally." The assessors said to Ityaka, "While the father is alive, what authority has the mother? Moreover, where is your witness to prove the fact of the mother having promised her to you? So she is with regard to you the wife of another, villain!" When Ityaka was thus put to silence by the assessors, the emperor Naraváhanadatta, being angry with him, ordered his immediate execution on the ground of his misconduct. But the good hermits, with Kaśyapa at their head, came and entreated him, saying, "Forgive now this one fault of his: for he is the son of Madanavega, and therefore your brother-in-law." So the king was at last induced to spare his life, and let him off with a severe reprimand.

And he reunited that son of his maternal uncle, Avantivardhana, to his wife, and sent them off with their ministers to their own city, in the care of Váyupatha.

## CHAPTER CXIII.

When Naraváhanadatta on the Black Mountain had thus taken away the virtuous Suratamanjarí from his brother-in-law Ityaka, who had carried her off, and had reprimanded him, and had given her back to her husband, and was sitting in the midst of the hermits, the sage Kaśyapa came and said to him, "There never was, king, and there never will be an emperor like you, since you do not allow passion and other feelings of the kind to influence your mind, when you are sitting on the seat of judgment. Fortunate are

they who ever behold such a righteous lord as you are; for, though your empire is such as it is, no fault can be found with you.

"There were in former days Ṛishabha and other emperors; and they, being seized with various faults, were ruined and fell from their high estate. Ṛishabha, and Sarvadamana, and the third Bandhujívaka, all these, through excessive pride, were punished by Indra. And the Vidyádhara prince Jímútaváhana, when the sage Nárada came and asked him the reason of his obtaining the rank of emperor, told him how he gave away the wishing-tree and his own body,* and thus he fell from his high position by revealing his own virtuous deeds. And the sovereign named Viśvántara, who was emperor here, he too, when his son Indívaráksha had been slain by Vasantatilaka, the king of Chedi, for seducing his wife, being wanting in self-control, died on account of the distracting sorrow which he felt for the death of his wicked son.

"But Táràvaloka alone, who was by birth a mighty human king, and obtained by his virtuous deeds the imperial sovereignty over the Vidyádharas, long enjoyed the high fortune of empire without falling into sin, and at last abandoned it of his own accord, out of distaste for all worldly pleasures, and went to the forest. Thus in old times did most of the Vidyádhara emperors, puffed up with the attainment of their high rank, abandon the right path, and fall, blinded with passion. So you must always be on your guard against slipping from the path of virtue, and you must take care that your Vidyádhara subjects do not swerve from righteousness."

When the hermit Kaśyapa said this to Naraváhanadatta, the latter approved his speech, and said to him with deferential courtesy, "How did Táràvaloka, being a man, obtain in old time the sway over the Vidyádharas? Tell me, reverend Sir." When Kaśyapa heard this, he said, "Listen, I will tell you his story."

*Story of Táràvaloka.*

There lived among the S'ivis† a king of the name of Chandrávaloka; that sovereign had a head-wife named Chandrálekhá. Her race was as spotless as the sea of milk, she was pure herself, and in character like the Ganges. And he had a great elephant that trampled the armies of his enemies, known on the earth as Kuvalayapíḍa. Owing to the might of that elephant, the king was never conquered by any enemy in his realm, in which the real power was in the hands of the subjects.

* See Vol. I, p. 174, and *ff.* and Vol. II, p. 307, and *ff.*

† The Petersburg lexicographers spell the word S'ibi. This story is really the same as the XVIth of Ralston's Tibetan Tales which begin on page 257. Dr. Kern points out that we ought to read *dugdhábdinirmalá*. The India Office MSS. give the words correctly.

And when his youth came to an end, that king had a son, with auspicious marks, born to him by his queen Chandralekhá. He gave the son the name of Táravaloka, and he gradually grew up, and his inborn virtues of liberality, self-control, and discernment grew with him. And the mighty-minded youth learnt the meaning of all words except one; but he was so liberal to suppliants that he cannot be said ever to have learnt the meaning of the word "No." Gradually he became old in actions, though young in years; and though like the sun in fire of valour, he was exceedingly pleasing to look at;* like the full moon, he became beautiful by the possession of all noble parts; like the god of Love, he excited the longing of the whole world; in obedience to his father he came to surpass Jímútaváhana, and he was distinctly marked with the signs of a great emperor.

Then his father, the king Chandrávaloka, brought for that son of his the daughter of the king of the Madras, named Mádrí. And when he was married, his father, pleased with the supereminence of his virtues, at once appointed him Crown-prince. And when Táravaloka had been appointed Crown-prince, he had made, with his father's permission, alms-houses for the distribution of food and other necessaries. And every day, the moment he got up, he mounted the elephant Kuvalayapíḍa, and went round to inspect those alms-houses.† To whosoever asked anything he was ready to give it, even if it were his own life: in this way the fame of that Crown-prince spread in every quarter.

Then he had two twin sons born to him by Mádrí, and the father called them Ráma and Lakshmaṇa. And the boys grew like the love and joy of their parents, and they were dearer than life to their grandparents. And Táravaloka and Mádrí were never tired of looking at them, as they bent before them, being filled with virtue, like two bows of the prince, being strung.‡

Then the enemies of Táravaloka, seeing his elephant Kuvalayapíḍa, his two sons, and his reputation for generosity, said to their Bráhmans, "Go and ask Táravaloka to give you his elephant Kuvalayapíḍa. If he gives it you, we shall be able to take from him his kingdom, as he will be deprived of that bulwark; if he refuses to give it, his reputation for generosity will be at an end." When the Bráhmans had been thus entreated, they consented, and asked Táravaloka, that hero of generosity, for that elephant. Táravaloka said to himself, "What do Bráhmans mean by ask-

* The word *saumya* means "pleasing" and also "moon-like"; *kalá* in the next line means "digit of the moon" and also "accomplishment."

† I read *satráṇi* or *sattráṇi* for *pátráṇi* which would mean "fit recipients." I find *sattráṇi* in MS. No. 1882.

‡ A perpetually recurring pun! *Guṇa* in Sanskrit means "bowstring" and also "virtue," and is an unfailing source of temptation to our author.

ing for a mighty elephant? So I know for certain that they have been put up to asking me by some one. Happen what will, I must give them my splendid elephant, for how can I let a suppliant go away without obtaining his desire, while I live?" After going through these reflections, Táràvaloka gave the elephant to those Bráhmans with unwavering mind.

Then Chandrávaloka's subjects, seeing that splendid elephant being led away by those Bráhmans, went in a rage to the king, and said, "Your son has now abandoned this kingdom, and surrendering all his rights has taken upon him the vow of a hermit. For observe, he has given to some suppliants this great elephant Kuvalayapíḍa, the foundation of the kingdom's prosperity, that scatters with its mere smell all other elephants. So you must either send your son to the forest to practise asceticism, or take back the elephant, or else we will set up another king in your place."*

When Chandrávaloka had been thus addressed by the citizens, he sent his son a message in accordance with their demands through the warder. When his son Táràvaloka heard that, he said, "As for the elephant, I have given it away, and it is my principle to refuse nothing to suppliants; but what do I care for such a throne as this, which is under the thumb of the subjects, or for a royal dignity which does not benefit others,† and anyhow is transient as the lightning? So it is better for me to live in the forest, among trees which give the fortune of their fruits to be enjoyed by all, and not here among such beasts of men as these subjects are."‡ When Táràvaloka had said this, he assumed the dress of bark, and after kissing the feet of his parents and giving away all his wealth to suppliants, he went out from his own city, accompanied by his wife, who was firm in the same resolution as himself, and his two children, comforting, as well as he could, the weeping Bráhmans. Even beasts and birds, when they saw him setting forth, wept so piteously that the earth was bedewed with their rain of tears.

Then Táràvaloka went on his way, with no possessions but a chariot and horses for the conveyance of his children; but some other Bráhmans asked him for the horses belonging to the chariot; he gave them to them immediately, and drew the chariot himself, with the assistance of his wife

* This story was evidently composed at a time when the recollections of the old clan-system were vivid in the minds of the Hindus. See Rhys David's Buddhism, p. 28. Gautama's relations "complained in a body to the Rájá Suddhodana that his son, devoted to home pleasures, neglected those manly exercises necessary for one who might hereafter have to lead his kinsmen in case of war."

† I read *anyánupayoginyá* which I find in MS. No. 3003. No. 1882 has *anyánupabhoginyá*. In the other MS. the passage is omitted. Another syllable is clearly required. The Sanskrit College MS. reads *kim chányánupayoginyatra*.

‡ Cp. Richard II, V. 1. 35.

to convey those tender young sons to the forest. Then, as he was wearied out in the middle of the forest, another Bráhman came up to him, and asked him for his horseless chariot. He gave it to him without the slightest hesitation, and the resolute fellow, going along on his feet, with his wife and sons, at last with difficulty reached the grove of mortification. There he took up his abode at the foot of a tree, and lived with deer for his only retinue, nobly waited on by his wife Mádrí. And the forest regions ministered to the heroic prince, while living in this kingdom of devotion; their clusters of flowers waving in the wind were his beautiful *chowries*, broad-shaded trees were his umbrellas, leaves his bed, rocks his thrones, bees his singing-women, and various fruits his savoury viands.

Now, one day, his wife Mádrí left the hermitage to gather fruits and flowers for him with her own hands, and a certain old Bráhman came and asked Táráváloka, who was in his hut, for his sons Ráma and Lakshmaṇa. Táráváloka said to himself, "I shall be better able to endure letting these sons of mine, though they are quite infants, be led away,* than I could possibly manage to endure the sending a suppliant away disappointed: the fact is, cunning fate is eager to see my resolution give way": then he gave those sons to the Bráhman. And when the Bráhman tried to take them away, they refused to go; then he tied their hands and beat them with creepers; and as the cruel man took them away, they kept crying for their mother, and turning round and looking at their father with tearful eyes. Even when Táráváloka saw that, he was unmoved, but the whole world of animate and inanimate existences was moved at his fortitude.

Then the virtuous Mádrí slowly returned tired from a remote part of the forest to her husband's hermitage, bringing with her flowers, fruits and roots. And she saw her husband, who had his face sadly fixed on the ground, but she could not see anywhere those sons of hers, though their toys, in the form of horses, chariots, and elephants of clay, were scattered about. Her heart foreboded calamity, and she said excitedly to her husband "Alas! I am ruined! Where are my little sons?" Her husband slowly answered her, "Blameless one, I gave those two little sons away to a poor Bráhman, who asked for them." When the good lady heard that, she rose superior to her distraction, and said to her husband, "Then you did well: how could you allow a suppliant to go away disappointed?" When she said this, the equally matched goodness of that married couple made the earth tremble, and the throne of Indra rock.

Then Indra saw by his profound meditation that the world was made to tremble by virtue of the heroic generosity of Mádrí and Táráváloka.

* India Office MS. No. 1882 reads *nítau*; the other two seem to omit the lines altogether.

Then he assumed the form of a Bráhman, and went to Táràvaloka's hermitage, to prove him, and asked him for his only wife Mádrí. And Táràvaloka was preparing to give without hesitation, by the ceremony of pouring water over the hands,* that lady who had been his companion in the wild forest, when Indra, thus disguised as a Bráhman, said to him, "Royal sage, what object do you mean to attain by giving away a wife like this?" Then Táràvaloka said, "I have no object in view, Bráhman; so much only do I desire, that I may ever give away to Bráhmans even my life." When Indra heard this, he resumed his proper shape, and said to him, "I have made proof of thee, and I am satisfied with thee; so I say to thee, thou must not again give away thy wife; and soon thou shalt be made emperor over all the Vidyádharas." When the god had said this, he disappeared.

In the meanwhile that old Bráhman took with him those sons of Táràvaloka, whom he had received as a Bráhman's fee, and losing his way, arrived, as Fate would have it, at the city of that king Chandrávaloka, and proceeded to sell those princes in the market. Then the citizens recognised those two boys, and went and informed king Chandrávaloka, and took them with the Bráhman into his presence. The king, when he saw his grandsons, shed tears, and after he had questioned the Bráhman, and had heard the state of the case from him, he was for a long time divided between joy and grief. Then, perceiving the exceeding virtue of his son, he at once ceased to care about a kingdom, though his subjects entreated him to remain, but with his wealth he bought those two grandsons from the Bráhman, and taking them with him, went with his retinue to the hermitage of his son Táràvaloka.

There he saw him with matted hair, wearing a dress of bark, looking like a great tree, the advantages of which are enjoyed by birds coming from every quarter, for he in like manner had bestowed all he had upon expectant Bráhmans.† That son ran towards him, while still a long way off, and fell at his feet, and his father bedewed him with tears, and took him up on his lap; and thus gave him a foretaste of his ascent of the throne, as emperor over the Vidyádharas, after the solemn sprinkling with water.

Then the king gave back to Táràvaloka his sons Ráma and Lakshmaṇa, saying that he had purchased them, and while they were relating to one another their adventures, an elephant with four tusks and the goddess Lakshmí descended from heaven. And when the chiefs of the Vidyá-

* As Anáthapiṇḍika gives the Jetavana garden to Buddha in the Bharhut Sculptures; see also p. 329 of this volume.

† The pun is intelligible enough: *dvija* means "Bráhman" and also "bird": *áśágata* means "coming from every quarter" and "coming in hope to get something."

dharas had also descended, Lakshmí, lotus in hand, said to that Táráváloka, "Mount this elephant, and come to the country of the Vidyádharas, and there enjoy the imperial dignity* earned by your great generosity."

When Lakshmí said this, Táráváloka, after bowing at the feet of his father, mounted that celestial elephant, with her, and his wife, and his sons, in the sight of all the inhabitants of the hermitage, and surrounded by the kings of the Vidyádharas went through the air to their domain. There the distinctive sciences of the Vidyádharas repaired to him, and he long enjoyed supreme sway, but at last becoming disgusted with all worldly pleasures, he retired to a forest of ascetics.

"Thus Táráváloka, though a man, acquired in old time by his deeds of spotless virtue the sovereignty of all the Vidyádharas. But others, after acquiring it, lost it by their offences: so be on your guard against unrighteous conduct either on your own part or on that of another."†

When the hermit Kaśyapa had told this story, and had thus admonished Naraváhanadatta, that emperor promised to follow his advice. And he had a royal proclamation made all round the mountain of S'iva, to the following effect, "Listen, Vidyádharas; whoever of my subjects after this commits an unrighteous act, will certainly be put to death by me." The Vidyádharas received his commands with implicit submission, and his glory was widely diffused on account of his causing Suratamanjarí to be set at liberty; and so he lived with his retinue in the hermitage of that excellent sage, on the Black Mountain,‡ in the society of his maternal uncle, and in this manner spent the rainy season.

* *tat* should not be separated from the next word.

† The three India Office MSS. read *apacháram tvam*. The Sanskrit College MS. gives *apavāram*.

‡ The metre shows that *'sta* is a misprint for *'sita*. All the three India Office MSS. read *'sita*. So does the Sanskrit College MS.

# BOOK XVII.

## CHAPTER CXIV.

Glory to S'iva, who assumes various forms; who, though his beloved takes up half his body,* is an ascetic, free from qualities, the due object of a world's adoration! We worship Ganeśa, who, when fanning away the cloud of bees, that flies up from his trunk, with his flapping ears, seems to be dispersing the host of obstacles.

Thus Naraváhanadatta, who had been established in the position of lord paramount over all the kings of the Vidyádharas, remained on that Black Mountain in order to get through the rainy season, spending the time in the hermitage of that sage Kaśyapa, and in the society of his maternal uncle Gopálaka, who was living the life of an ascetic. He was accompanied by his ministers, and surrounded by twenty-five of his wives, and attended by various Vidyádhara princes, and he occupied himself in telling tales. One day, the hermits and his wives said to him, "Tell us now! When Mánasavega took away queen Madanamanchuká by his magic power, who amused you impatient of separation, and how did he do it?"

When Naraváhanadatta had been asked this question by those hermits and by his wives, he proceeded to speak as follows; "Can I tell now how great grief I endured, when I found out that that wicked enemy had carried off my queen? There was no building, and no garden, or room, into which I did not roam seeking for her in my grief, and all my ministers with me. Then I sat down, as if beside myself, in a garden at the foot of a tree, and Gomukha, having obtained his opportunity, said to me, in order to console me, 'Do not be despondent, my sovereign; you will soon recover the queen; for the gods promised that you should rule the Vidyádharas with her as your consort; that must turn out as the gods predicted, for

* An allusion to the *Arddhanárisa* form of S'iva.

their promises are never falsified; and resolute men, after enduring separation, obtain reunion with those they love. Were not Rámabhadra, king Nala, and your own grandfather,* after enduring separation, reunited to their beloved wives? And was not Muktáphalaketu, emperor of the Vidyádharas, reunited to Padmávatí, after he had been separated from her? And now listen, king; I will tell you the story of that couple.' When Gomukha had said this, he told me the following tale."

*Story of king Brahmadatta and the Swans.*†

There is in this country a city famous over the earth by the name of Váráṇasí, which, like the body of S'iva, is adorned with the Ganges, and bestows emancipation. With the flags on its temples swayed up and down by the wind, it seems to be ever saying to men "Come hither, and attain salvation." With the pinnacles of its white palaces it looks like the plateau of mount Kailása, the habitation of the god with the moon for a diadem, and it is full of troops of S'iva's devoted servants.‡

In that city there lived of old time a king named Brahmadatta,§ exclusively devoted to S'iva, a patron of Bráhmans, brave, generous, and compassionate. His commands passed current through the earth, they stumbled not in rocky defiles, they were not whelmed in seas, there were no continents which they did not cross. He had a queen named Somaprabhá,|| who was dear and delightful to him as the moonlight to the *chakora*, and he was as eager to drink her in with his eyes. And he had a Bráhman minister named S'ivabhúti, equal to Vṛihaspati in intellect, who had fathomed the meaning of all the S'ástras.

One night, that king, as he was lying on a bed on the top of a palace exposed to the rays of the moon, saw a couple of swans crossing through the air, with bodies of gleaming gold, looking like two golden lotuses opened in the water of the heavenly Ganges,¶ and attended by a train of king-geese. When that wonderful pair had passed from his eyes, the king was for a long time afflicted, and his mind was full of regret at no longer enjoying

* *Pitámaháḥ* must be a misprint for *pitámahaḥ*, as is apparent from the India Office MSS.

† This story is in the original prefaced by "*Iti Padmávatí kathá.*" It continues to the end of the book, but properly speaking, the story of *Padmávatí* does not commence until chapter 115.

‡ There is a reference to the sectaries of S'iva in Benares, and the Gaṇas of S'iva on mount Kailása.

§ Here we have a longer form of the story of Brahmadatta found on pp. 12 and 13 of Vol. I. Dr. Rajendralal Mitra informs me that it is also found in a MS. called the Bodhisattva Avadána, one of the Hodgson MSS.

|| *i. e.*, moonlight.

¶ There is probably a double meaning. The clouds are compared to the Ganges, and it is obvious that geese would cluster round lotuses.

that sight. He passed that night without sleeping, and next morning he told his minister S'ivabhúti what he had seen, and said to him, "So, if I cannot feast my eyes on those golden swans to my heart's content, of what profit to me is my kingdom or my life?"

When the king said this to his minister S'ivabhúti, he answered him, "Do not be anxious; there is a means of bringing about what you desire; listen, king; I will tell you what it is. Owing to the various influence of actions in a previous birth, various is this infinite host of sentient beings produced by the Creator in this versatile world. This world is really fraught with woe, but owing to delusion there arises in creatures the fancy that happiness is to be found in it, and they take pleasure in house, and food, and drink, and so become attached to it. And Providence has appointed that different kinds of food, drink, and dwellings, should be agreeable to different creatures, according to the classes to which they respectively belong. So have made, king, a great lake to be the dwelling-place of these swans, covered with various kinds of lotuses, and watched by guards, where they will be free from molestation. And keep always scattering on the bank food of the kind that birds love, in order that water-birds may quickly come there from various quarters. Among them these two golden swans will certainly come; and then you will be able to gaze on them continually: do not be despondent."

When king Brahmadatta's minister said this to him, he had that great lake made according to his directions, and it was ready in a moment. The lake was frequented by swans, *sárasas* and *chakraváka*s,* and after a time that couple of swans came there, and settled down on a clump of lotuses in it. Then the guards set to watch the lake came and informed the king of that fact, and he went down to the lake in a state of great delight, considering that his object had been accomplished. And he beheld those golden swans, and worshipped them from a distance, and ministered to their comfort by scattering for them grains of rice dipped in milk. And the king took so much interest in them that he spent his whole time on the bank of that lake watching those swans with their bodies of pure gold, their eyes of pearl, their beaks and feet of coral, and the tips of their wings of emerald,† which had come there in perfect confidence.

* The *sárasa* is a large crane; the *chakraváka* the Brahmany duck.

† *i. e.*, *Tárkshyaratna.* I have no idea what the jewel is. B. and R. give *ein bestimmter dunkelfarbiger edelstein.* In Játaka No. 136 there is a golden goose who had been a Bráhman. He gives his feathers to his daughters to sell, but his wife pulls out all the feathers at once; they become like the feathers of a *baka.* Afterwards they all grow white. See Rhys David's Buddhist Birth Stories, p. ix, note. In śloka, 4. 1, I read *tadrasád* for *tatra sadá*, with MSS. Nos. 1882 and 2166; No. 3003 has *tatrasád.*

Now, one day, as the king was roaming along the bank of the lake, he saw in one place a pious offering made with unfading flowers. And he said to the guards there, "Who made this offering?" Then the guards of the lake said to the king, "Every day, at dawn, noon, and sunset, these golden swans bathe in the lake, and make these offerings, and stand absorbed in contemplation: so we cannot say, king, what is the meaning of this great wonder." When the king heard this from the guards, he said to himself, "Such a proceeding is quite inconsistent with the nature of swans; surely there must be a reason for this. So, I will perform asceticism until I find out who these swans are." Then the king and his wife and his minister gave up food, and remained performing penance and absorbed in meditation on S'iva. And after the king had fasted for twelve days, the two heavenly swans came to him, and said to him in a dream with articulate voice, "Rise up, king; to-morrow we will tell you and your wife and minister, after you have broken your fast, the whole truth of the matter in private." When the swans had said this, they disappeared, and next morning the king and his wife and his minister, as soon as they awoke, rose up, and broke their fast. And after they had eaten, the two swans came to them, as they were sitting in a pleasure-pavilion near the water. The king received them with respect, and said to them, "Tell me who you are." Then they proceeded to tell him their history.

*How Párvatí condemned her five attendants to be reborn on earth.*

There is a monarch of mountains famous on the earth under the name of Mandara, in whose groves of gleaming jewels all the gods roam, on whose table-lands, watered with nectar from the churned sea of milk, are to be found flowers, fruits, roots, and water, that are antidotes to old age and death. Its highest peaks, composed of various precious stones, form the pleasure-grounds of S'iva, and he loves it more than mount Kailása.

There, one day, that god left Párvatí, after he had been diverting himself with her, and disappeared, to execute some business for the gods. Then the goddess, afflicted by his absence, roamed in the various places where he loved to amuse himself, and the other gods did their best to console her.

And one day the goddess was much troubled by the advent of spring, and she was sitting surrounded by the Gaṇas at the foot of a tree, thinking about her beloved, when a noble Gaṇa, named Maṇipushpeśvara, looked lovingly at a young maiden, the daughter of Jayá, called Chandralekhá, who was waving a *chowrie* over the goddess. He was a match for her in youth and beauty, and she met his glance with a responsive look of love, as he stood by her side. Two other Gaṇas, named Pingeśvara and Guheśvara, when they saw that, interchanged glances, and a smile passed over

their faces. And when the goddess saw them smiling, she was angry in her heart, and she cast her eyes hither and thither, to see what they were laughing at in this unseemly manner. And then she saw that Chandralekhá and Maṇipushpeśvara were looking lovingly in one another's faces.

Then the goddess, who was quite distracted with the sorrow of separation, was angry, and said, "These young people have done well to look lovingly* at one another in the absence of the god, and these two mirthful people have done well to laugh when they saw their glances: so let this lover and maiden, who are blinded with passion, fall into a human birth; and there the disrespectful pair shall be man and wife; but these unseasonable laughers shall endure many miseries on the earth; they shall be first poor Bráhmans, and then† Bráhman-Rákshasas, and then Piśáchas, and after that Chaṇḍálas, and then robbers, and then bob-tailed dogs, and then they shall be various kinds of birds,—shall these Gaṇas who offended by laughing; for their minds were unclouded, when they were guilty of this disrespectful conduct.

When the goddess had uttered this command, a Gaṇa of the name of Dhúrjaṭa said, "Goddess, this is very unjust; these excellent Gaṇas do not deserve so severe a curse, for a very small offence." When the goddess heard that, she said in her wrath to Dhúrjaṭa also, "Fall thou also, great sir, that knowest not thy place, into a mortal womb." When the goddess had inflicted these tremendous curses, the female warder Jayá, the mother of Chandralekhá, clung to her feet, and addressed this petition to her, "Withdraw thy anger, goddess; appoint an end to the curse of this daughter of mine, and of these thy own servants, that have through ignorance committed sin." When Párvatí had been thus entreated by her warder Jayá, she said, "When all these, owing to their having obtained insight, shall in course of time meet together, they shall, after visiting S'iva the lord of magic powers, in the place‡ where Brahmá and the other gods performed asceticism, return to our court, having been freed from their curse. And this Chandralekhá, and her beloved, and that Dhúrjaṭa shall, all three of them, be happy in their life as mortals, but these two shall be miserable."

When the goddess had said this, she ceased; and at that very moment the Asura Andhaka came there, having heard of the absence of S'iva. The presumptuous Asura hoped to win the goddess, but having been reproached by her attendants he departed, but he was slain on that account by the god,

* It may possibly mean "acted a love-drama." I cannot find the sense I have assigned to it in any Dictionary.

† Before *anu* we should with the India Office MSS. insert *tad*. Monier Williams explains Brahma-Rákshasa as a "fiend of the Bráhmanical class."

‡ It is worth while remarking that all the India Office MSS. here read *kshetram* which would make Siddhíśvara the name of a place here.

who discovered the reason of his coming, and pursued him.* Then S'iva returned home having accomplished his object, and Párvatí delighted told him of the coming of Andhaka, and the god said to her, "I have to-day slain a former mind-born son of thine, named Andhaka, and he shall now be a Bhṛingin here, as nothing remains of him but skin and bone." When S'iva had said this, he remained there diverting himself with the goddess, and Maṇipushpeśvara and the other five descended to earth.

"Now, king, hear the long and strange story of these two, Pingeśvara and Guheśvara."

*Story of the metamorphoses of Pingeśvara and Guheśvara.*

There is on the earth a royal grant to Bráhmans, named Yajnasthala. In it there lived a rich† and virtuous Bráhman named Yajnasoma. In his middle age he had two sons born to him; the name of the elder was Harisoma and of the younger Devasoma. They passed through the age of childhood, and were invested with the sacred thread, and then the Bráhman their father lost his wealth, and he and his wife died.

Then those three wretched sons, bereaved of their father, and without subsistence, having had their grant taken from them by their relations, said to one another, "We are now reduced to living on alms, but we get no alms here. So we had better go to the house of our maternal grandfather, though it is far off. Though we have come down in the world, who on earth would welcome us, if we arrive of our own accord. Nevertheless let us go. What else indeed are we to do, for we have no other resource?"

After deliberating to this effect they went, begging their way, by slow stages, to that royal grant, where the house of their grandfather was. There the unfortunate young men found out, by questioning people, that their grandfather, whose name was Somadeva, was dead, and his wife also.

Then, begrimed with dust, they entered despairing the house of their maternal uncles named Yajnadeva and Kratudeva. There those good Bráhmans welcomed them kindly, and gave them food and clothing, and they remained engaged in study. But in course of time the wealth of their maternal uncles diminished, and they could keep no servants, and then they came and said to those nephews in the most affectionate way, "Dear boys, we can no longer afford to keep a man to look after our cattle, as we have become poor, so do you look after our cattle for us." When Harisoma and Devasoma's uncles said this to them, their throats were full

* All the India Office MSS. read *gatvá* for *jnátvá*. I have adopted this; and I take *tatkáraṇam* adverbially. MS. No. 1882 has *gatovijnáta*.

† It appears from the India Office MSS. that *dhanaván* should be inserted after *bráhmaṇo*. In S'loka 82, the India Office MSS. read *chitráyatam* which I have adopted.

of tears, but they agreed to their proposal. Then they took the cattle to the forest every day, and looked after them there, and at evening they returned home with them, wearied out.

Then, as they went on looking after the cattle, owing to their falling asleep in the day, some animals were stolen, and others were eaten by tigers. That made their uncles very unhappy: and one day a cow and goat intended for sacrifice, belonging to their uncles, both disappeared somewhere or other. Terrified at that, they took the other animals home before the right time, and running off in search of the two that were missing, they entered a distant forest. There they saw their goat half eaten by a tiger, and after lamenting, being quite despondent, they said, "Our uncles were keeping this goat for a sacrifice, and now that it is destroyed, their anger will be something tremendous. So let us dress its flesh with fire, and eat enough of it to put an end to our hunger, and then let us take the rest, and go off somewhere and support ourselves by begging."

After these reflections they proceeded to roast the goat, and while they were so engaged, their two uncles arrived, who had been running after them, and saw them cooking the goat. When they saw their uncles in the distance, they were terrified, and they rose up in great trepidation, and fled from the spot. And those two uncles in their wrath pronounced* on them the following curse, "Since, in your longing for flesh, you have done a deed worthy of Rákshasas, you shall become flesh-eating Bráhman-Rakshasas." And immediately those two young Bráhmans became Bráhman-Rákshasas, having mouths formidable with tusks, flaming hair, and insatiable hunger; and they wandered about in the forest catching animals and eating them.

But one day they rushed upon an ascetic, who possessed supernatural power, to slay him, and he in self-defence cursed them, and they became Piśáchas. And in their condition as Piśáchas, they were carrying off the cow of a Bráhman, to kill it, but they were overpowered by his spells, and reduced by his curse to the condition of Chaṇḍálas.

One day, as they were roaming about in their condition as Chaṇḍálas, bow in hand, tormented with hunger, they reached, in their search for food, a village of bandits. The warders of the village, supposing them to be thieves, arrested them both, as soon as they saw them, and cut off their ears and noses. And they bound them, and beat them with sticks, and brought them in this condition before the chiefs of the bandits. There they were questioned by the chiefs, and being bewildered with fear, and tormented with hunger and pain,† they related their history to them.

* The three India Office MSS. have *viteratuḥ*.

† Dr. Kern would read *kshudduḥkávâptasaṃkleśau*. I find that all the three India Office MSS. confirm his conjecture, so I have adopted it.

Then the chiefs of the gang, moved by pity, set them at liberty, and said to them, "Remain here and take food; do not be terrified. You have arrived here on the eighth day of the month, the day on which we worship Kártikeya, and so you are our guests; and should have a share in our feast."* When the bandits had said this, they worshipped the goddess Durgá, and made the two Chaṇḍálas eat in their presence,† and having, as it happened, taken a fancy to them, they would not let them out of their sight. Then they lived with those bandits by robbing, and thanks to their courage, became eventually the chiefs of the gang.

And one night those chiefs marched with their followers to plunder a large town, a favourite abode of S'iva, which some of their spies had selected for attack. Though they saw an evil omen, they did not turn back, and they reached and plundered the whole city and the temple of the god. Then the inhabitants cried to the god for protection, and S'iva in his wrath bewildered the bandits by making them blind. And the citizens suddenly perceiving that, and thinking that it was due to the favour of S'iva, assembled and smote those bandits with sticks and stones. And Gaṇas, moving about invisibly, flung some of the bandits into ravines, and dashed others to pieces against the ground.

And the people, seeing the two leaders, were about to put them to death, but they immediately turned into bob-tailed dogs. And in this transformation they suddenly remembered their former birth, and danced in front of S'iva, and fled to him for protection. When the citizens, Bráhmans, merchants, and all, saw that, they were delighted at being free from fear of robbers, and went laughing to their houses. And then the delusion, that had possessed those two beings now turned into dogs, disappeared, and they awoke to reality, and in order to put an end to their curse, they fasted, and appealed to S'iva by severe asceticism. And the next morning, the citizens, making high festival and worshipping S'iva, beheld those dogs absorbed in contemplation, and though they offered them food, the creatures would not touch it.

And the two dogs remained in this state for several days, beheld by all the world, and then S'iva's Gaṇas preferred this prayer to him, "O god, these two Gaṇas, Pingeśvara and Guheśvara, who were cursed by the goddess, have been afflicted for a long time, so take pity on them." When the holy god heard that, he said, "Let these two Gaṇas be delivered from their canine condition and became crows!" Then they became crows, and

* Cp. Vergil's Aeneid VIII. 172 and *ff.*

† All the three India Office MSS. and the Sanskrit College MS. read *svágra*, which I have endeavoured to translate. Perhaps it may mean, "before they took any food themselves."

broke their fast upon the rice of the offering, and lived happily, remembering their former state, exclusively devoted to S'iva.

After some time, S'iva having been satisfied by their devotion to him, they became by his command first vultures, and then peacocks; then those noble Gaṇas, in course of time, became swans; and in that condition also they strove with the utmost devotion to propitiate S'iva. And at last they gained the favour of that god by bathing in sacred waters, by performing vows, by meditations, and acts of worship, and they became all composed of gold and jewels, and attained supernatural insight.

"Know that we are those very two, Pingeśvara and Guheśvara, who by the curse of Párvatí endured a succession of woes, and have now become swans. But the Gaṇa Manipushpeśvara, who was in love with the daughter of Jayá, and was cursed by the goddess, has become a king upon earth, even yourself, Brahmadatta. And that daughter of Jayá has been born as this lady, your wife Somaprabhá; and that Dhúrjaṭa has been born as this your minister S'ivabhúti. And therefore we, having attained insight, and remembering the end of the curse appointed by Párvatí, appeared to you at night. By means of that artifice we have all been re-united here to-day; and we will bestow on you the perfection of insight.

"Come, let us go to that holy place of S'iva on the Tridaśa mountain, rightly named Siddhíśvara,* where the gods performed asceticism in order to bring about the destruction of the Asura Vidyuddhvaja. And they slew that Asura in fight, with the help of Muktáphalaketu, the head of all the Vidyádhara princes, who had been obtained by the favour of S'iva. And that Muktáphalaketu, having passed through the state of humanity brought upon him by a curse, obtained reunion with Padmávatí by the favour of the same god. Let us go to that holy place, which has such splendid associations connected with it, and there propitiate S'iva, and then we will return to our own home, for such was the end of the curse appointed to all of us by the goddess, to take place at the same time." When the two heavenly swans said this to king Brahmadatta, he was at once excited with curiosity to hear the tale of Muktáphalaketu.

## CHAPTER CXV.

Then king Brahmadatta said to those celestial swans, "How did Muktáphalaketu kill that Vidyuddhvaja? And how did he pass through the state of humanity inflicted on him by a curse, and regain Padmávatí? Tell me this first, and afterwards you shall carry out your intentions."

* Here the name of a place sacred to Siva. Before we have had it as the god's title. See B. & R. *s. v.* It means "lord of magic powers."

When those* birds heard this, they began to relate the story of Muktáphalaketu as follows.

*Story of Muktáphalaketu and Padmávatí.*

Once on a time there was a king of the Daityas named Vidyutprabha, hard for gods to conquer. He, desiring a son, went to the bank of the Ganges, and with his wife performed asceticism for a hundred years to propitiate Brahmá. And by the favour of Brahmá, who was pleased with his asceticism, that enemy of the gods obtained a son named Vidyuddhvaja, who was invulnerable at their hands.

That son of the king of the Daityas, even when a child, was of great valour; and one day seeing that their town was guarded on all sides by troops, he said to one of his companions, "Tell me, my friend, what have we to be afraid of, that this town is thus guarded on all sides by troops?" Then his companion said to him, "We have an adversary in Indra the king of the gods; and it is on his account that this system of guarding the town is kept up. Ten hundred thousand elephants, and fourteen hundred thousand chariots, and thirty hundred thousand horsemen, and a hundred millions of footmen guard the city in turn for one watch of the night, and the turn of guarding comes round for every division in seven years."

When Vidyuddhvaja heard this, he said, "Out on such a throne, that is guarded by the arms of others, and not by its own might! However, I will perform such severe asceticism, as will enable me to conquer my enemy with my own arm, and put an end to all this insolence of his." When Vidyuddhvaja had said this, he put aside that companion of his, who tried to prevent him, and without telling his parents, went to the forest to perform penance.

But his parents heard of it, and in their affection for their child, they followed him, and said to him, "Do not act rashly, son; severe asceticism ill befits a child like you. Our throne has been victorious over its enemies; is there one more powerful in the whole world? What do you desire to get by withering yourself in vain? Why do you afflict us?" When Vidyuddhvaja's parents said this to him, he answered them, "I will acquire, even in my childhood, heavenly arms by the force of asceticism; as for our empire over the world being unopposed by enemies, do I not know so much from the fact that our city is guarded by troops ever ready in their harness?"

When the Asura Vidyuddhvaja, firm in his resolution, had said so much to his parents, and had sent them away, he performed asceticism to win over Brahmá. He continued for a period of three hundred years living

* It appears from the India Office MSS. that *táv* should be inserted after *evam*.

on fruits only, and successively for similar periods living on water, air, and nothing at all. Then Brahmá, seeing that his asceticism was becoming capable of upsetting the system of the world, came to him, and at his request gave him the weapons of Brahmá. He said, "This weapon of Brahmá cannot be repelled by any weapon except the weapon of Paśupati Rudra, which is unattainable by me. So, if you desire victory, you must not employ it unseasonably." When Brahmá had said this, he went away, and that Daitya went home.

Then Vidyuddhvaja marched out to conquer his enemies with his father, and with all his forces, who came together to that great feast of war. Indra, the ruler of the gods' world, heard of his coming, and kept guard in heaven, and when he drew near, marched out to meet him, eager for battle, accompanied by his friend Chandraketu, the king of the Vidyádharas, and by the supreme lord of the Gandharvas, named Padmaśekhara. Then Vidyuddhvaja appeared, hiding the heaven with his forces, and Rudra and others came there to behold that battle. Then there took place between those two armies a battle, which was involved in darkness* by the sun's being eclipsed with the clashing together of missiles; and the sea of war swelled high, lashed by the wind of wrath, with hundreds of chariots for inflowing streams, and rolling horses and elephants for marine monsters.

Then single combats took place between the gods and Asuras, and Vidyutprabha, the father of Vidyuddhvaja, rushed in wrath upon Indra. Indra found himself being gradually worsted by the Daitya in the interchange of missiles; so he flung his thunderbolt at him. And then that Daitya, smitten by the thunderbolt, fell dead. And that enraged Vidyuddhvaja so that he attacked Indra. And, though his life was not in danger, he began by discharging at him the weapon of Brahmá; and other great Asuras struck at him with other weapons. Then Indra called to mind the weapon of Paśupati, presided over by S'iva himself, which immediately presented itself in front of him; he worshipped it, and discharged it among his foes. That weapon, which was of the nature of a destroying fire, consumed the army of the Asuras; but Vidyuddhvaja, being a child, only fell senseless when smitten by it; for that weapon does not harm children, old men, or fugitives. Then all the gods returned home victorious.

And Vidyuddhvaja, for his part, who had fallen senseless, recovered his senses after a very long time, and fled weeping, and then said to the rest of his soldiers, who had assembled; "In spite of my having acquired the weapon of Brahmá, we were not victorious to-day, though victory was in our grasp;

* I have adopted the reading *andhakáritam* which I find in the three India Office MSS.

on the contrary we were defeated. So I will go and attack Indra, and lose my life in battle. Now that my father is slain, I shall not be able to return to my own city." When he said this, an old minister of his father's said to him, "The weapon of Brahmá, discharged unseasonably, is too languid to contend with other weapons discharged, for that great weapon was to-day overcome by the weapon of S'iva, which will not brook the presence of others. So you ought not unseasonably to challenge your victorious enemy, for in this way you will strengthen him and destroy yourself. The calm and resolute man preserves his own life, and in due time regains might, and takes revenge on his enemy, and so wins a reputation esteemed by the whole world."

When that old minister said this to Vidyuddhvaja, he said to him, "Then go you and take care of my kingdom, but I will go and propitiate that supreme lord S'iva."

When he had said this, he dismissed his followers, though they were loth to leave him, and he went with five young Daityas, companions of equal age, and performed asceticism on the bank of the Ganges, at the foot of mount Kailása. During the summer he stood in the midst of five fires, and during the winter in the water, meditating on S'iva; and for a thousand years he lived on fruits only. For a second thousand years he ate only roots, for a third he subsisted on water, for a fourth on air, and during the fifth he took no food at all.

Brahmá once more came to grant him a boon, but he did not shew him any respect: on the contrary he said, "Depart, I have tested the efficiency of thy boon." And he remained fasting for another period of equal duration, and then a great volume of smoke rose up from his head; and S'iva manifested himself to him, and said to him, "Choose a boon." When thus addressed, that Daitya said to him, "May I, Lord, by thy favour slay Indra in fight!" The god answered, "Rise up! There is no distinction between the slain * and the conquered; so thou shalt conquer Indra and dwell in his heaven."

When the god had said this, he disappeared, and Vidyuddhvaja, considering that the wish of his heart was attained, broke his fast, and went to his city. There he was welcomed by the citizens, and met by that minister of his father's, who had endured suffering for his sake, and who now made great rejoicing. He then summoned the armies of the Asuras, and made preparation for battle, and sent an ambassador to Indra to warn him to hold himself in readiness for fight. And he marched out, hiding with

* I read *nihatasya* which I find supported by two of the India Office MSS. No. 1882 has *nihitasya*, No. 2166 *nihatasya* and No. 3003 has *anihatasya*. The Sanskrit College MS. has *tihatasya*.

his banners the sky, which he clove with the thunderous roar of his host, and so he seemed to be fulfilling the wish* of the inhabitants of heaven. And Indra, for his part, knowing that he had returned from winning a boon, was troubled, but after taking counsel with the adviser of the gods,† he summoned his forces.

Then Vidyuddhvaja arrived, and there took place between those two armies a great battle, in which it was difficult to distinguish between friend and foe. Those Daityas, who were headed by Subáhu, fought with the wind-gods, and Pingáksha and his followers with the gods of wealth, and Mahámáya and his forces with the gods of fire, and Ayaḥkáya and his hosts with the sun-gods, and Akampana and his warriors with the Siddhas; some other Daityas fought with the Vidyádharas, and the rest with the Gandharvas and their allies. So a great battle continued between them for twenty days, and on the twenty-first day the gods were routed in fight by the Asuras.

And when routed, they fled, and entered heaven: and then Indra himself issued, mounted on Airávaṇa. And the forces of the gods rallied round him, and marched out again, with the leaders of the Vidyádharas, headed by Chandraketu. Then a desperate fight took place, and Asuras and gods‡ were being slain in great numbers, when Vidyuddhvaja attacked Indra, to revenge the slaughter of his father. The king of the gods cleft over and over again the bow of that chief of the Asuras, who kept repelling his shafts with answering shafts. Then Vidyuddhvaja, elated with the boon of S'iva, seized his mace, and rushed furiously on Indra. He leapt up, planting his feet on the tusks of Airávaṇa, and climbed up on his forehead, and killed his driver. And he gave the king of the gods a blow with his mace, and he quickly returned it with a similar weapon. But when Vidyuddhvaja struck him a second time with his mace, Indra fell senseless on to the chariot of the Wind-god. And the Wind-god carried him away in his chariot out of the fight with the speed of thought; and Vidyuddhvaja, who sprang after him,§ fell on the ground.

At that moment a voice came from the air, "This is an evil day, so carry Indra quickly out of the fight." Then the Wind-god carried off Indra at the utmost speed of his chariot, and Vidyuddhvaja pursued them,

* Perhaps there is a pun here. The word *ishṭa* may also mean sacrifice, sacred rite.

† *I. e.*, Bṛihaspati.

‡ The word for god here is *amara*, literally immortal. This may remind the classical reader of the passage in the Birds where Iris says ἀλλ ' *ἀθάνατός εἰμ'*, and Peisthetærus imperturbably replies, ἀλλ ' *ὅμως ἂν ἀπέθανες.*

§ I read *dattajhampo* which I find in MS. No. 3003. The other two have *dattajampo*. The Sanskrit College MS. has *dattajhampo*.

mounted on his; and in the meanwhile Airávaṇah, infuriated and unrestrained by the driver's hook, ran after Indra, trampling and scattering the forces. And the army of the gods left the field of battle and followed Indra; and Bṛihaspati carried off his wife S'achí, who was much alarmed, to the heaven of Brahmá. Then Vidyuddhvaja, having gained the victory, and having found Amarávatí empty, entered it, accompanied by his shouting troops.

And Indra, having recovered consciousness, and seeing that it was an evil time, entered that heaven of Brahmá with all the gods. And Brahmá comforted him, saying, "Do not grieve; at present this boon of S'iva is predominant; but you will recover your position." And he gave him, to dwell in, a place of his own, furnished with all delights, named Samádhisthala, situated in a region of the world of Brahmá. There the king of the gods dwelt, accompanied by S'achí and Airávaṇa: and by his orders the Vidyádhara kings went to the heaven of the Wind-god. And the lords of the Gandharvas went to the inviolable world of the moon; and others went to other worlds, abandoning severally their own dwellings. And Vidyuddhvaja, having taken possession of the territory of the gods with beat of drum, enjoyed sway over heaven,* as an unlimited monarch.

At this point of the story, Chandraketu the Vidyádhara king, having remained long in the world of the Wind-god, said to himself, "How long am I to remain here, fallen from my high rank? The asceticism of my enemy Vidyuddhvaja has not even now spent its force; but I have heard that my friend Padmaśekhara, the king of the Gandharvas, has gone from the world of the Moon to the city of S'iva to perform asceticism. I do not know as yet, whether S'iva has bestowed a boon on him, or not; when I have discovered that, I shall know what I myself ought to do."

While he was going through these reflections, his friend, the king of the Gandharvas, came towards him, having obtained a boon. That king of the Gandharvas, having been welcomed with an embrace by Chandraketu, and questioned,† told him his story, "I went to the city of S'iva and propitiated S'iva with asceticism; and he said to me, 'Go, thou shalt have a noble son; and thou shalt recover thy kingdom, and obtain a daughter of transcendent beauty, whose husband shall be the heroic slayer of Vidyuddhvaja.'‡ Having received this promise from S'iva, I have come here to tell you."

When Chandraketu had heard this from the king of the Gandharvas he said, "I too must go and propitiate S'iva in order to put an end to this

* Cp. Ovid's Metamorphoses, V, 321—331, for the flight of the inhabitants of the Grecian heaven from the giant Typhoeus.

† All the India Office MSS. read *pṛishṭas.*

‡ All the India Office MSS. read *Vidyuddhvajántako.*

sorrow; without propitiating him we cannot obtain the fulfilment of our desires." When Chandraketu had formed this resolution, he went with his wife Muktávalí to the heavenly abode of S'iva, to perform asceticism.

And Padmaśekhara told the story of his boon to Indra, and having conceived a hope of the destruction of his enemy, went to the world of the moon. Then that king of the gods in Samádhisthala, having also conceived a hope of the destruction of his enemy, called to mind the counsellor of the immortals. And he appeared as soon as he was thought upon, and the god, bowing before him, and honouring him, said to him, "S'iva, pleased with the asceticism of Padmaśekhara, has promised that he shall have a son-in-law who shall slay Vidyuddhvaja. So we shall eventually see an end put to his crimes; in the meanwhile I am despondent, dwelling here in misery on account of my having fallen from my high position. So devise, holy sir, some expedient that will operate quickly." When the adviser of the gods heard this speech of Indra's, he said to him; "It is true that that enemy of ours has nearly exhausted his asceticism by his crimes; so now we have an opportunity of exerting ourselves against him. Come, then; let us tell Brahmá; he will point out to us an expedient."

When Bṛihaspati had said this to Indra, he went with him to Brahmá, and after worshipping him, he told him what was in his mind. Then Brahmá said, "Am I not also anxious to bring about the same end? But S'iva alone can remove the calamity that he has caused. And that god requires a long propitiation:* so let us go to Vishṇu, who is like-minded with him; he will devise an expedient."

When Brahmá and Indra and Bṛihaspati had deliberated together to this effect, they ascended a chariot of swans, and went to S'vetadvípa;† where all the inhabitants carried the conch, discus, lotus, and club, and had four arms, being assimilated to Vishṇu in appearance as they were devoted to him in heart. There they saw the god in a palace composed of splendid jewels, reposing on the serpent S'esha, having his feet adored by Lakshmí. After bowing before him, and having been duly welcomed by him, and venerated by the divine sages, they took the seats befitting them. When the holy one asked the gods how they prospered, they humbly said to him, "What prosperity can be ours, O god, as long as Vidyuddhvaja is alive? For you know all that he has done to us, and it is on his account that we have come here now: it now rests with you to determine what further is to be done in this matter."

* MS. No. 1882 here reads *chiraprápyas:* the other two agree with Brockhaus.

† I suspect this island is the same as the Whiteman's land of the Icelandic chronicles. See Baring Gould's Curious Myths of the Middle Ages (New Edition) p. 550 and following.

When the gods said this to Vishṇu, he answered them, "Why, do I not know that my regulations are broken by that Asura? But what the great lord, the slayer of Tripura has done, he alone can undo: I cannot. And from him must proceed the overthrow of that wicked Daitya. You must make haste, provided I tell you an expedient; and I will tell you one; listen! There is a heavenly abode of S'iva, named Siddhíśvara. There the god S'iva is found ever manifest. And long ago that very god manifested to me and Prajápati* his form as the flame-*linga*, and told me this secret. So come, let us go there and entreat him with asceticism: he will put an end to this affliction of the worlds." When the god Vishṇu had uttered this behest, they all went to Siddhísvara by means of two conveyances, the bird Garuḍa and the chariot of swans. That place is untouched by the calamities of old age, death, and sickness, and it is the home of unalloyed happiness, and in it beasts, birds, and trees are all of gold. There they worshipped the *linga* of S'iva, that exhibits in succession all his forms,† and is in succession of various jewels; and then Vishṇu, Brahmá, Indra, and Bṛihaspati, all four, with their minds devoted to S'iva, proceeded to perform a severe course of asceticism in order to propitiate him.

And in the meanwhile S'iva, propitiated by the severe asceticism of Chandraketu, bestowed a boon on that prince of the Vidyádharas, "Rise up, king, a son shall be born to thee, who shall be a great hero, and shall slay in fight thy enemy Vidyuddhvaja; he shall become incarnate among the human race by a curse, and shall render a service to the gods, and shall recover his position by virtue of the asceticism of Padmávatí, the daughter of the king of the Gandharvas: and with her for a wife he shall be emperor over all the Vidyádharas for ten *kalpas*."‡ When the god had granted this boon, he disappeared, and Chandraketu went back to the world of the Wind-god with his wife.

In the meanwhile S'iva was pleased with the severe asceticism of Vishṇu and his companions in Siddhíśvara, and he appeared to them in the *linga* and delighted them by the following speech, "Rise up, afflict yourselves no longer; I have been fully propitiated with self-torture by your partizan Chandraketu, the prince of the Vidyádharas. And he shall have a heroic son, sprung from a part of me, who shall soon slay in fight that Daitya Vidyuddhvaja. Then, in order that he may perform another service to the gods, he shall fall§ by a curse into the world of men, and the daughter of the Gandharva Padmaśekhara shall deliver him from that

* A title of Brahmá. See Muir's Sanskrit Texts, Vol. IV, p. 18.

† For *anyonya* I read *anyánya*, but all the MSS. confirm Brockhaus's text.

‡ The three India Office MSS. have *daśa kalpán*.

§ I read *cyutaṃ* for *cyutá*. See Taranga 117, śl. 152 and *ff*. But all the India Office MSS. agree with Brockhaus's text. The tale itself will justify my correction.

condition. And he shall rule the Vidyádharas with that lady, who shall be an incarnation of a portion of Gaurí, and shall be named Padmávatí, for his consort, and at last he shall come to me. So bear up for a little: this desire of yours is already as good as accomplished." When S'iva had said this to Vishṇu and his companions, he disappeared; then Vishṇu, Brahmá, Indra and Bṛihaspati went, in high delight, back to the places from which they came.

Then Muktávalí the wife of that king of the Vidyádharas, named Chandraketu, became pregnant, and in time she brought forth a son, illuminating the four quarters with his irresistible splendour,* like the infant sun arisen to remove the oppression under which those ascetics were groaning. And as soon as he was born this voice was heard from heaven, "Chandraketu, this son of thine shall slay the Asura Vidyuddhvaja, and know that he is to be by name Muktáphalaketu, the terror of his foes."

When the voice had said so much to the delighted Chandraketu, it ceased; and a rain of flowers fell; and Padmaśekhara, and Indra, hearing what had taken place, came there, and the other gods, who were lurking concealed. Conversing to one another of the story of the boon of S'iva, and having rejoiced thereat, they went to their own abodes. And Muktáphalaketu had all the sacraments performed for him, and gradually grew up; and as he grew, the joy of the gods increased.

Then, some time after the birth of his son, a daughter was born to Padmaśekhara, the supreme lord of the Gandharvas. And when she was born, a voice came from the air, "Prince of the Gandharvas, this daughter of thine Padmávatí shall be the wife of that king of the Vidyádharas who shall be the foe of Vidyuddhvaja." Then that maiden Padmávatí gradually grew up, adorned with an overflowing effulgence of beauty, as if with billowy nectar acquired by her being born in the world of the moon.†

And that Muktáphalaketu, even when a child, was high-minded, and being always devoted to S'iva, he performed asceticism, in the form of vows, fasts, and other penances. And once on a time, when he had fasted twelve days, and was absorbed in meditation, the adorable S'iva appeared to him, and said, "I am pleased with this devotion of thine, so by my special favour the weapons, the sciences, and all the accomplishments shall manifest themselves to thee. And receive from me this sword named Invincible,‡ by means of which thou shalt hold sovereign sway, unconquered by thy enemies." When the god had said this, he gave him the sword and dis-

* The word *tejasá* also means valour.

† Literally "the nectar-rayed one."

‡ Cp. Vol. I, p. 69 and Vol. II, p. 172, also Prym und Socin Syrische Märchen, p. 205, and Silius Italicus I, 430, quoted by Preller, Griechische Mythologie, II, 354.

appeared, and that prince at once became possessed of powerful weapons and great strength and courage.

Now, one day, about this time, that great Asura Vidyuddhvaja, being established in heaven, was disporting himself in the water of the heavenly Ganges. He saw the water of that stream flowing along brown with the pollen of flowers, and remarked that it was pervaded by the smell of the ichor of elephants, and troubled with waves. Then, puffed up with pride of his mighty arm, he said to his attendants, "Go and see who is disporting himself in the water above me. When the Asuras heard that, they went up the stream, and saw the bull of S'iva sporting in the water with the elephant of Indra. And they came back and said to that prince of the Daityas, "King, the bull of S'iva has gone higher up the stream, and is amusing himself in the water with Airávaṇa: so this water is full of his garlands and of the ichor of Airávaṇa." When that Asura heard this, he was wroth, in his arrogance making light of Rudra, and infatuated by the full ripening of his own evil deeds he said to his followers, "Go and bring that bull and Airávaṇa here bound." Those Asuras went there, and tried to capture them, and thereupon the bull and elephant ran upon them in wrath and slew most of them. And those who escaped from the slaughter went and told Vidyuddhvaja; and he was angry, and sent a very great force of Asuras against those two animals. And those two trampled to death that army, upon which destruction came as the result of matured crime, and then the bull returned to S'iva, and the elephant to Indra.

Then Indra heard about that proceeding of the Daitya's from the guards, who followed Airávaṇa to take care of him, and he concluded that the time of his enemy's destruction had arrived, as he had treated with disrespect even the adorable S'iva. He told that to Brahmá, and then he united himself with the assembled forces of the gods, and the Vidyádharas, and his other allies; and then he mounted the chief elephant of the gods, and set out to slay that enemy of his; and on his departure S'achí performed for him the usual ceremony to ensure good fortune.

## CHAPTER CXVI.

Then Indra reached heaven and surrounded it with his forces, that were rendered confident by the favour of S'iva, and had gained the suitable opportunity and the requisite strength. When Vidyuddhvaja saw that, he marched out with his army ready for battle; but as he marched out evil omens manifested themselves to him; lightning flashes struck his banners, vultures circled above his head, the state-umbrellas were broken, and

jackals uttered boding howls.* Disregarding these evil omens, nevertheless that Asura sallied forth; and then there took place a mighty battle between the gods and the Asuras.

And Indra said to Chandraketu the king of the Vidyádharas, "Why has Muktáphalaketu not yet come?" Then Chandraketu humbly made answer, "When I was marching out I was in such a hurry that I forgot to tell him; but he is sure to hear of it, and will certainly follow me quickly." When the king of the gods heard this, he quickly sent the dexterous charioteer of the Wind-god to bring the noble Muktáphalaketu. And his father Chandraketu sent with Indra's messenger his own warder, with a force and a chariot, to summon him.

But Muktáphalaketu, hearing that his father had gone to battle with the Daityas, was eager to set out for that fight with his followers. Then he mounted his elephant of victory, and his mother performed for him the ceremony to ensure good fortune, and he set out from the world of the Wind, bearing the sword of S'iva. And when he had set out, a rain of flowers fell on him from heaven, and the gods beat their drums, and favouring breezes blew. And then the hosts of the gods, that had fled and hid themselves out of fear of Vidyuddhvaja, assembled and surrounded him. As he was marching along with that large army, he saw in his way a great temple of Párvatí named Meghavana. His devotion to the goddess would not allow him to pass it without worshipping†; so he got down from his elephant, and taking in his hand heavenly flowers, he proceeded to adore the goddess.

Now it happened that, at that very time, Padmávatí the daughter of Padmaśekhara the king of the Gandharvas, who had now grown up, had taken leave of her mother, who was engaged in austerities to bring good

* See the note in Vol. I, p. 465, also p. 578, and Zimmer's Alt-Indisches Leben p. 60, Preller, Römische Mythologie, pp. 102 and 103; the vultures will remind the English reader of Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar, V, I, 84 and ff.; for the ominous import of lightning see Smith's Dictionary of Antiquities, Art. Bidental; and Preller, Römische Mythologie, p. 172. There is a very similar passage in Achilles Tatius, Lib. V. C. 3. *Ὡς οὖν προήλθομεν τῶν θυρῶν, οἰωνὸς ἡμῖν γίνεται πονηρός· χελιδόνα κίρκος διώκων τὴν Λευκίππην πατάσσει τῷ πτερῷ εις τὴν κεφαλήν.* See also Sir Thomas Browne's Vulgar Errors, Book V, Chapter 23, Sec. 1; Webster's Duchess of Malfi, Act II, Sc. II.

> How superstitiously we mind our evils!
> The throwing down salt, or crossing of a hare,
> Bleeding at nose, the stumbling of a horse,
> Or singing of a cricket, are of power
> To daunt whole man in us.

† I read *tadanullanghayan with* MSS. Nos. 1882 and 2166 and the Sanskrit College MS. No. 3003 has *anullanghaya.*

fortune to her husband who had gone to war, and had come, with her attendant ladies, in a chariot, from the world of Indra, to that temple of Gaurí, with the intention of performing asceticism in order to ensure success to her father in battle, and to the bridegroom on whom she had set her heart.

On the way one of her ladies said to her, "You have not as yet any chosen lover, who might have gone to the war, and your mother is engaged in asceticism for the well-being of your father; for whose sake, my friend, do you, a maiden, seek to perform asceticism?" When Padmávatí had been thus addressed by her friend on the way, she answered, "My friend, a father is to maidens a divinity procuring all happiness; moreover there has already been chosen for me a bridegroom of unequalled excellence. That Muktáphalaketu, the son who has been born to the Vidyádhara king, in order that he may slay Vidyuddhvaja, has been destined for my husband by S'iva. This I heard from the mouth of my father, when questioned by my mother. And that chosen bridegroom of mine has either gone, or certainly is going to battle: so I am about to propitiate with asceticism the holy Gaurí, desiring victory for my future husband* as well as for my father."

When the princess said this, her attendant lady answered her, "Then this exertion on your part, though directed towards an object still in the future, is right and proper; may your desire be accomplished!" Just as her friend was saying this to her, the princess reached a large and beautiful lake in the neighbourhood of the temple of Gaurí. It was covered all over with bright full-blown golden lotuses, and they seemed as if they were suffused with the beauty flowing forth from the lotus of her face. The Gandharva maiden went down into that lake, and gathered lotuses with which to worship Ambiká, and was preparing to bathe, when two Rákshasís came that way, as all the Rákshasas were rushing to the battle between the gods and Asuras, eager for flesh. They had up-standing hair, yellow as the flames vomited forth from their mouths terrible with tusks, gigantic bodies black as smoke, and pendulous breasts and bellies. The moment that those wanderers of the night saw that Gandharva princess, they swooped down upon her, and seized her, and carried her up towards the heaven.

But the deity, that presided over her chariot, impeded the flight of those Rákshasís, and her grieving retinue cried for help; and while this was going on, Muktáphalaketu issued from the temple of the goddess, having performed his worship; and hearing the lamentation, he came in

* I read *patyus* for *pitus* with the three India Office MSS and the Sanskrit College MS.

that direction. When the great hero beheld Padmávatí gleaming bright in the grasp of that pair of Rákshasís, looking like a flash of lightning in the midst of a bank of black clouds, he ran forward and delivered her, hurling the Rákshasís senseless to earth by a blow from the flat of his hand. And he looked on that torrent river of the elixir of beauty, adorned with a waist charming with three wave-like wrinkles, who seemed to have been composed by the Creator of the essence of all beauty, when he was full of the wonderful skill he had acquired by forming the nymphs of heaven. And the moment he looked on her, his senses were benumbed by love's opiate, though he was strong of will; and he remained for a moment motionless, as if painted in a picture.

And Padmávatí too, now that the alarm caused by the Rákshasís was at an end, at once recovered her spirits, and looked on the prince, who possessed a form that was a feast to the eyes of the world, and who was one fitted to madden womankind, and seemed to have been created by Fate by a blending together in one body of the moon and the god of Love. Then, her face being cast down with shame, she said of her own accord to her friend, "May good luck befall him! I will depart hence, from the presence of a strange man."

Even while she was saying this, Muktáphalaketu said to her friend, "What did this young lady say?" And she answered, "This lovely maiden bestowed a blessing on you, the saver of her life, and said to me, "Come, let us depart from the presence of a strange man." When Muktáphalaketu heard this, he said to her with eager excitement, "Who is she? Whose daughter is she? To what man of great merit in a former life is she to be given in marriage?*"

When he addressed this question to the princess's companion, she answered him, "Fair sir, this my friend is the maiden named Padmávatí, the daughter of Padmaśekhara the king of the Gandharvas, and S'iva has ordained that her husband is to be Muktáphalaketu, the son of Chandraketu, the darling of the world, the ally of Indra, the destined slayer of Vidyuddhvaja. Because she desires the victory for that future husband of hers and for her father in the battle now at hand, she has come to this temple of Gaurí to perform asceticism."

When the followers of Chandraketu's son heard this, they delighted the princess by exclaiming, "Bravo! here is that future husband of yours." Then the princess and her lover had their hearts filled with joy at discovering one another, and they both thought, "It is well that we came here today," and they continued casting loving sidelong timid glances at one another; and while they were thus engaged, the sound of drums was heard,

* The India Office MSS. have *kasmai dattá vá;* but the sense is much the same.

and then a host appeared, and a chariot with the wind-god,* and the warder of Chandraketu coming quickly.

Then the wind-god and the warder respectfully left the chariot, and went up to that Muktáphalaketu, and said to him, "The king of the gods and your father Chandraketu, who are in the field of battle, desire your presence: so ascend this chariot, and come quickly." Then the son of the Vidyádhara king, though fettered by love of Padmávatí, ascended the chariot with them, out of regard for the interests of his superiors. And putting on a heavenly suit of armour† sent by Indra, he set out quickly, often turning back his head to look at Padmávatí.

And Padmávatí followed with her eyes, as long as he was in sight, that hero, who with one blow from the flat of his hand had slain the two Rákshasís, and with him ever in her thoughts, she bathed and worshipped S'iva and Párvatí, and from that time forth kept performing asceticism in that very place, to ensure his success.

And Muktáphalaketu, still thinking on his sight of her, which was auspicious and portended victory, reached the place where the battle was going on between the gods and Asuras. And when they saw that hero arrive well-armed and accompanied by a force, all the great Asuras rushed to attack him. But the hero cut their heads to pieces with a rain of arrows, and made with them an offering to the gods of the cardinal points, by way of inaugurating the feast of battle.

But Vidyuddhvaja, seeing his army being slain by that Muktáphalaketu, himself rushed in wrath to attack him. And when he smote with arrows that Daitya, as he came on, the whole army of the Asuras rushed upon him from every quarter. When Indra saw that, he at once attacked the army of the Daityas, with the Siddhas, Gandharvas, Vidyádharas, and gods at his back.

Then a confused battle arose, with dint of arrow, javelin, lance, mace and axe, costing the lives of countless soldiers; rivers of blood flowed along, with the bodies of elephants and horses for alligators, with the pearls from the heads of elephants‡ for sands, and with the heads of heroes for stones. That feast of battle delighted the flesh-loving demons, who, drunk with blood instead of wine, were dancing with the palpitating trunks. The fortune of victory of the gods and Asuras in that sea of

* It appears from the beginning of the chapter that this was the charioteer of Váyu the chief god of the Wind. In Chapter 115, s'l. 57, the wind-gods are opposed to the Daityas. B. and R. identify these wind-gods with the Maruts, *s.v.* Váyu.

† Dr. Kern corrects *kavachanam* to *kavacham*. The latter word is found in the three India Office MSS. and the Sanskrit College MS.

‡ I read *mauktika* for *maulika*. The three India Office MSS. and the Sanskrit College MS have *mauktika*.

battle, swayed hither and thither from time to time, fluctuating like a tide-wave. And in this way the fight went on for twenty-four days, watched by S'iva, Vishṇu, and Brahmá, who were present in their chariots.

And at the end of the twenty-fifth day a series of single combats was taking place between the principal warriors of both armies along the greater part of the line of fight. And then a duel began between the noble Muktáphalaketu, and Vidyuddhvaja, the former in a chariot, the latter on an elephant. Muktáphalaketu repelled the weapon of darkness with the weapon of the sun, the weapon of cold with the weapon of heat, the rock-weapon with the thunderbolt-weapon, the serpent-weapon with the weapon of Garuḍa, and then he slew the elephant-driver of that Asura with one arrow, and his elephant with another. Then Vidyuddhvaja mounted a chariot, and Muktáphalaketu killed the charioteer and the horses. Then Vidyuddhvaja took refuge in magic. He ascended into the sky invisible with his whole army, and rained stones and weapons on all sides of the army of the gods. And as for the impenetrable net of arrows which Muktáphalakhetu threw around it, that Daitya consumed it with showers of fire.

Then Muktáphalaketu sent against that enemy and his followers the weapon of Brahmá, which was capable of destroying the whole world, after he had pronounced over it the appropriate spells. That weapon killed the great Asura Vidyuddhvaja and his army, and they fell down dead from the sky. And the rest, namely, Vidyuddhvaja's son and his followers, and Vajradanshṭra and his crew fled in fear to the bottom of Rasátala.*

And then the gods from heaven exclaimed, "Bravo! Bravo!" and they honoured the noble Muktáphalaketu with a rain of flowers. Then Indra, having recovered his sway, as his enemy was slain, entered heaven, and there was great rejoicing in the three worlds. And Prajápati† himself came there, making S'achí precede him, and fastened a splendid crest-jewel on the head of Muktáphalaketu. And Indra took the chain from his own neck, and placed it on the neck of that victorious prince, who had restored his kingdom to him. And he made him sit on a throne equal in all respects to his own; and the gods, full‡ of joy, bestowed upon him various blessings. And Indra sent on his warder to the city of the Asura Vidyuddhvaja, and took possession of it in addition to his own city, with the intention of bestowing it on Muktáphalaketu, when a fitting time presented itself.

* One of the seven hells, (not places of torment).

† A title of Brahmá.

‡ But the three India Office MSS. read *ghúrṇad* for *purṇa*. It could, I suppose, mean, "reeling with joy." The Sanskrit College MS. has *púrvva*.

Then the Gandharva Padmaśekhara, wishing to bestow Padmávatí on that prince, looked meaningly at the face of the Disposer. And the Disposer, knowing what was in his heart, said to that prince of the Gandharvas, "There is still a service remaining to be done, so wait a little." Then there took place the triumphal feast of Indra, with the songs of Háhá and Húhú, and the dances of Rambhá and others, which they accompanied with their own voices. And when the Disposer had witnessed the festive rejoicing, he departed, and Indra honoured the Lokapálas and dismissed them to their several stations.* And after honouring that Gandharva monarch Padmaśekhara and his train, he dismissed them to their own Gandharva city. And Indra, after treating with the utmost respect the noble Muktáphalaketu and Chandraketu, sent them to their own Vidyádhara city to enjoy themselves. And then Muktáphalaketu, having destroyed the plague of the universe, returned to his palace, accompanied by his father, and followed by many Vidyádhara kings. And on account of the prince having returned victorious with his father, after a long absence, that city displayed its joy, being adorned with splendid jewels, and garlanded with flags. And his father Chandraketu at once bestowed gifts on all his servants and relations, and kept high festival in the city for the triumph of his son, showering wealth on it, as a cloud showers water. But Muktáphalaketu, though he had gained glory by conquering Vidyuddhvaja, derived no satisfaction from his enjoyments without Padmávatí. However, being comforted in soul by a friend named Saṃyata, who reminded him of the decree of S'iva, and consoling topics of that kind, he managed, though with difficulty, to get through those days.

## CHAPTER CXVII.

In the meanwhile, that king of the Gandharvas, Padmaśekhara, re-entered his city, celebrating a splendid triumph; and hearing from his wife that his daughter Padmávatí had performed asceticism in the temple of Gaurí, to procure for him victory, he summoned her. And when his daughter came, emaciated with asceticism and separation from her lover,

* The Lokapálas are the guardians of the four cardinal and four intermediate points of the compass. They appear to be usually reckoned as Indra, guardian of the East, Agni of the South-East, Varuna of the West, Yama of the South, Súrya of the South-West, Pavana or Váyu of the North-West, Kuvera of the North, Soma or Chandra of the North-East. Some substitute Nirṛiti for Súrya and Iśání or Pṛithiví for Soma.

and fell at his feet, he gave her his blessing, and said to her, "Dear girl, for my sake you have endured great hardship in the form of penance, so obtain quickly for a husband the noble Muktáphalaketu, the son of the king of the Vidyádharas, the slayer of Vidyuddhvaja, the victorious protector of the world, who has been appointed to marry you by S'iva himself."

When her father said this to her, she remained with face fixed on the ground, and then her mother Kuvalayávatí said to him, "How, my husband, was so terrible an Asura, that filled the three worlds with consternation, slain by that prince in fight?" When the king heard that, he described to her the valour of that prince, and the battle between the gods and Asuras. Then Padmávatí's companion, whose name was Manohárika, described the easy manner in which he slew the two Rákshasís. Then the king and queen, finding out that he and their daughter had met and fallen in love, were pleased, and said, "What could those Rákshasís do against one, who swallowed the whole army of the Asuras, as Agastya swallowed the sea?" Then the fire of Padmávatí's love blazed up more violently, being fanned by this description of her lover's surpassing courage, as by a breeze.

Then the princess left her parents' presence, and immediately ascended in eager longing a jewelled terrace in the women's apartments, which had pillars of precious stone standing in it, and lattices of pearl fastened to them, and had placed on its pavement, of costly mosaic, luxurious couches and splendid thrones, and was rendered still more delightful by means of the various enjoyments which there presented themselves as soon as thought of. Even when there, she was exceedingly tortured with the fire of separation. And she saw from the top of this terrace a magnificent heavenly garden, planted with trees and creepers of gold, and full of hundreds of tanks adorned with costly stone. And when she saw it, she said to herself, "Wonderful! This splendid city of ours is more beautiful even than the world of the moon in which I was born. And yet I have not explored this city which is the very crest-jewel of the Himálayas, in which there is such a splendid suburban garden excelling Nandana. So I will go into this lovely shrubbery, cool with the shade of trees, and alleviate a little the scorching of the fires of separation."

After the young maiden had gone through these reflections, she dexterously managed to descend slowly from the terrace alone, and prepared to go to that city garden. And as she could not go on foot, she was carried there by some birds that were brought to her by her power, and served as her conveyance. When she reached the garden, she sat in an arbour formed of plantains growing together, on a carpet of flowers, with heavenly singing and music sounding in her ears. And even there she did not obtain relief, and her passion did not abate; on the contrary, the fire of her love increased still more, as she was separated from her beloved.

Then in her longing she was eager to behold that loved one, though only in a picture, so by her magic power she summoned for herself a tablet for painting and colour-pencils. And she said to herself, "Considering even the Disposer is unable to create a second like my beloved, how can I, reed* in hand, produce a worthy likeness of him? Nevertheless, I will paint him as well as I can for my own consolation." After going through these reflections she proceeded to paint him on a tablet, and while she was thus engaged, her confidante Manohárika, who had been troubled at not seeing her, came to that place to look for her. She stood behind the princess, and saw her languishing alone in the bower of creepers, with her painting-tablet in her hand. She said to herself, "I will just see now what the princess is doing here alone." So the princess's confidante remained there concealed.

And then Padmávatí, with her lotus-like eyes gushing with tears, began to address in the following words her beloved in the painting. "When thou didst slay the formidable Asuras and deliver Indra, how comes it that thou dost not deliver me from my woe, though near me, by speaking to me at any rate? To one whose merits in a former life are small, even a wishing-tree is ungenerous, even Buddha is wanting in compassion, and even gold becomes a stone. Thou knowest not the fever of love, and canst not comprehend my pain; what could the poor archer Love, whose arrows are but flowers, do against one whom the Daityas found invincible? But what am I saying? Truly Fate is adverse to me, for Fate stops my eyes with tears, and will not allow me to behold thee for long together, even in a picture." When the princess had said this, she began to weep with teardrops that were so large that it appeared as if her necklace were broken, and great pearls were falling from it.

At that moment her friend Manohárika advanced towards her, and the princess concealed the picture and said to her, "My friend, I have not seen you for ever so long; where have you been?" When Manohárika heard this, she laughed and said, "I have been wandering about, my friend, for a long time to look for you; so, why do you hide the picture? I saw a moment ago a wonderful picture."†

When Padmávatí's friend said this to her, she seized her hand, and said to her with a face cast down from shame, and a voice choked with tears, "My friend, you knew it all long ago; why should I try to conceal it?‡ The fact is, that prince, though on that occasion, in the sacred

* The reed was no doubt used as a brush or pencil. The Sanskrit College MS. reads *utkaṇṭhá-sannapáṇir ahaṃ kathaṃ*.

† The three India Office MSS. read *atha śrutam*, which, I suppose, means, "and I heard something too."

‡ This line in Brockhaus's text is unmetrical. Nos. 1382 and 3003 read *kim nu gúhyate*, No. 2166 has *na* for *nu*.

enclosure of Gaurí, he delivered me from the terrible fire of the Rákshasí's wrath, plunged me nevertheless in the fire of love, with its intolerable flame of separation. So I do not know, where to go, whom to speak to, what to do, or what expedient I must have recourse to, since my heart is fixed on one hard to obtain."

When the princess said this, her friend answered her, "My dear, this attachment of your mind is quite becoming and suitable; your union would certainly be to the enhancement of one another's beauty, as the union of the digit of the new moon with the hair of S'iva matted into the form of a diadem. And do not be despondent about this matter: of a truth he will not be able to live without you; did you not see that he was affected in the same way as yourself? Even women, who see you,* are so much in love with your beauty that they desire to become men; so what man would not be a suitor for your hand? Much more will he be, who is equal to you in beauty. Do you suppose that S'iva, who declared that you should be man and wife, can say what is false? However, what afflicted one feels quite patient about an object much desired, even though it is soon to be attained? So cheer up! He will soon become your husband. It is not hard for you to win any husband, but all men must feel that you are a prize hard to win."

When the princess's attendant said this to her, she answered her, "My friend, though I know all this, what am I to do? My heart cannot endure to remain for a moment without that lord of my life, to whom it is devoted, and Cupid will not bear to be trifled with any further. For when I think of him, my mind is immediately refreshed,† but my limbs burn, and my breath seems to leave my body with glowing heat."

Even as the princess was saying this, she, being soft as a flower, fell fainting with distraction into the arms of that friend of hers. Then her weeping friend gradually brought her round by sprinkling her with water and fanning her with plantain-leaves. Her friend employed with her the usual remedies of a necklace and bracelet of lotus-fibres, a moist anointing with sandal-wood unguent, and a bed of lotus-leaves; but these contracted heat by coming in contact with her body, and seemed by their heating and withering to feel the same pain as she felt.

Then Padmávatí, in her agitation, said to that friend, "Why do you weary yourself in vain? My suffering cannot be alleviated in this way. It would be a happy thing, if you would take the only step likely to alleviate it." When she said this in her pain, her friend answered her,

* I adopt Dr. Kern's conjecture of *yám* for *yá*. It is confirmed by the three India Office MSS. and by the Sanskrit College MS.

† This meaning is assigned by Böhtlingk and Roth to the word *nirváti* in this passage.

"What would not I do for your sake? Tell me, my friend, what that step is."

When the princess heard this, she said with difficulty, as if ashamed, "Go, my dear friend, and bring my beloved here quickly; for in no other way can my suffering be allayed, and my father will not be angry; on the contrary, as soon as he comes here, he will give me to him." When her friend heard that, she said to her in a tone of decision, "If it be so, recover your self-command. This is but a little matter. Here am I, my friend, setting out for Chandrapura the famous and splendid city of Chandraketu the king of the Vidyádharas, the father of your beloved, to bring your beloved to you. Be comforted! What is the use of grief?"

When the princess had been thus comforted by Manohárikáá, she said, "Then rise up, my friend, may your journey be prosperous! Go at once! And you must say courteously from me to that heroic lord of my life, who delivered the three worlds, 'When you delivered me so triumphantly in that temple of Gaurí from the danger of the Rákshasís, how is that you do not deliver me now, when I am being slain by the god Cupid, the destroyer of women? Tell me, my lord, what kind of virtue is this in persons like yourself able to deliver the worlds—to neglect in calamity one whom you formerly saved, though she is devoted to you.'* This is what you must say, auspicious one, or something to this effect as your own wisdom may direct." When Padmávatí had said this, she sent that friend on her errand. And she mounted a bird which her magic knowledge brought to her, to carry her, and set out for that city of the Vidyádharas.

And then Padmávatí, having to a certain extent recovered her spirits by hope, took the painting-tablet, and entered the palace of her father. There she went into her own apartment surrounded by her servants, and bathed and worshipped S'iva with intense devotion, and thus prayed to him, "Holy one, without thy favouring consent no wish, great or small, is fulfilled for any one in these three worlds. So if thou wilt not give me for a husband that noble son of the emperor of the Vidyádharas, on whom I have set my heart, I will abandon my body in front of thy image."

When she addressed this prayer to S'iva, her attendants were filled with grief and astonishment, and said to her, "Why do you speak thus, princess, regardless of your body's weal? Is there anything in these three worlds difficult for you to obtain? Even Buddha would forget his self-restraint, if loved by you. So he must be a man of exceptional merit, whom you thus love." When the princess heard this, carried away by the thought of his virtues, she said, "How can I help loving him, who is the only refuge of Indra and the rest of the gods, who alone destroyed the

* I follow MSS. Nos. 3003 and 2166 which give *jano' nuvritto'pi.*

army of the Asuras, as the sun destroys the darkness, and who saved my life?" Saying such things, she remained there full of longing, engaged in conversation about her beloved with her confidential attendants.

In the meanwhile her friend Manohárika, travelling at full speed, reached Chandrapura, that city of the king of the Vidyádharas; which Viśvakarman made wonderful, and of unparalleled magnificence, as if dissatisfied with the city of the gods, though of that also he was the architect. There she searched for Muktáphalaketu, but could not find him, and then, riding on her bird, she went to the garden belonging to that city. She derived much pleasure from looking at that garden, the magic splendour of which was inconceivable; the trees of which were of glittering jewels, and had this peculiarity that one tree produced a great many flowers of different kinds; which was rendered charming by the blending of the notes of various birds with the sound of heavenly songs; and which was full of many slabs of precious stone.

And then, various gardeners, in the form of birds, saw her, and came up to her, speaking with articulate voice, and addressing her kindly, and they invited her to sit down on a slab of emerald at the foot of a *párijáta*-tree, and when she was seated, served her with appropriate luxuries. And she received that attention gratefully, and said to herself, "Wonderful are the magic splendours of the princes of the Vidyádharas, since they possess such a garden in which enjoyments present themselves unlooked for, in which the servants are birds, and the nymphs of heaven keep up a perpetual concert." When she had said this to herself, she questioned those attendants, and at last, searching about, she found a thicket of *párijáta* and other trees of the kind, and in it she saw Muktáphalaketu appearing to be ill,* lying on a bed of flowers sprinkled with sandal-wood juice. And she recognized him, as she had become acquainted with him in the hermitage of Gaurí, and she said to herself, "Let me see what his illness is, that he is lying here concealed."

In the meanwhile Muktáphalaketu began to say to his friend Saṃyataka, who was attempting to restore him with ice, and sandal-wood, and fanning, "Surely this god of love has placed hot coals in the ice for me, and in the sandal-wood juice a flame of chaff, and in the air of the fan a fire as of a burning forest, since he produces a scorching glow on every side of me, who am tortured with separation. So why, my friend, do you weary yourself in vain? In this garden, which surpasses Nandana, even the delightful songs and dances and other sports of heavenly nymphs afflict my soul. And without Padmávatí, the lotus-faced, the daughter of Pad-

* Böhtlingk and Roth consider that *sákalyaka* is the true reading. One MS. certainly has *y* and I think probably the others.

maśekhara, this fever produced by the arrows of love cannot be alleviated. But I do not dare to say this, and I do not find a refuge in any one ; indeed I know only of one expedient for obtaining her. I will go to the temple of Gaurí, where I saw my beloved, and where she tore out my heart with the arrows of her sidelong glances, and carried it away. There S'iva, who is united with the daughter of the king of mountains, will, when propitiated with penance, shew me how to become united with my beloved."

When the prince had said this, he was preparing to rise up, and then Manohárika, being much pleased, shewed herself; and Saṃyataka, delighted, said to that prince, "My friend, you are in luck ; your desire is accomplished. Look! here is that beloved's female attendant come to you. I beheld her at the side of the princess in the hermitage of the goddess Ambiká." Then the prince, beholding the friend of his beloved, was in a strange state, a state full of the bursting forth of joy, astonishment, and longing. And when she came near him, a rain of nectar to his eyes, he made her sit by his side, and asked her about the health of his beloved.

Then she gave him this answer, "No doubt my friend will be well enough, when you become her husband; but at present she is afflicted. For ever since she saw you, and you robbed her of her heart, she has been despondent, and neither hears nor sees. The maiden has left off her necklace, and wears a chain of lotus-fibres ; and has abandoned her couch, and rolls on a bed of lotus-leaves. Best of conquerors, I tell you, her limbs, now white with the sandal-wood juice which is drying up with their heat, seem laughingly* to say, 'That very maiden, who formerly was too bashful to endure the mention of a lover†, is now reduced to this sad condition by being separated from her dear one.' And she sends you this message." Having said so much, Manohárika recited the two verses which Padmávatí had put into her mouth.

When Muktáphalaketu heard all that, his pain departed, and he joyfully welcomed Manohárika, and said to her, "This my mind has been irrigated by your speech, as by nectar, and is refreshed ; and I have recovered my spirits, and got rid of my languor : my good deeds in a former life have to-day borne fruit, in that that daughter of the Gandharva king is so well-disposed towards me. But, though I might possibly be able to endure the agony of separation, how could that lady, whose body is as delicate as a *s'irísha*-flower, endure it ? So I will go to that very hermitage of Gaurí ; and do you bring your friend there, in order that we may meet at once.

* By the canons of Hindu rhetoric a smile is white. Hence this frigid conceit.

† I read *na* for *tu*. Two out of the three India Office MSS. and the Sanskrit College MS. give *na*.

And go quickly, auspicious one, and comfort your friend, and give her this crest-jewel, which puts a stop to all grief, which the Self-existent gave me, when pleased with me. And this necklace, which Indra gave me, is a present for yourself." When the prince had said this, he gave her the crest-jewel from his head, and he took the necklace from his neck, and put it on hers.

Then Manohárikâ was delighted, and she bowed before him, and set out, mounted on her bird, to find her friend Padmávatí. And Muktáphalaketu, his languor having been removed by delight, quickly entered his own city with Saṃyataka.

And Manohárikâ, when she came into the presence of Padmávatí, told her of the love-pain of her beloved, as she had witnessed it, and repeated to her his speech, sweet and tender with affection, as she had heard it; and told her of the arrangement to meet her in the hermitage of Gaurí, which he had made, and then gave her the crest-jewel which he had sent, and showed her the chain which he had given herself as a present. Then Padmávatí embraced and honoured that friend of hers who had been so successful; and forgot that pain of the fire of love which had tortured her before, and she fastened that crest-jewel on her head, as if it were joy, and began to prepare to go to the wood of Gaurí.

In the meanwhile it happened that a hermit, of the name of Tapodhana, came to that grove of Gaurí, with his pupil, named Dṛiḍhavrata. And while there, the hermit said to his pupil Dṛiḍhavrata, "I will engage in contemplation for a time in this heavenly garden. You must remain at the gate, and not let any one in, and after I have finished my contemplation, I will worship Párvatí." When the hermit had said this, he placed that pupil at the gate of the garden, and began to engage in contemplation under a *párijáta*-tree. After he rose up from his contemplation, he went into the temple to worship Ambiká, but he did not tell his pupil, who was at the gate of the garden.

And in the meanwhile Muktáphalaketu came there adorned, with Saṃyataka, mounted on a heavenly camel. And as he was about to enter that garden, that pupil of the hermit forbade him, saying, "Do not do so! My spiritual superior is engaged in contemplation within." But the prince, longing to see his beloved, said to himself, "The area of this garden is extensive, and it is possible that she may have arrived and may be somewhere within it, whereas the hermit is only in one corner of it." So he got out of sight of that hermit's pupil, and with his friend entered the garden by flying through the air.

And while he was looking about, the hermit's pupil came in to see if his spiritual superior had completed his meditation. He could not see his superior there, but he did see the noble Muktáphalaketu with his

friend, who had entered the garden by a way by which it was not meant to be entered. Then that pupil of the hermit cursed the prince in his anger, saying to him, "As you have interrupted the meditation of my spiritual guide, and driven him away, go with your friend to the world of men on account of this disrespect." After he had pronounced this curse, he went in search of his superior. But Muktáphalaketu was thrown into great despondency by this curse having fallen on him like a thunderbolt, when his desire was on the point of being fulfilled. And in the meanwhile, Padmávatí, eager to meet her beloved, came mounted on a bird, with Manohárika and her other attendants. And when the prince saw that lady, who had come to meet him of her own accord, but was now separated from him by a curse, he was reduced to a painful frame of mind in which sorrow and joy were blended. And at that very moment Padmávatí's right eye throbbed, boding evil fortune, and her heart fluttered. Then the princess, seeing that her lover was despondent, thought that he might be annoyed because she had not come before he did, and approached him with an affectionate manner. Then the prince said to her, "My beloved, our desire, though on the point of fulfilment, has been again baffled by Fate." She said excitedly, "Alas! how baffled?" And then the prince told her how the curse was pronounced on him.

Then they all went, in their despondency, to entreat the hermit, who was the spiritual guide of him who inflicted the curse, and was now in the temple of the goddess, to fix an end to the curse. When the great hermit, who possessed supernatural insight, saw them approach in humble guise, he said with a kind manner to Muktáphalaketu, "You have been cursed by this fool who acted rashly before he had reflected;* however you have not done me any harm, since I rose up of myself. And this curse can only be an instrument, not the real reason of your change; in truth you have in your mortal condition to do the gods a service. You shall come in the course of destiny to behold this Padmávatí, and sick with love, you shall abandon your mortal body, and be quickly released from your curse. And you shall recover this lady of your life, wearing the same body that she wears now; for being a deliverer of the universe, you do not deserve to lie long under a curse. And the cause of all this that has befallen you is the slight stain of unrighteousness which attaches to you, on account of your having slain with that weapon of Brahmá, which you employed, old men and children."

When Padmávatí heard this, she said, with tears in her eyes, to that sage, "Holy Sir, let me now have the same lot as my future husband! I shall not be able to live for a moment without him." When Padmávatí

* Here MSS. Nos. 3003 and 2166 and the Sanskrit College MS. read *aprekshápúrvakáriṇá*, the nominative case of which word is found in Taranga 64, ślokas 20 and 26. No. 1882 has *aprekshyápúrvakáriṇá*.

made this request, the hermit said to her, "This cannot be: do you remain here for the present engaged in asceticism, in order that he may be quickly delivered from his curse, and may marry you. And then, as the consort of that Muktáphalaketu, you shall rule the Vidyádharas and Asuras for ten *kalpas*. And while you are performing asceticism, this crest-jewel, which he gave you, shall protect you; for it is of great efficacy, having sprung from the water-pot of the Disposer."

When the hermit, possessing divine insight, had said this to Padmávatí, Muktáphalaketu, bending low, addressed this prayer to him, "Holy Sir, may my faith in S'iva be unwavering during my life as a man, and may my mind never be inclined to any lady but Padmávatí." The hermit replied, "So let it be!" and then Padmávatí, sorely grieved, pronounced on that pupil, whose fault had entailed these misfortunes, the following curse, "Since you cursed in your folly my destined husband, you shall be a vehicle for him to ride on in his human condition, possessing the property of going with a wish and changing your shape at will." When the pupil had been thus cursed, he was despondent, and then the hermit Tapodhana disappeared with him.

Then Muktáphalaketu said to Padmávatí, "I will now go to my city, and see what will happen to me there." When Padmávatí heard this, being terrified at separation, she at once fell on the earth with all her ornaments, as a creeper, broken by the wind, falls with all its flowers. And Muktáphalaketu comforted, as well as he could, his crying love, and departed with his friend, frequently turning round his eyes to look at her. And after he was gone, Padmávatí was much grieved, and weeping, said to her friend Manoháriká, who tried to comfort her, "My friend, I am certain that I saw the goddess Párvatí to-day in a dream, and she was about to throw a garland of lotuses round my neck, when she said, 'Never mind! I will give it you on some future occasion,' and desisted from her intention. So I understand that she wished in this way to let me know that my union with my beloved would be hindered." When she was mourning in this way over what had occurred, her friend said to her, "This dream was no doubt sent to you when you say, by the goddess, in order to comfort you. And the hermit said the very same to you, and the gods have clearly thus ordained: so, be of good cheer, you will soon be reunited with your beloved."

This and other speeches from her friend, and the magic efficacy of the crest-jewel made Padmávatí recover her self-command, and she remained there in the hermitage of Gaurí. And she performed asceticism, worshipping there S'iva and Párvatí, three times a day, and also the picture of her beloved, which she had brought from her own city, looking upon it as the image of a divinity. Her parents, hearing what had taken place, came to

her in tears, and tried to prevent her, saying, "Do not uselessly fatigue yourself with penance, to bring about a desired end, which will anyhow take place." But she said to them, "How could I live here with any comfort, now that the husband recently appointed for me by the god has fallen into misery owing to a curse? For to ladies of good family a husband is a god. And no doubt, this calamity may soon be brought to an end by austerities, and S'iva may be propitiated, and then I may be reunited with my beloved, for there is nothing* that austerities cannot accomplish." When Padmávatí had said this with firm resolution, her mother Kuvalayávalí said to her father the king, "King, let her perform this severe asceticism! Why trouble her further on false grounds? This is appointed for her by destiny: there is a reason for it; listen. Long ago, in the city of S'iva, the daughter of the king of the Siddhas, named Devaprabhá, was performing a very severe penance, in order to obtain the husband she desired. Now my daughter Padmávatí had gone there with me to visit the shrine of the god, and she went up to the Siddha maiden and laughed at her, saying, 'Are you not ashamed to practise austerities in order to obtain a husband?' Then the Siddha maiden cursed her in her rage, saying, 'Fool! your laughter proceeds from childishness; you also shall perform painful austerities to your heart's content to obtain a husband.' Accordingly she must of necessity endure the misery which the curse of the Siddha maiden has entailed; who can alter that? So let her do what she is doing?" When the queen had said this to the king of the Gandharvas, he took leave at last, though reluctantly, of his daughter, who bowed at his feet, and went to his own city. And Padmávatí remained in that hermitage of Párvatí, intent on religious observances and prayers, and every day she went through the air and worshipped that Siddhíśvara, that was worshipped by Brahmá and the other gods, of which S'iva had told her in a dream.

## CHAPTER CXVIII.

While Padmávatí was engaged in asceticism, in order that she might be reunited to Muktáphalaketu, the son of the emperor of the Vidyádharas, that prince, feeling that his descent into the world of men was nigh at hand owing to the curse of the Bráhman, in his fear, fled to S'iva as a refuge.

* Two of the India Office MSS. and the Sanskrit College MS. insert *kinchit* before *tapasám*.

And while he was worshipping S'iva, he heard a voice issue from the inner cell of his temple, "Fear not, for thou shalt not have to endure misery while dwelling in the womb, and thou shalt not have to suffer during thy life as a mortal, nor shalt thou long remain in that condition.* Thou shalt be born as a strong and valorous prince. Thou shalt obtain from the hermit Tapodhana the control of all weapons, and my Gaṇa named Kinkara shall be thy younger brother. With his help thou shalt conquer thy enemies, and accomplish the required service for the gods, and thou shalt be reunited with Padmávatí and rule the Vidyádharas." When that prince had heard this voice, he conceived hope, and remained waiting for the ripening, so to speak, of the fruit of the curse pronounced upon him.

At this point of my story there was a city in the eastern region named Devasabha, that surpassed in splendour the court of the gods. In it there lived a universal monarch named Merudhvaja, the comrade of Indra when war arose between the gods and Asuras. That great-hearted prince was greedy of glory, not of the goods of others; his sword was sharp, but not his punishments; he feared sin, but not his enemy. His brows were sometimes curved in anger, but there was no crookedness in his heart. His arm was hard, where it was marked with the horny thickening produced by the bowstring, but there was no hardness in his speech. He spared his helpless enemies in battle, but he did not exhibit any mean parsimony with regard to his treasure;† and he took pleasure in virtuous deeds and not in women.

That king had always two anxieties in his heart, the first was that not even one son was as yet born to him, the second was that the Asuras, who escaped from the slaughter in the great fight long ago between the gods and Asuras, and fled to Pátála, kept continually sallying out to a distance from it, and treacherously destroying holy places, temples, and hermitages in his land, and then retiring into Pátála again; and the king could not catch them, as they could move through the air as well as through Pátála; that afflicted the brave monarch, though he had no rivals upon earth.

It happened that once, when he was afflicted with these anxieties, he went to the assembly of the gods, on the day of the full moon in the month Chaitra, in Indra's splendid chariot, which he sent to fetch him; for Indra always held a general assembly in the early part of that day, and king Merudhvaja always went to it in his chariot. But on that occasion the king kept sighing, though he was amused with the dances and songs of the heavenly nymphs, and honoured by Indra.

* MS. No. 1882 reads *garbhavásе kleśo;* and this seems to give a sense more clearly in accordance with the sequel of the story.

† Literally, too careful guarding of his *dináras*. *Dinára* is the Latin *denarius*.

When the king of the gods saw that, knowing what was in his heart, he said to him, "King, I know what thy grief is; dismiss it from thy mind. One son shall be born to thee, who shall be called Muktáphaladhvaja, and shall be a portion of S'iva, and a second named Malayadhvaja, who shall be an incarnation of a Gaṇa. Muktáphaladhvaja and his younger brother shall obtain from the hermit Tapodhana the sciences and all weapons and a creature to ride on, that shall possess the power of assuming any shape. And that invincible warrior shall again obtain the great weapon of Paśupati, and shall slay the Asuras, and get into his power the earth and Pátála. And receive from me these two air-going elephants Kánchanagiri and Kánchanaśekhara, together with mighty weapons." When Indra had said this to Merudhvaja, he gave him the arms and the elephants, and dismissed him, and he went delighted to his own city on the earth. But those Asuras, who had managed by their treachery to cast discredit upon the king, escaped being caught by him, even when mounted on the sky-going elephant, for they took refuge in Pátála.

Then the king, desiring a son, went, on his heavenly elephant, to the hermitage of that hermit Tapodhana, of whom Indra had told him. There he approached that hermit, and told him that command of Indra, and said to him, "Reverend Sir, quickly tell me what course I ought to take to gain my end." And the hermit recommended that the king and his wife should immediately take upon them a vow for the propitiation of S'iva, in order that they might attain their end. The king then proceeded to propitiate S'iva with that vow, and then that god, being pleased, said to the king in a dream, "Rise up, king, thou shalt soon* obtain one after another two invincible sons for the destruction of the Asuras." When the king had heard this, he told it to the hermit when he woke up in the morning, and after he and his wife had broken their fast, he returned to his own city.

Then that august and beautiful lady, the queen of Merudhvaja, became pregnant within a few days. And Muktáphalaketu was in some mysterious way conceived in her, having been compelled by the curse to abandon his Vidyádhara body. And that body of his remained in his own city of Chandrapura, guarded by his relations, kept by magic from corrupting.

So the queen of king Merudhvaja, in the city of Devasabha, delighted her husband by becoming pregnant. And the more the queen was oppressed by her condition, the more sprightly was her husband the king. And when the time came, she gave birth to a boy resembling the sun, who,

* Of course we must read *avilambitam* which is found in two out of the three India Office MSS. and in the Sanskrit College MS. No. 1882 has *vilambitam*.

though an infant, was of great might, even as Párvatí gave birth to the god of war. And then not only did rejoicing take place over the whole earth, but in the heaven also in which the gods struck their drums. And the hermit Tapodhana, who possessed heavenly insight, came there in person, to congratulate that king Merudhvaja. With the help of that hermit, the rejoicing king gave his son the name Muktáphaladhvaja mentioned by Indra.

Then the hermit departed ; but after the lapse of a year a second son was born to the king by that queen, and the king, with the help of that hermit, who, in the same way, came there out of joy, named him Malayadhvaja.

Then Saṃyataka was born as the son of the king's minister in accordance with the curse, and his father gave him the name of Mahábuddhi. Then those two princes gradually grew up, like lions' whelps, with that minister's son, and as they grew, their might developed also.

And after eight years only had passed, the hermit Tapodhana came and invested those princes with the sacred thread. And during eight more years he instructed them* in knowledge, and in the accomplishments, and in the use of all the mighty weapons. Then king Merudhvaja, seeing that his sons were young men, able to fight with all weapons, considered that he had not lived in vain.

Then the hermit was about to return to his hermitage, but the king said to him, "Reverend Sir, now take whatever present you desire." The great sage answered, "This is the present I desire from you, king, that, with your sons, you would slay the Asuras that impede my sacrifices. The king said to him, "Then, reverend sir, you must now take your present; so begin a sacrifice ; the Asuras will come to impede it, and then I will come with my sons. For formerly those Daityas, after they had treacherously wrought you wrong, used to fly up into the air, and dive into the sea, and go to Pátála. But now I have two air-going elephants given me by Indra, by means of those two I and my sons will catch them, even if they do fly through the air."

When the hermit heard that, he was pleased and he said to the king, "Then do you make in the mean time fit preparation for my sacrifice, in order that I may go and begin a long sacrificial session that will be famous in every corner of the earth. And I will send you, as a messenger, this my pupil Driḍhavrata, who has acquired the shape of an unrestrained mighty bird going with a wish ; and on him shall Muktáphaladhvaja ride."

When the hermit had said this, he returned to his hermitage, and the king sent after him the preparations for the sacrifice. With those he

* *Vinîyate* is a misprint for *viniyete.*

began a sacrifice, at which the gods and *rishis* assembled in a body, and the Dánavas, dwelling in Pátála, were excited when they heard of it.

When the hermit knew that, he sent his pupil Dridhavrata, who had been made by the curse to assume the form of a bird, to the city of Devasabha. When king Merudhvaja saw him arrive there, he remembered the words of the hermit, and got ready those two heavenly elephants. And he himself mounted the chief one, which was named Kánchanagiri, and the lesser one, which was named Kánchanaśekhara, he gave to the younger of his sons. But Muktáphaladhvaja, taking with him the heavenly weapons, mounted the great bird Dridhavrata, and the bards hailed him with songs. Then those three heroes sent their armies on in front, and set forth, mounted on air-going steeds, and blessed by holy Bráhmans. And when they reached the hermitage, the hermit, being pleased with them, granted them this boon, that they should be invulnerable by all weapons.

In the meanwhile the army of the Asuras came to impede the sacrifice, and the soldiers of Merudhvaja, when they saw the Asuras, charged them with a shout. Then a battle took place between the Daityas and the men, but the Daityas, being in the air, pressed sore the men who were on the ground. Then Muktáphaladhvaja, mounted on his winged steed, rushed forward, and cut and crushed the Daityas with a shower of arrows. And those Daityas who escaped his destroying hand, seeing him mounted on a bird, and resplendent with brightness, took to flight, supposing that he was Náráyaṇa. And all of them fled in fear to Pátála, and told what had happened to Trailokyamálin, who was at that time king of the Daityas.

When the king of the Asuras heard that, he quickly enquired into the matter by means of his spies, and found out that Muktáphaladhvaja was a mortal; and unable to endure the disgrace of having been defeated by a man, he collected all the Dánavas in Pátála, and though warned by omens to desist, he went to that hermitage to fight. But Muktáphaladhvaja and his men, who were on the alert there, rushed to attack the king of the Dánavas, as soon as they saw him arrive with his army. Then a second great battle took place between the Asuras and the men; and the gods, headed by Rudra and Indra, came in their chariots to witness it.

And then Muktáphaladhvaja saw instantly presenting itself before him there a great weapon of Paśupati, of irresistible might, of huge size, with a flame of fire streaming up from it, with three eyes, with four faces, with one leg, and eight arms, looking like the fire which is to burn up the world at the end of the *kalpa*. The weapon said, "Know that I have come by the command of S'iva, to ensure your victory." When the weapon said this, the prince worshipped it and clutched it.

In the meanwhile those Asuras in the air, raining arrows, pressed hard the fainting army of Merudhvaja that was below them. Then Muktá-

phaladhvaja, who fought in various manners, came to deliver that army and fought with the Asuras, placing a net of arrows between them and his own men.

And when Trailokyamálin, the king of the Asuras, saw him and his father and brother, mounted on their air-going steeds, he sent forth the snake-weapon. Innumerable terrible venomous snakes came out of it, and these Malayadhvaja slew with Garuḍa-birds, that came out of the Garuḍa-weapon. Then Muktáphalaketu repelled with ease every weapon that the king of the Daityas and his son sent forth.

Then that enemy of the gods, and his son, and the other Dánavas were enraged, and they all at one time launched at him their fiery weapons. But those weapons, seeing the weapon of Paśupati blazing in front of him, were immediately terrified and fled.

Then the Daityas were terrified and tried to escape, but the hero Muktáphaladhvaja perceived their intention, and immediately constructed above them, and on all sides of them, an impenetrable net of arrows, like a cage of adamant. And while the Dánavas were circling within this, like birds, Muktáphaladhvaja with the help of his father and brother, smote them with sharp arrows. And the severed hands, feet, bodies, and heads of those Daityas fell on the ground, and streams of blood* flowed. Then the gods exclaimed "Bravo!" and followed up their acclamation with a rain of flowers, and Muktáphaladhvaja used the bewildering weapon against those enemies. That made the Asuras and their king fall senseless on the earth, and then by means of the weapon of Varuṇa the prince bound them all with nooses.

Then the hermit Tapodhana said to king Merudhvaja, "You must by no means kill those Asura warriors that have escaped the slaughter: but you must win them over and enter Rasátala with them. As for this king of the Daityas, and his son, and his ministers, you must take them with the great Asuras, and the malignant Nágas, and the principal Rákshasas, and imprison them in the cave of S'vetaśaila in Devasabha."† When the hermit had said this to Merudhvaja, he said to the Daitya warriors, "Do not be afraid, we must not slay you, but you must henceforth be subject to the sway of this Muktáphaladhvaja and his brother." When the king said this to the Dánavas, they joyfully consented to his proposal. Then the king had Trailokyamálin, the sovereign of the Daityas, with his son and the others, conveyed to S'vetaśaila. And he placed them in confinement in that cave, and had them guarded by his principal minister, who was backed by a force of many brave warriors.

* We should probably read *asranimnagáḥ* with two India Office MSS. No 3003 has *asrunimnagáḥ*.

† The three India Office MSS. give *Devasabhásanne*, "near Devasabha."

Then, the battle having come to an end, and the gods, who were present in their chariots, having departed, after showering *mandára* flowers, an universal rejoicing took place over the whole world, and the victorious king Merudhvaja said to his two sons, "I will remain here for the present to guard the sacrifice, and do you march to Pátála with these soldiers of ours, who have possessed themselves of many chariots belonging to the Daityas, and with those soldiers of the Asura army who have escaped destruction. And conciliate and win over to our allegiance the inhabitants of Pátála, and appoint chief governors throughout the territory, and having thus taken possession of it you must return here."

When the heroic Muktáphaladhvaja, who was mounted on his heavenly steed, that went with a wish, and Malayadhvaja heard this, the two brothers, with their forces, entered Rasátala, together with that portion of the army of the Dánavas, that had made submission, which marched in front of them. And they killed the guards that opposed them in various places, and proclaimed an amnesty to the others by beat of drum. And, as the people shewed confidence and were submissive, they took possession of the seven Rasátalas, adorned with splendid palaces* built of various jewels, and they enjoyed those palaces which were rendered delightful by gardens that gratified every wish, and had in them lakes of heavenly wine with many ladders of precious stone. And there they beheld Dánava ladies of wonderful beauty, and their daughters, who by means of magic concealed their forms within trees.

And then Svayamvaraprabhá, the wife of Trailokyamálin, began austerities in order to bring about the welfare of her imprisoned husband, and in the same way her daughters, Trailokyaprabhá and Tribhuvanaprabhá, began austerities for the welfare of their father.

And those princes honoured with various favours all the inhabitants of Pátála, who were happy now that they had obtained repose; and they appointed Sangrámasinha and others governors, and went to their father in the hermitage of Tapodhana.

And in the meanwhile the sacrifice of the hermit there reached completion, and the gods and the *ṛishis* prepared to go to their own abodes.† And as Indra was exceedingly pleased, Merudhvaja said to him, "Come with me to my city, king of heaven, if thou be pleased with me." When

* The three India Office MSS., read *puraśatair*, "hundreds of cities?" In any case *varais* should be *varair*.

† Böhtlingk and Roth would read *svadhishṇyáni* for *swádhisṭhdni* in Taranga 120, 25. Here Brockhaus reads *svádhisṭhán ṛishayas* which I find in MS. No 1882; No 3003 has what, judging from the way *shṇ* is written in this MS., I take to be *svadhishṇyányashayas*. No 2166 has what for similar reasons I take to be *svadhishṇánṛishayas*. The Sanskrit College MS. has *svadhishṭányṛishayas*.

Indra heard that, he went, in order to please him, with the king and his son to the city of Devasabha, after taking leave of the hermit. And there the king, who was sovereign of two worlds, entertained Indra so sumptuously, that he forgot his happiness in heaven. Then Indra too, being gratified, took the king and his sons in his own heavenly chariot to his celestial abode, and in that place which was charming with the pleasures of a concert in which Nárada, Rambhá and others performed, he made Merudhvaja, with Muktáphaladhvaja and Malayadhvaja, forget their toils, and gave them garlands from the Párijáta-tree, and celestial diadems, and after honouring them, sent them home.

And they, when they returned, kept going to and fro between the earth and Pátála, and though kings of men, bare sway in two worlds. Then Merudhvaja said to Muktáphaladhvaja, "Our enemies are conquered; you two brothers are young men, and I have various princesses who are subject to my sway, and I have sent for some of them: the fitting time has come; so take to yourselves wives."

When Muktáphaladhvaja's father said this to him, he answered, "Father, my mind is not inclined to marriage at present. I will now perform a course of austerities to propitiate* S'iva; but let this Malayadhvaja my dear younger brother, be married." When his younger brother Malayadhvaja heard this, he said, "Noble brother, is it fitting that I should be married, before you have taken a wife, or that I should hold sway while you are without a kingdom? I follow in your footsteps."

When Malayadhvaja said this, king Merudhvaja said to his eldest son Muktáphaladhvaja, "Your younger brother here has spoken rightly, but what you have just said is not right; it is no time for asceticism in this fresh youth of yours; the present should be to you a time of enjoyment; so abandon, my son, this perverse crotchet of yours, which is most inopportune." Though the king addressed these admonitions to his eldest son, that prince resolutely refused to take a wife: so the king remained silent, to wait for a more favourable time.

In the meanwhile, in Pátála, the two daughters of Trailokyamálin's wife, Svayamprabhá, who were engaged in austerities, said to their mother, "Mother, when one of us was seven and the other eight years old, owing to our want of merits,† our father was imprisoned, and we were hurled from the royal rank. It is now the eighth year, that we have been engaged in austerities, and yet S'iva is not pleased with us, and our father has not,

* For *árádhayituṃ* Nos. 1882 and 2166 give *árádhayan* which satisfies the metre. The Sanskrit College MS. has *árádhituṃ*.

† I read *akṛitapuṇyayoḥ*, not having done meritorious actions. This is the reading of all the India Office MSS. and the Sanskrit College MS.

as yet, been released from his imprisonment. So let us even consume these unlucky bodies in the fire, before we also are imprisoned, or experience some other insult at the hands of our enemy."

When Svayamprabhá's daughters said this to her, she answered them, "Wait a while, my daughters, we shall regain our former glory. For I know that, while I was engaged in austerities, the god S'iva said to me in a dream, 'My child, be of good courage; thy husband shall recover his kingdom, and the princes Muktáphaladhvaja and Malayadhvaja shall be the husbands of thy two daughters. And do not suppose that they are men; for one of them is a noble Vidyádhara, and the other is a Gaṇa of mine.' When I had received this revelation from S'iva, I woke up at the close of night; and supported by this hope I have borne great suffering. So I will inform the king your father of this matter, and with his consent, I will endeavour to bring about your marriage."

When the queen Svayamprabhá had in these words comforted her daughters, she said to Indumatí, an old woman of the harem, "Go to my husband in the cave of S'vetaśaila, and fall at his feet, and say to him from me, 'My husband, the Creator has formed me of such strange wood, that, though the fire of separation from you burns fiercely, I have not yet been consumed by it. But it is because I entertain a hope of seeing you again that I have not abandoned life.' When you have said this, tell him the revelation that S'iva made to me in a dream, then ask him about the marriage of our daughters, and come back, and tell me what he says; I will then act accordingly."

When she had said this, she sent off Indumatí; and she left Pátála and reached the well-guarded entrance of that mountain-cave. She entreated the guards and entered, and seeing Trailokyamálin there a prisoner, she burst into tears, and embraced his feet; and when he asked her how she was, she slowly told him all his wife's message; then that king said, "As for what S'iva says about my restoration to my kingdom, may that turn out as the god announced, but the idea of my giving my daughters to the sons of Merudhvaja is preposterous. I would rather perish here than give my daughters as a present to enemies and men too, while myself a prisoner."

When Indumatí had been sent away by the king with this message, she went and delivered it to his wife Svayamprabhá. And when Trailokyaprabhá and Tribhuvanaprabhá the daughters of the Daitya sovereign heard it, they said to their mother Svayamprabhá, "Anxiety lest our youthful purity should be outraged makes the fire seem our only place of safety, so we will enter it, mother, on the fourteenth day, that is now approaching." When they had thus resolved, their mother and her suite also made up their minds to die. And when the fourteenth day arrived,

they all worshipped Háṭakeśvara, and made pyres in a holy bathing-place called Páparipu.

Now it happened that on that very day king Merudhvaja, with his son, and his wife, was coming there to worship Háṭakeśvara. And as he was going to the holy water of Páparipu, with his suite, to bathe, he saw smoke rising from the midst of a grove on its bank. And when the king asked, "How comes smoke to be rising here?" those governors he had set over Pátála, Sangrámasinha and the others, said to him, "Great king, Svayamprabhá, the wife of Trailokyamálin, is engaged in austerities here with her daughters the princesses. Without doubt they are now performing here some sacrificial rite in honour of the fire, or possibly they are wearied out with excessive asceticism, and are immolating themselves by entering it."

When the king heard that, he went to see what was going on, with his sons, and his wife, and those governors of Pátála, ordering the rest of his suite to remain behind. And concealing himself there, he beheld those Daitya maidens, with their mother, worshipping the fire of the pyres, which was burning brightly.* They seemed with the effulgence of the great beauty of their faces which shone out in all directions, to be creating in the lower world a hundred discs of the moon: and to be installing the god of love as king after the conquest of the three worlds, with their swiftly-moving necklaces that looked like liquid streams poured down from the golden pitchers of their breasts. Their broad hips, surrounded with the girdles which they wore, looked like the head of the elephant of love adorned with a girdle of constellations. The long wavy masses of hair which they bore, seemed like snakes made by the Creator to guard the treasure of their beauty. When the king saw them, he was astonished, and he said, "The creation of the Maker of All is surprising for the novelty that is ever being manifested in it:† for neither Rambhá, nor Urvaśí, nor Tilottamá is equal in beauty to these two daughters of the Asura king."

While the king was making these reflections to himself, Trailokyaprabhá, the elder of the two Daitya maidens, after worshipping the god present in the Fire, addressed this prayer to him, "Since, from the time that my mother told me of the revelation of Śiva received by her in a dream, my mind has been fixed upon prince Muktáphaladhvaja, that treasure-house of virtue, as my chosen husband, I pray, holy one, that he may be my husband in a future birth, inasmuch as, though in this birth my mother

* The three India Office MSS. give *susamiddham*, which is perhaps preferable to the reading of Brockhaus's text. The Sanskrit College MS. gives *susamitam*.

† MSS. Nos. 1882 and 2166 and the Sanskrit College MS. give *lasannavanavádbhutá* "is ever displaying new marvels." No. 3003 gives *lasannavatavádbhutá*. The *t* is no doubt a mere slip of the pen for *n*.

wishes to give me to him, my haughty father, being a captive, will not consent to it" When Tribhuvanaprabhá heard that, she, in the same way, prayed to the Fire-god that Malayadhvaja might be her husband in a future life.

Then king Merudhvaja, who was delighted at hearing that, and the queen his wife said to one another, "If our two sons could obtain these two maidens for their wives, they would reap fruit from their conquest of the two worlds. So let us go to them and their mother, before they have cast themselves into the fire, as they intend to do in a moment, and dissuade them from doing so." When the king, in consultation with the queen, had made up his mind to this, he went up to them, and said, "Do not act rashly: for I will put a stop to your sorrow." When all the Asura ladies heard this speech of the king's, that seemed like a rain of nectar to their ears, and afterwards saw him, they all bowed before him.

And Svayamprabhá said to him, "Before we were concealed by magic, and you did not see us, though we saw you, but now we have been seen here by you, the sovereign of the two worlds. And now that we have been seen by you, our sorrow will soon come to an end; much more since you have bestowed on us by your own mouth a boon we never craved; so take a seat and receive the *arghya* and water for the feet.* For you deserve to be honoured by the three worlds; and this is our hermitage." When she said this, the king answered laughing, "Give the *arghya* and water for the feet to these your sons-in-law." Then Svayamprabhá said, "To them the god S'iva will give the *arghya* and soon, but do you receive it to-day." Then Merudhvaja said, "I have already received it all; but do you, ladies, immediately give up your intention of committing suicide; and go and dwell in one of your cities where every wish can be gratified; then I will take steps to ensure your welfare."

When the king said this, Svayamprabhá said to him, "In accordance with your Majesty's order we have given up our intention of abandoning the body, but while our lord is in prison, how would it be becoming for us to live in our palace? So we will remain here, king, for the present, until your Highness shall perform the promise which you spontaneously made to us, and shall cause our lord to be set free with his servants and ministers. And he will hold sway as your Majesty's zealous officer, and will make over his realm to you if you desire it; indeed he will make a strict agreement† with you to this effect. And for this we and all the inhabitants of Pátála

* I read *arghyapádyádi* in śl 180, 6; as in śl. 181, 6. The *y* is found in the three India Office MSS. and the Sanskrit College MS. I also read in śl. 179 *svagirá datte devenánarthite vare*, which I find in the three India Office MSS. and the Sanskrit College MS.

† Two of the India Office MSS. read *samayapratibandham*; No. 3003 has *samayaprativa*; clearly some letters have been omitted. The sense would remain the same.

will be your sureties, so take our jewels from the regions of Pátála, and make them your own."

When she said this, king Merudhvaja said to her, "I will see about that, but you must remember your promise." When the king had said this, he bathed and worshipped Háṭakeśa. And those Daitya princesses, having now seen his sons with their own eyes, had their minds entirely fixed on them. Then all the inhabitants of Rasátala* fell at the feet of the virtuous king Merudhvaja, and asked that Trailokyamálin should be set at liberty; and then king Merudhvaja, with his wife, sons, and servants, left the world of the Asuras, and returned to his own city, covering the regions with his umbrellas white as his own glory. There his son Malayadhvaja spent the night in thinking on the younger daughter of the king of the Dánavas, being tortured with the fever of love, and though he closed his eyes, he never slept. But that sea of self-control Muktáphaladhvaja, though he thought upon the elder daughter of the Asura monarch who was deeply in love with him, and though he was young, and she was fair enough to shake with love the saintly minds of anchorites, still in virtue of the boon he had craved from the hermit, was no whit disturbed in mind. But Merudhvaja, finding that his elder son was determined not to take a wife, while Malayadhvaja was desperately in love, and that on the other hand that great Asura was averse to giving him his daughters, remained with his mind bewildered as to how to devise an expedient.

## CHAPTER CXIX.

Then king Merudhvaja, seeing that Malayadhvaja was thus overpowered with the fever of love, said to his queen, "If those two daughters of Trailokyamálin, whom I saw in Pátála, do not become the wives of my two sons, what advantage shall I have gained? And my son Malayadhvaja is consumed with smouldering flame, because he cannot obtain the younger of the two, though shame makes him conceal the fire of love. It is for this very reason that, though I promised Trailokyamálin's queen that I would set him at liberty, I do not at once make my promise good. For, if he is set free from his imprisonment, his pride as an Asura will prevent

* Pátála and Rasátala seem to be used indiscriminately to denote "the nether world" in this passage. Strictly speaking, Rasátala is one of the seven Pátálas. The words in śl. 189 which I have translated "regions of Pátála" mean literally "the Pátálas." In śl. 192 the three India Office MSS. read *sudṛishṭayoḥ* "having had a good look at them."

his ever giving his daughters to my sons as being men. So it is now advisable to propose this matter to him in a conciliatory manner."

When he had gone through these reflections with the queen, he said to his warder, "Go to the cave of S'vetaśaila, and say, as from me, in a kind manner to Trailokyamálin, the king of the Daityas, who is imprisoned there, 'King of the Daityas, by the appointment of Destiny you have been long afflicted here, so now do what I advise, and bring your affliction to an end. Give to my two sons your two daughters, who fell in love with them at first sight, and thus procure your release, and rule your kingdom, after you have given security for your fidelity.'"

With this message the king sent off his warder, and he went and delivered it to the Daitya monarch in that cave. The monarch answered, "I will not give my two daughters to two men;" and the warder returned and reported his answer to the king.

Then king Merudhvaja began to look about for some other means of attaining his end, and in the course of some days Svayamprabhá heard how he had sped, so she again sent Indumatí from Pátála to his palace with a message.

And Indumatí arrived, and had herself announced by the female warder, and went into the presence of the great queen, who received her graciously. And she bowed before her, and said to her, "Queen, queen Svayamprabhá sends you this message, 'Have you forgotten your own promise? The seas and the principal mountains will suffer change at the day of doom, but the promises of people like you will not change even then. Although my husband has not consented to bestow our daughters as you wished, reflect, how could he have given them as a present while himself a prisoner? If you release him in a proper way as an act of kindness,* he will certainly make you a return by giving you his daughters. Otherwise Svayamprabhá and her daughters will abandon their lives, and in this way you will fail to obtain daughters-in-law, and also to keep your promise? So manage, queen, to make the king set our lord free on the conditions of compact and security and so on, in order that all may turn out well; and accept this ornament sent by Svayamprabhá, studded with various gems, that confer the power of becoming a Vidyádhara, and other advantages."

When Indumatí said this, the queen answered her, "How can I take this from your mistress now that she is in trouble?" But Indumatí urged her vehemently to take it, saying, "We shall be quite unhappy if you refuse to accept it, but if you take it, we shall consider our affliction alleviated." Being thus strongly urged by Indumatí, the queen took from her that jewelled ornament, to comfort her; and she made her wait

* I read *muchyate* with the three India Office MSS. and the Sanskrit College MS.

there, saying to her, "Remain here, noble lady, until the king shall come this way."

In the meanwhile the king came there, and Indumatí rose up, and having been introduced by the queen, bowed before him, and he received her graciously. And she gave to that king a crest-jewel sent by Svayamprabhá, that was a talisman against poison, Rákshasas, old age, and disease.* The king said, "I will accept this jewel when I have kept my promise; but the ready-witted Indumatí said to him, "A promise made by the king is as good as kept. But, if your Majesty will accept this, we shall be very much comforted." When she made this speech, the queen observed, "Well said," and took that crest-jewel, and fastened it on the king's head.

Then Indumatí repeated to the king the message of Svayamprabhá, as she had delivered it to the queen; then the king, being entreated to the same effect by the queen, went on to say to Indumatí, "Remain here for to-day; to-morrow morning I will give you an answer."

Having said this, king Merudhvaja allowed a night to pass, and the next morning he summoned his ministers, and said to Indumatí, "Noble lady, go with these ministers of mine, and after informing Trailokyamálin, bring from Pátála those Asura ladies, Svayamprabhá and the others, and all the principal inhabitants of Pátála, and the water of ordeal connected with Hátakeśvara, in a sealed vessel. And let Svayamprabhá and the others touch the feet of Svayamprabhá's husband, in the presence of my ministers, and by solemn oaths make themselves sureties for this, namely, that Trailokyamálin, with his friends and servants, shall ever remain firm in his allegiance to me, and that the Nágas shall not injure the crops. And let all the lords in Pátála be sureties to the same effect, and let them all, with their king, give their children as hostages,† and let them all, with their king, put this in writing, and drink the water of ordeal in which the image of Háṭakeśvara has been washed: then I will release Trailokyamálin from prison."

Having said so much, the king sent off Indumatí with his ministers. She went with them, and informed Trailokyamálin of what was being done, and as he approved of her proceedings, she went in the same way to Pátála, and she brought there Svayamprabhá and the others, and the

* The *κακῶν καὶ γήραος ἄλκαρ* of Empedocles. Sir Thomas Browne in his Vulgar Errors, Book II., Ch. V, Sec. 11, makes mention of the supposed magic virtues of gems. He will not deny that bezoar is antidotal," but will not believe that a "sapphire is preservative against enchantments."

† All the India Office MSS. and the Sanskrit College MS. read *apatyáni* for *asatyáni*. I have adopted it. In śl. 29 two MSS. and the Sanskrit College MS. have *sarvánga* the other *sarvángaṃ*. I do not understand the passage.

water of ordeal,* and she made them all do in the presence of the king's ministers all that he had prescribed. And when king Trailokyamálin had in this way given security, king Merudhvaja set him free from prison with his suite. And he had brought him to his own palace with his family and his attendants, and courteously entertained him; and then he took possession of all the jewels of the Asuras, and sent Trailokyamálin back to his kingdom. And Trailokyamálin returned to Rasátala his home, and having recovered his kingdom, rejoiced with his servants and relations. And Merudhvaja filled the earth with abundant treasures that came from Pátála, as a rain-cloud showers water.

Then Trailokyamálin, the king of the Daityas, took counsel with his wife, desiring to bestow his two beautiful daughters on Merudhvaja's sons, and he invited him to his palace, with his relations, and came himself to escort him there, remembering the benefit conferred on him. So he came to king Merudhvaja, who entertained him, and then he said to him, "On a former occasion, your great joy prevented your seeing Rasátala properly. But now come and see it, while we give ourselves up to attending on you; and accept from me my two beautiful daughters for your sons."

When the Asura king had said this to Merudhvaja, the latter summoned his wife and his two sons. And he told them the speech of the Asura king, and how he proposed to give his two daughters; then his eldest son Muktáphaladhvaja said to him, "I will not marry until I have propitiated S'iva; I said this long ago; you must pardon this fault in me. When I have gone, let Malayadhvaja marry; for he will never be happy without that Pátála maiden." When the younger son heard this, he said to his elder brother, "Noble sir, while you are alive, I will never perform such a disgraceful and unrighteous act. Then king Merudhvaja earnestly exhorted Muktáphaladhvaja to marry, but he would not consent to do so; and therefore Trailokyamálin took leave of the king, who was in a state of despondency, and went back with his suite to Pátála as he had come.

There he told what had taken place and said to his wife and son, "Observe how exclusively bent on humiliating us Fortune is. Those very men, to whom formerly I refused to give my daughters in marriage when they asked for them, now refuse to accept them, though I ask them to do so." When they heard it, they said, "Who can tell how this matter is in the mind of Destiny? Can S'iva's promise be falsified?"

While they were saying these things, those maidens, Trailokyaprabhá and Tribhuvanaprabhá, heard what had happened, and took upon them

* Perhaps we may compare this water with that of the river Styx. Háṭakí appears to be the name of a river in the underworld.

the following vow, "We will remain without food for twelve days, and if at the end of that time the god does not shew us favour by bringing about our marriage, we will enter the fire together, and we will not preserve our bodies for insult, or merely for the sake of continuing in life." When the daughters of the Daitya sovereign had made this vow, they remained fasting in front of the god, engaged in meditation and muttering prayers. And their mother and their father the sovereign of the Daityas, hearing of it, and being very fond of their daughters, remained fasting in the same way.

Then Svayamprabhá their mother quickly sent off Indumatí once more to Merudhvaja's queen consort, to tell her how matters were going. She went and told that queen the trouble in her master's house, and so Merudhvaja also came to hear of it. Then that couple abandoned food out of regard for the other royal couple, and their sons did so as well, out of regard for their parents.

Thus in two worlds the royal families were in trouble. And Muktáphaladhvaja remained without eating, and meditated on S'iva as his refuge. And, after six nights had passed, in the morning the prince woke up, and said to his friend Mahábuddhi, who had formerly been Saṃyataka, "My friend, I remember that last night in a dream I mounted my steed given me by the hermit Tapodhana, that changes its shape at will, and goes where the mind directs, and had become a flying chariot, and, in my despondency I went to a heavenly temple of S'iva, very far from here, on the slope of Meru. There I saw a certain celestial maiden emaciated with austerities; and a certain man with matted hair, pointing to her, said to me laughing, 'You have come here in this way to escape from one maiden, and lo! here is another waiting for you.' When I heard this speech of his, I remained gazing at the beauty of that maiden, but found it impossible to gaze my fill, and so at the end of the night I suddenly woke up.

"So I will go there to obtain that heavenly maiden, and if I do not find her there, I will enter the fire. What can Destiny mean, by causing my mind to become attached to this maiden seen in a dream, after rejecting, in the way I did, the Daitya maiden, offered to me a short time ago? At any rate, I am persuaded that, if I go there, good fortune will certainly befall me."

Having said this, he called to mind that vehicle given to him by the hermit, which would carry him to any place conceived in the mind, and assume any desired form. It turned into an air-going chariot, and he mounted it, and set out for that heavenly temple of S'iva, and when he reached it, he saw that it was just as it had seemed in his dream, and he rejoiced. Then he proceeded to perform religious ablution with all the attendant rites, in the holy water there, named Siddhodaka, with no one to wait on him but his friend.

Then his father king Merudhvaja, who was in his own city, emaciated with fasting, accompanied by his wife, son, and suite, heard that he had gone off somewhere secretly, and became bewildered with grief. And all this was at once known in Pátála, exactly as it had taken place. Then Trailokyamálin took with him his two daughters, and came fasting, with his wife and suite, to visit king Merudhvaja. And they all resolved on the following course of action; "Surely, as it is the fourteenth day, the prince has gone somewhere to worship S'iva; so we will wait for him here this day. But to-morrow, if he has not returned, we will go where he is: then, happen what will."

In the meanwhile Padmávatí, who was in that hermitage of S'iva, named Meghavana, said that very day to her ladies-in-waiting; "My friends, I remember that last night I went in a dream to Siddhíśvara, and a certain man wearing matted hair came out of the temple of the god, and said to me, 'My daughter, thy sorrow is at an end, thy reunion with thy husband is nigh at hand.' When he had said this, he departed, and night and sleep left me together. So come, let us go there." When Padmávatí had said this, she went to that temple of Gaurí on the slope of Meru.

There she saw with astonishment that Muktáphaladhvaja at a distance bathing in Siddhodaka, and she said to her friends, "This man is like my beloved. Observe how very like he is. Wonderful! Can he be the very same? It cannot be, for he is a mortal." When her ladies-in-waiting heard that, and saw him, they said to her, "Princess, not only is this man very like your beloved, but observe, his companion also bears a resemblance to your lover's friend Saṃyataka. So we know for certain that, in accordance with your last night's dream which you related to us, S'iva has by his power brought those two here, after their becoming incarnate as men owing to a curse. Otherwise, how, being mortals, could they have come to this region of the gods?" When Padmávati had been thus addressed by her ladies-in-waiting, she worshipped S'iva, and in a state of eager excitement, remained concealed near the god's symbol to find out who the stranger was.

In the meanwhile Muktáphaladhvaja, having bathed, came into the temple to worship the god, and after looking all round, said to Mahábuddhi, "Strange to say, here is that very temple, which I saw in my dream, made of precious stone, with the form of S'iva visible within the *linga*. And now I behold here those very localities, which I saw in my dream, full of jewel-gleaming trees, which are alive with heavenly birds. But I do not see here that heavenly maiden, whom I then saw; and if I do not find her, I am determined to abandon the body in this place."

When he said this, Padmávatí's ladies-in-waiting said to her in a whisper, "Listen! it is certain that he has come here, because he saw you

here in a dream, and if he does not find you, he intends to surrender his life; so let us remain here concealed, and see what he means to do."

And while they remained there in concealment, Muktáphaladhvaja entered, and worshipped the god, and came out. And when he came out, he devoutly walked round the temple three times, keeping his right hand towards it, and then he and his friend remembered their former birth, and in their joy they were telling to one another the events of their life as Vidyádharas, when Padmávatí met their view. And Muktáphaladhvaja, remembering the occurrences of his former life, as soon as he saw her, was filled with joy, and said to his friend, "Lo! this very princess Padmávatí, the lady I saw in my dream! and she has come here by good luck; so I will at once go and speak to her."

When he had said this, he went up to her weeping and said, "Princess, do not go away anywhere now; for I am your former lover Muktáphalaketu. I became a man by the curse of the hermit Driḍhavrata, and I have now remembered my former birth." When he had said this, he tried, in his eagerness, to embrace her. But she was alarmed and made herself invisible, and remained there with her eyes full of tears: and the prince, not seeing her, fell on the ground in a swoon.

Then his friend sorrowfully spoke these words into the air, "How is it, princess Padmávatí, that, now this lover has come, for whom you suffered such severe austerities, you will not speak to him? I too am Saṃyataka the comrade of your beloved: why do you not say something kind to me, as I was cursed for you?" After saying this, he restored the prince, and said to him, "This punishment has come upon you as the result of the crime you committed in not accepting the Daitya princess, who offered herself to you out of love."

When Padmávatí, who was concealed, heard this, she said to her ladies-in-waiting, "Listen, he has no inclination for Asura maidens." Then her ladies said to her, "You see that all tallies together. Do you not remember that long ago, when your beloved was cursed, he craved as a boon from the hermit Tapodhana, that while he was a man, his heart might never be inclined to any one but Padmávatí. It is in virtue of that boon that he now feels no love for other women." When the princess heard this, she was bewildered with doubt.

Then Muktáphaladhvaja, who had no sooner seen his beloved, than she disappeared from his eyes, cried out, "Ah! my beloved Padmávatí, do you not see that when I was a Vidyádhara, I incurred a curse in Meghavana for your sake? And now be assured that I shall meet my death here."

When Padmávatí heard him utter this and other laments, she said to her ladies-in-waiting, "Though all indications seem to tally, still these two may possibly have heard these things at some time or other by communica-

tion from mouth to mouth, and therefore my mind is not convinced. But I cannot bear to listen to his sorrowful exclamations, so I will go to that temple of Gaurí: moreover it is the hour of worship for me there." When Padmávatí had said this, she went with her ladies-in-waiting to that hermitage of Ambiká, and after worshipping the goddess she offered this prayer, "If the man I have just seen in Siddhíśvara is really my former lover, bring about for me, goddess, my speedy reunion with him."

And while Padmávatí was there, longing for her beloved, Muktáphaladhvaja, who had remained behind in Siddhíśvara, said to his friend Mahábuddhi, who had been in a former life his friend Saṃyataka, "I am convinced, my friend, that she has gone to her own haunt, that temple of Gaurí; so come, let us go there." When he had said this, he ascended that chariot of his, which went wherever the mind desired, and flew to that hermitage of Ambiká.

When Padmávatí's ladies-in-waiting saw him afar off, coming down in the chariot from the sky, they said to Padmávatí, "Princess, behold this marvel. He has come here also, travelling in an air-going chariot; how can he, a mere man, have such power?" Then Padmávatí said, "My friends, do you not remember that on Driḍhavrata, who cursed him, I laid the following curse, 'When my beloved is incarnate as a man, you shall be his vehicle, assuming any desired shape, and moving in obedience to a wish.' So, no doubt, this is that hermit's pupil, his vehicle, wearing at present the form of an air-going chariot, and by means of it he roams everywhere at will."

When she said this, her ladies-in-waiting said to her, "If you know this to be the case, princess, why do you not speak to him? What are you waiting for?" When Padmávatí heard this speech of her ladies', she went on to say, "I think that this probably is the case, but I am not absolutely certain as yet. But, even supposing he really is my beloved, how can I approach him, now that he is not in his own body, but in another body? So, let us for a time watch his proceedings, being ourselves concealed." When the princess had said this, she remained there concealed, surrounded by her ladies-in-waiting.

Then Muktáphaladhvaja descended from the chariot in that hermitage of Ambiká, and being full of longing, said to his friend, "Here I had my first interview with my beloved, when she had been terrified by the Rákshasís; and I again saw her in the garden here, when she came having chosen me for her own; and here I received the curse, and she wished to follow me by dying; but was, though with difficulty, prevented by that great hermit: and now, see, that very same lady flies out of reach of my eyes."

When Padmávatí heard him speak thus, she said to her ladies-in-

waiting, "True, my friends, it is really my beloved, but how can I approach him, before he has entered his former body? In this matter Siddhísvara is my only hope. He sent me the dream, and he will provide for me a way out of my difficulties." When she had formed this resolution, she went back to Siddhíśvara. And she worshipped that manifestation of S'iva, and offered this prayer to him, "Unite me with my beloved in his former body, or bestow death on me. I see no third way of escape from my woe." And then she remained with her friends in the court of the god's temple.

In the meanwhile Muktáphaladhvaja searched for the princess in the temple of Gauri, and not finding her was despondent, and said to that friend, "I have not found her here; let us go back to that temple of S'iva; if I cannot find her there, I will enter the fire."

When that friend heard it, he said, "Good luck will befall you! The word of the hermit and S'iva's promise in your dream cannot be falsified." With those words did Muktáphaladhvaja's friend try to comfort him; and then Muktáphaladhvaja ascended the chariot, and went with him to Siddhíśvara.

When Padmávatí saw him arrive, she still remained there invisible, and she said to her ladies-in-waiting, "Look! he has come to this very place." He too entered, and seeing that offerings had been recently placed in front of the god, prince Muktáphaladhvaja said to that companion of his, "Look, my friend, some one has been quite recently worshipping this symbol of the god; surely, that beloved of mine must be somewhere here, and she must have done this worship." When he had said this, he looked for her, but could not find her; and then in the anguish of separation he cried out again and again, "Ah! my beloved Padmávatí!"

Then, thinking that the cry of the cuckoo was her voice, and that the tail of the peacock was her hair, and that the lotus was her face, the prince ran wildly about, overpowered with an attack of the fever of love, and with difficulty did his friend console him; and coaxing him, he said to him, "What is this that you have taken up, being weak with much fasting? Why do you disregard your own welfare, though you have conquered the earth and Pátála? Your father Merudhvaja, and king Trailokyamálin, the king of the Dánavas, your future father-in-law, and his daughter Trailokyaprabhá, who wishes to marry you, and your mother Vinayavatí, and your younger brother Malayadhvaja will, if you do not go to them, suspect that some misfortune has happened, and fasting as they are, will give up their breath. So come along! Let us go and save their lives, for the day is at an end."

When Muktáphaladhvaja's friend said this to him, he answered him, "Then go yourself in my chariot and comfort them." Then his friend

said, "How will that hermit's pupil, who has been made your vehicle by a curse, submit to me? When the prince's friend said this, he replied, "Then wait a little, my friend; let us see what will happen here."

When Padmávatí heard this conversation of theirs, she said to her ladies-in-waiting, "I know that this is my former lover by all the notes tallying, but he is degraded by the curse, being enclosed in a human body, and I too am thus afflicted with a curse, because I laughed at the Siddha-maiden." While she was saying this, the moon rose, red in hue, the fire that devours the forest of separated lovers. And gradually the moonlight filled the world on every side, and the flame of love's fire filled the heart of Muktáphaladhvaja.

Then the prince began to lament like a *chakraváka* at the approach of night; and Padmávatí, who was concealed, being despondent, said to him, "Prince, though you are my former lover, still, as you are now in another body, you are to me a strange man, and I am to you as the wife of another; so why do you lament again and again? Surely some means will be provided, if that speech of the hermit's was true."

When Muktáphaladhvaja heard this speech of hers, and could not see her, he fell into a state which was painful from the contending emotions of joy and despondency; and he said to her, "Princess, my former birth has returned to my recollection, and so I recognised you, as soon as I saw you, for you still wear your old body, but as you saw me when I was dwelling in my Vidyádhara* body, how can you recognise me, now that I am in a mortal body? So I must certainly abandon this accursed frame." When he had said this, he remained silent, and his beloved continued in concealment.

Then, the night being almost gone, and his friend Mahábuddhi, who was formerly Saṃyataka, having gone to sleep out of weariness, prince Muktáphaladhvaja, thinking that he could never obtain Padmávatí, as long as he continued in that body, collected wood,† and lighted a fire; and worshipped S'iva embodied in the *linga*, uttering this prayer, "Holy one, may I by thy favour return to my former body, and soon obtain my beloved Padmávatí!" And having said this, he consumed his body in that blazing fire.

And in the meanwhile Mahábuddhi woke up, and not being able, in spite of careful search, to find Muktáphaladhvaja, and seeing the fire blazing up, he came to the conclusion that his friend, distracted with separation,

* The Sanskrit adjective corresponding to the noun Vidyádhara, is, of course, Vaidyádhara, but perhaps it is better to retain the noun in English.

† I read *áhṛitya* for *áhatya*. The three India Office MSS. and the Sanskrit College MS. have *áhṛitya*.

had burnt himself, and out of regret for his loss, he flung himself into that same fire.

When Padmávatí saw that, she was tortured with grief, and she said to her ladies-in-waiting, "Alas! Fie! the female heart is harder than the thunderbolt, otherwise my breath must have left me beholding this horror. So, how long am I to retain this wretched life? Even now, owing to my demerits, there is no end to my woe; moreover, the promise of that hermit has been falsified; so it is better that I should die. But it is not fitting that I should enter this fire and be mixed up with strange men, so in this difficult conjuncture hanging, which gives no trouble, is my best resource." When the princess had said this, she went in front of S'iva, and proceeded to make a noose by means of a creeper, which she fastened to an *aśoka*-tree.

And while her ladies-in-waiting were trying to prevent her by encouraging speeches, that hermit Tapodhana came there. He said, "My daughter, do not act rashly, that promise of mine will not be falsified. Be of good courage, you shall see that husband of yours come here in a moment. His curse has been just now cancelled by virtue of your penance; so why do you now distrust the power of your own austerities? And why do you shew this despondency when your marriage is at hand? I have come here because I learnt all this by my power of meditation." When Padmávatí saw the hermit approaching uttering these words, she bowed before him, and was for a moment, as it were, swung to and fro by perplexity. Then her beloved Muktáphalaketu, having by the burning of his mortal body entered his own Vidyádhara body, came there with his friend. And Padmávatí, seeing that son of the king of the Vidyádharas coming through the air, as a female *chátaka* beholds a fresh rain-cloud, or a *kumudvatí* the full moon newly risen, felt indescribable joy in her heart. And Muktáphalaketu, when he saw her, rejoiced, and so to speak, drank her in with his eyes, as a traveller, wearied with long wandering in a desert, rejoices, when he beholds a river. And those two, reunited like a couple of *chakravákas* by the termination of the night of their curse, took their fill of falling at the feet of that hermit of glowing brilliancy.* Then that great hermit welcomed them in the following words, "My heart has been fully gratified to-day by seeing you reunited, happy at having come to the end of your curse."

And when the night had passed, king Merudhvaja came there in search of them, mounted on the elephant of Indra, accompanied by his wife and his youngest son, and also Trailokyamálin the sovereign of the Daityas, with his daughter Trailokyaprabhá, mounted on a chariot, attended by his

* Probably the passage also means that they sunned themselves in his rays.

*harem* and his suite. Then the hermit pointed out Muktáphalaketu to those two kings and described what had taken place, how he had become a man by a curse, in order to do a service to the gods, and how he had been delivered from his human condition. And when Merudhvaja and the others heard that, though they were before eager to throw themselves into the fire, they bathed in Siddhodaka and worshipped S'iva, by the hermit's direction, and were at once delivered from their sorrow. Then that Trailokyaprabhá suddenly called to mind her birth and said to herself "Truly I am that same Devaprabhá, the daughter of the king of the Siddhas, who, when undergoing austerities* in order that the emperor of all the Vidyádharas might be my husband, was ridiculed by Padmávatí, and entered the fire to gain the fulfilment of my desire. And now I have been born in this Daitya race, and here is this very prince with whom I was in love, who has recovered his Vidyádhara body. But it is not fitting that, now that his body is changed, he should be united to this body of mine, so I will consume my Asura body also in the fire, in order to obtain him."

Having gone through these reflections in her mind, and having communicated her intention to her parents, she entered† the fire which had consumed Muktáphaladhvaja; and then the god of fire himself appeared with her, on whom out of pity he had bestowed her former body, and said to Muktáphaladhvaja, "Muktáphaladhvaja, this lady Devaprabhá, the daughter of the king of the Siddhas, for thy sake abandoned her body in me; so receive her as thy wife." When the god of fire had said this, he disappeared; and Brahmá came there with Indra and the rest of the gods, and Padmaśekhara the king of the Gandharvas, with Chandraketu, the sovereign of the Vidyádharas. Then that prosperous king of the Gandharvas‡ gave his daughter Padmávatí, with due rites and much activity on the part of his followers, as wife to Muktáphalaketu, who bowed before him, congratulated by all. And then that prince of the Vidyádharas, having obtained that beloved, whom he had so long desired, considered that he had gathered the fruit of the tree of his birth, and married also that Siddha-maiden. And prince Malayadhvaja was united to that Daitya princess, his beloved Tribhuvanaprabhá, whom her father bestowed on him with due rites. Then Merudhvaja, having, on account of his son Malayadhvaja's complete success, anointed him to be sole ruler of a kingdom extending

* I read *tapasyantí* for *na paśyantí*. See Taranga 117, śl. 177 and *ff*. The three India Office MSS. and the Sanskrit College MS. have *tapasyantí*.

† All the India Office MSS. and the Sanskrit College MS. read *anupravishṭám*.

‡ *Gandharvarájáya* in Brockhaus's text must be a misprint. MS. No. 1882 has *Gandharvaráḍvyagraparigrahas* which satisfies the metre and makes sense. This is also the reading of the Sanskrit College MS. No. 3003 seems to have the same but it is not quite clear. No. 2166 has *vyadra* for *vyagra*.

over the earth with all its islands, went with his wife to the forest to perform austerities. And Trailokyamálin, the king of the Daityas, went with his wife to his own region, and Indra gave to Muktáphalaketu the splendid kingdom of Vidyuddhvaja. And this voice came from heaven, "Let this Muktáphalaketu enjoy the sovereignty over the Vidyádharas and Asuras, and let the gods go to their own abodes!" When they heard that voice, Brahmá and Indra and the other gods went away delighted, and the hermit Tapodhana went with his pupil, who was released from his curse, and Chandraketu went to his own Vidyádhara home, with his son Muktáphalaketu who was graced by two wives. And there the king, together with his son, long enjoyed the dignity of emperor over the Vidyádharas, but at last he threw on him the burden of his kingdom, and, disgusted with the world and its pleasures, went with the queen to an ascetic grove of hermits. And Muktáphalaketu, having before obtained from Indra the rule over the Asuras, and again from his father the empire over the Vidyádharas, enjoyed, in the society of Padmávatí, who seemed like an incarnation of happiness, for ten *kalpas*, the good fortune of all the pleasures which the sway of those two wealthy realms could yield, and thus obtained the highest success. But he saw that passions are in their end distasteful, and at last he entered a wood of mighty hermits, and by the eminence of his asceticism obtained the highest glory, and became a companion of the lord Śiva.

Thus king Brahmadatta and his wife and his minister heard this romantic tale from the couple of swans, and gained knowledge from their teaching, and obtained the power of flying through the air like gods; and then they went accompanied by those two birds to Siddhíśvara,* and there they all laid aside the bodies they had entered in consequence of the curse, and were reinstated in their former position as attendants upon Śiva.†

Hearing this story from Gomukha in the absence of Madanamanchuká, for a moment only, hermits, I cheered my heart with hope.

When the emperor Naraváhanadatta had told this story, those hermits in the hermitage of Kaśyapa, accompanied by Gopálaka, rejoiced exceedingly.

* I read *tadbhárjyásachivau;* the three words should be joined together.

† In the original we find inserted here—"Here ends the story of Padmávatí."

# BOOK XVIII.

## CHAPTER CXX.

Glory be to that god, half of whose body is the moon-faced Párvatí, who is smeared with ashes white as the rays of the moon, whose eyes gleam with a fire like that of the sun and moon, who wears a half-moon on his head!

May that elephant-faced god protect you, who, with his trunk bent at the end, uplifted in sport, appears to be bestowing successes!

Then Naraváhanadatta, in the hermitage of the hermit Kaśyapa, on that Black Mountain, said to the assembled hermits, "Moreover, when, during my separation from the queen, Vegavatí, who was in love with me, took me and made me over to the protection of a Science, I longed to abandon the body, being separated from my beloved and in a foreign land; but while, in this state of mind, I was roaming about in a remote part of the forest, I beheld the great hermit Kanva.

"That compassionate hermit, seeing me bowing at his feet, and knowing by the insight of profound meditation that I was miserable, took me to his hermitage, and said to me, 'Why are you distracted, though you are a hero sprung from the race of the Moon? As the ordinance of the god standeth sure, why should you despair of reunion with your wife?

"'The most unexpected meetings do take place for men in this world; I will tell you, to illustrate this, the story of Vikramáditya; listen.'"

*The story of Vikramáditya.*

There is in Avanti a famous city, named Ujjayiní, the dwelling-place of S'iva, built by Viśvakarman in the commencement of the Yuga; which, like a virtuous woman, is invincible by strangers; like a lotus-plant is the resort of the goddess of prosperity; like the heart of the good, is rich in virtue; like the earth, is full of many wonderful sights.

There dwelt in that city a world-conquering king, named Mahendráditya, the slayer of his enemies' armies, like Indra in Amarávatí. In regard of prowess he was a wielder of many weapons; in regard of beauty he

was the flower-weaponed god* himself; his hand was ever open in bounty, but was firmly clenched on the hilt of his sword. That king had a wife named Saumyadarśaná, who was to him as Śachí to Indra, as Gaurí to Śiva, as Śrí to Vishṇu. And that king had a great minister named Sumati, and a warder named Vajráyudha, in whose family the office was hereditary. With these the king remained ruling his realm, propitiating Śiva, and ever bearing various vows in order to obtain a son.

In the meanwhile, as Śiva was with Párvatí on the mighty mountain Kailása, the glens of which are visited by troops of gods, which is beautiful with the smile that the Northern quarter smiles joyous at vanquishing all the others, all the gods with Indra at their head came to visit him, being afflicted by the oppression of the Mlechchhas; and the immortals bowed, and then sat down and praised Śiva; and when he asked them the reason of their coming, they addressed to him this prayer; "O god, those Asuras, who were slain by thee and Vishṇu, have been now again born on the earth in the form of Mlechchhas. They slay Bráhmans, they interfere with the sacrifices and other ceremonies, and they carry off the daughters of hermits: indeed, what crime do not the villains commit? Now, thou knowest, lord, that the world of gods is ever nourished by the earth, for the oblation offered in the fire by Bráhmans nourishes the dwellers in heaven. But, as the Mlechchhas have overrun the earth, the auspicious words are nowhere pronounced over the burnt-offering, and the world of gods is being exhausted by the cutting off of their share of the sacrifice and other supplies.† So devise an expedient in this matter; cause some hero to become incarnate on the earth, mighty enough to destroy those Mlechchhas."

When Śiva had been thus entreated by the gods, he said to them, "Depart; you need not be anxious about this matter; be at your ease. Rest assured that I will soon devise an expedient which will meet the difficulty." When Śiva had said this, he dismissed the gods to their abodes.‡

And when they had gone, the Holy one, with Párvatí at his side, summoned a Gaṇa, named Mályavat, and gave him this order, "My son, descend into the condition of a man, and be born in the city of Ujjayiní as the brave son of king Mahendráditya. That king is a portion of me, and his wife is sprung from a portion of Ambiká; be born in their family, and do the heaven-dwellers the service they require. Slay all those Mlech-

* Káma, the god of love.

† The central idea of the Birds of Aristophanes.

‡ Here Böhtlingk and Roth would read *svadhishṇyány*. Two of the three India Office MSS. seem to read this, judging from the way in which they form the combination *shṇ*. No. 1882 is not quite clear.

chhas that obstruct the fulfilment of the law contained in the three Vedas. And by my favour thou shalt be a king ruling over the seven divisions of the world; moreover the Rákshasas, the Yakshas and the Vetálas shall own thy supremacy;* and after thou hast enjoyed human pleasures, thou shalt again return to me."

When the Gaṇa Mályavat received this command from S'iva, he said "The command of you two divine beings cannot be disobeyed by me: but what enjoyments are there in the life of a man, which involves separations from relations, friends, and servants, very hard to bear, and the pain arising from loss of wealth, old age, disease, and the other ills of humanity?" When the Gaṇa said this to S'iva, the god thus replied, "Go, blameless one! These woes shall not fall to thy lot; by my favour thou shalt be happy throughout the whole of thy sojourn on earth." When S'iva said this to Mályavat, that virtuous Gaṇa immediately disappeared. And he went and was conceived in Ujjayiní, in the proper season, in the womb of the queen of king Mahendráditya.

And at that time the god, whose diadem is fashioned of a digit of the moon, said to that king in a dream, "I am pleased with thee, king, so a son shall be born to thee, who by his might shall conquer the earth with all its divisions; and that hero shall reduce under his sway the Yakshas, Rákshasas, Piśáchas and others, even those that move in the air, and dwell in Pátála, and shall slay the hosts of the Mlechchhas; for this reason he shall be named Vikramáditya; and also Vishamaśíla on account of his stern hostility† to his enemies."

When the god had said this, he disappeared; and next morning the king woke up, aud joyfully related his dream to his ministers. And they also told the king, one after another, with great delight, that S'iva had made a revelation to each of them in a dream that he was to have a son. And at that moment a handmaid of the harem came and shewed the king a fruit, saying, "S'iva gave this to the queen in a dream." Then the king rejoiced, saying, again and again, "Truly, S'iva has given me a son," and his ministers congratulated him.

Then his illustrious queen became pregnant, like the eastern quarter in the morning, when the orb of the sun is about to arise, and she was conspicuous for the black tint of the nipples of her breasts, which appeared like a seal to secure the milk for the king with whom she was pregnant. In her dreams at that time she crossed seven seas, being worshipped by all the Yakshas, Vetálas, and Rákshasas. And when the due time was come,

* He is a kind of Híndu Solomon.

† I adopt the correction of the Petersburg lexicographers, *vaishamyato* for *vaiśasyato*. I find it in No. 1882 and in the Sanskrit College MS.

she brought forth a glorious son, who lit up the chamber, as the rising sun does the heaven. And when he was born, the sky became indeed glorious, laughing with the falling rain of flowers, and ringing with the noise of the gods' drums. And on that occasion the city was altogether distracted with festive joy, and appeared as if intoxicated, as if possessed by a demon, as if generally wind-struck. And at that time the king rained wealth there so unceasingly, that, except the Buddhists, no one was without a god.* And king Mahendráditya gave him the name of Vikramáditya, which S'iva had mentioned, and also that of Vishamaśíla.

When some more days had passed, there was born to that king's minister, named Sumati, a son of the name of Mahámati, and the warder Vajráyudha had a son born to him, named Bhadhráyudha, and the chaplain Mahídhara had a son of the name of S'rídhara. And that prince Vikramáditya grew up with those three minister's sons, as with spirit, courage, and might. When he was invested with the sacred thread, and put under teachers, they were merely the occasions of his learning the sciences, which revealed themselves to him without effort. And whatever science or accomplishment he was seen to employ, was known by those, who understood it, to be possessed by him to the highest degree of excellence. And when people saw that prince fighting with heavenly weapons, they even began to pay less attention to the stories about the great archer Ráma and other heroes of the kind. And his father brought for him beautiful maidens, given by kings who had submitted after defeat, like so many goddesses of Fortune.

Then his father, king Mahendráditya, seeing that his son was in the bloom of early manhood, of great valour, and beloved by the subjects, duly anointed him heir to his realm, and being himself old, retired with his wife and ministers to Váráṇási,† and made the god S'iva his refuge.

And king Vikramáditya, having obtained that kingdom of his father, began in due course to blaze forth, as the sun, when it has occupied the sky. Even haughty kings, when they saw the string fitted into the notch of his bending bow,‡ learnt a lesson from that weapon, and bent likewise on every side. Of godlike dignity, having subdued to his sway even Vetálas, Rákshasas and other demons, he chastised righteously those that followed evil courses. The armies of that Vikramáditya roamed over the earth like the rays of the sun, shedding into every quarter the light of order. Though that king was a mighty hero, he dreaded the other world,

* The word *aníśvara*, when applied to the Buddhists, refers to their not believing in a Disposer, but its other meaning is "wanting in wealth."

† *I. q.* Benares.

‡ As Dr. Kern points out, there is a misprint here, *namatyá* should be *namaty.*

though a brave warrior, he was not hard-handed,* though not uxorious, he was beloved by his wives. He was the father of all the fatherless, the friend of all the friendless, and the protector of all the unprotected among his subjects. Surely his glory furnished the Disposer with the material out of which he built up the White Island, the Sea of Milk, Mount Kailása, and the Himálayas.†

And one day, as the king Vikramáditya was in the hall of assembly, the warder Bhadráyudha came in and said to him, "Your Majesty despatched Vikramaśakti with an army to conquer the southern region and other territories, and then sent to him a messenger named Anangadeva; that messenger has now returned, and is at the gate with another, and his delighted face announces good tidings, my lord." The king said, "Let him enter," and then the warder respectfully introduced Anangadeva, with his companion. The messenger entered and bowed, and shouted "Victory"‡ and sat down in front of the king; and then the king said to him, "Is it well with king Vikramaśakti, the general of my forces, and with Vyághrabala and the other kings? And does good fortune attend on the other chief Rajputs in his army, and on the elephants, horses, chariots and footmen?"

When Anangadeva had been thus questioned by the king, he answered, "It is well with Vikramaśakti and the whole of the army. And Your Majesty has conquered the Dekkan and the western border, and Madhyadeśa and Saurásṭhra and all the eastern region of the Ganges; and the northern region and Káśmíra have been made tributary, and various forts and islands have been conquered, and the hosts of the Mlechchhas have been slain, and the rest have been reduced to submission, and various kings have entered the camp of Vikramaśakti, and he himself is coming here with those kings, and is now, my lord, two or three marches off."

When the messenger had thus told his tale, king Vikramáditya was pleased and loaded§ him with garments, ornaments, and villages. Then the king went on to say to that noble messenger, "Anangadeva, when you went there, what regions did you see, and what object of interest did you meet with anywhere? Tell me, my good fellow!" When Anangadeva had been thus questioned by the king, he began to recount his adventures, as follows:—

* Or "not cruel in exacting tribute.

† Glory is white according to the canons of Hindu rhetoric.

‡ It might merely mean, cried "All-Hail," but here I think there is more in the expression than the usual salutation.

§ Dr. Kern would read *abhyapújayat* = honoured. The three India Office MSS. and the Sanskrit College MS. confirm Brockhaus's text.

Having set out hence by Your Majesty's orders, I reached in course of time that army of yours assembled under Vikramaśakti, which was like a broad sea resorted to by allied kings, adorned by many princes of the Nágas that had come together with horses and royal magnificence.* And when I arrived there, that Vikramaśakti bowed before me, and treated me with great respect, because I had been sent by his sovereign; and while I was there considering the nature of the triumphs he had gained, a messenger from the king of Sinhala† came there.

*The adventures of Anangadeva.*

And that messenger, who had come from Sinhala, told to Vikramaśakti in my presence his master's message as follows, "I have been told by messengers, who have been sent by me to your sovereign and have returned, that your sovereign's very heart Anangadeva is with you, so send him to me quickly, I will reveal to him a certain auspicious affair, that concerns your king." Then Vikramaśakti said to me, "Go quickly to the king of Sinhala; and see what he wishes to say to you when he has you before him."

Then I went through the sea in a ship to the island of Sinhala with that king of Sinhala's ambassador. And in that island I saw a palace all made of gold, with terraces of various jewels, like the city of the gods. And in it I saw that king of Sinhala, Vírasena, surrounded by obedient ministers, as Indra is by the gods. When I approached him, he received me politely, and asked me about Your Majesty's health, and then he refreshed me with most sumptuous hospitality.

The next day the king summoned me, when he was in his hall of audience; and showing his devotion to you, said to me in the presence of his ministers, "I have a maiden daughter, the peerless beauty of the world of mortals, Madanalekhá by name, and I offer her to your king. She is a fitting wife for him, and he is a suitable husband for her; for this reason I have invited you; so accept her in the name of your king.‡ And go on in front with my ambassador to tell your master; I will send my daughter here close after you."

When the king had said this, he summoned into that hall his daughter whose load of ornaments was adorned by her graceful shape, loveliness, and

* A most elaborate pun! There is an allusion to the sea having proved the refuge of the mountains that wished to preserve their wings, to the serpent Vásuki's having served as a rope with which to whirl round mount Mandara, when the sea was churned and produced Śrí or Lakshmí. In this exploit Hari or Vishṇu bore a distinguished part.

† *I. q.*, Ceylon.

‡ Böhtlingk and Roth explain *pratípsa* in this passage as *werben um.*

youth. And he made her sit on his lap, and shewing her, said to me, "I offer this girl to your master, receive her." And when I saw that princess, I was astonished at her beauty, and I said joyfully, "I accept this maiden on behalf of my sovereign," and I thought to myself, "Well, the Creator is never tired of producing marvels, since even after creating Tilottamá, he has produced this far superior beauty."

Then, having been honoured by that king, I set forth from that island, with this ambassador of his, Dhavalasena. So we embarked on a ship, and as we were sailing along in it, through the sea, we suddenly saw a great sandbank in the middle of the ocean. And on it we saw two maidens of singular beauty; one had a body as dark as *priyangu*, the other gleamed white like the moon, and they both looked more splendid from having put on dresses and ornaments suited to their respective hues. They made a sound like the clashing of cymbals with their bracelets adorned with splendid gems, and they were making a young toy-deer, which, though of gold and studded with jewels to represent spots, possessed life, dance in front of them.* When we saw this, we were astonished and we said to one another, "What can this wonder mean? Is it a dream, magic, or delusion? Who would ever expect to see a sandbank suddenly start up in the middle of the ocean, or such maidens upon it? And who would ever have thought of seeing such a thing as this living golden deer studded with jewels, which they possess? Such things are not usually found together."

While we were saying this to one another, king, in the greatest astonishment, a wind suddenly began to blow, tossing up the sea. That wind broke up our ship, which was resting on the surging waves, and the people in it were whelmed in the sea, and the sea-monsters began to devour them. But those two maidens came and supported both of us in their arms, and lifted us up and carried us to the sandbank, so that we escaped the jaws of the sea-monsters. And then that bank began to be covered with waves, at which we were terrified, but those two ladies cheered us, and made us enter what seemed like the interior of a cave. There we began to look at a heavenly wood of various trees, and while we were looking at it, the sea disappeared, and the bank, and the young deer, and the maidens.

We wandered about there for a time, saying to ourselves, "What is this strange thing? It is assuredly some magic." And then we saw there a great lake, transparent, deep, and broad, like the heart of great men, looking like a material representation of Nirváṇa that allays the fire of desire.†

* Cp. Iliad XVIII, 417-420. I read *pranartayantyau* with Dr. Kern for the obvious misprint in the text. The *y* is found in the three India Office MSS. and in the Sanskrit College MS.

† In the original *tṛishṇá*.

And we saw a certain beautiful woman, coming to bathe in it, accompanied by her train, looking like an incarnation of the beauty of the wood. And that lady alighted from her covered chariot,* and gathered lotuses in that lake, and bathed in it, and meditated on S'iva. And thereupon, to our astonishment, S'iva arose from the lake, a present god, in the form of a *linga*, composed of splendid jewels, and came near her; and that fair one worshipped him with various luxuries suited to her majesty, and then took her lyre. And she played upon it, singing skilfully to it with rapt devotion, following the southern style in respect of notes, time, and words. So splendid was her performance that even the Siddhas and other beings appeared there in the air, having their hearts attracted by hearing it, and remained motionless as if painted. And after she had finished her music,† she dismissed the god, and he immediately sank in the lake. Then the gazelle-eyed lady rose up, and mounted her chariot, and proceeded to go away slowly with her train.

We followed her, and eagerly asked her train over and over again, who she was, but none of them gave us any answer. Then, wishing to shew that ambassador of the king of Sinhala your might, I said to her aloud, "Auspicious one, I adjure thee by the touch of king Vikramáditya's feet, that thou depart not hence without revealing to me who thou art." When the lady heard this, she made her train retire, and alighted from her chariot, and coming up to me, she said with a gentle voice, "Is my lord the noble king Vikramáditya well? But why do I ask, Anangadeva, since I know all about him? For I exerted magic power, and brought you here for the sake of that king, for I must honour him, as he delivered me from a great danger. So come to my palace; there I will tell you all, who I am, and why I ought to honour that king, and what service he needs to have done him."

When she had said this, having left her chariot out of courtesy, that fair one went along the path on foot and respectfully conducted me to her castle, which looked like heaven; it was built of various jewels and different kinds of gold; its gates were guarded on every side by brave warriors wearing various forms, and bearing various weapons; and it was full of noble ladies of remarkable beauty, looking as if they were charms that drew down endless heavenly enjoyments. There she honoured us with baths, unguents, splendid dresses and ornaments, and made us rest for a time.

‡ All the India Office MSS. give *karṇírathávatírṇá*.

† The word *Gandharvá* should be *Gándharvá;* see B. and R. s. v. *har* with *upa* and *saṃ*. No. 2166 has *Gándháras;* the other two MSS. agree with Brockhaus's text.

## CHAPTER CXXI.

When Anangadeva had told this to king Vikramáditya in his hall of audience, he continued as follows :—

Then, after I had taken food, that lady, sitting in the midst of her attendants, said to me, "Listen, Anangadeva, I will now tell you all."

*Story of Madanamanjarí.*

I am Madanamanjarí, the daughter of Dundubhi the king of the Yakshas, and the wife of Maṇibhadra the brother of Kuvera. I used always to roam about happily with my husband on the banks of rivers, on hills, and in charming groves.

And one day I went with my beloved to a garden in Ujjayiní called Makaranda to amuse myself. There it happened that in the dawn a low hypocritical scoundrel of a *kápálika** saw me, when I had just woke up from a sleep brought on by the fatigue of roaming about. That rascal, being overcome with love, went into a cemetery, and proceeded to try and procure me for his wife by means of a spell, and a burnt-offering. But I by my power found out what he was about, and informed my husband; and he told his elder brother Kuvera. And Kuvera went and complained to Brahmá, and the holy Brahmá, after meditating, said to him, "It is true that *kápálika* intends to rob your brother of his wife, for such is the power of those spells for mastering Yakshas, which he possesses. But when she feels herself being drawn along by the spell, she must invoke the protection of king Vikramáditya; he will save her from him." Then Kuvera came and told this answer of Brahmá's to my husband, and my husband tóld it to me, whose mind was troubled by that wicked spell.

And in the meanwhile that hypocritical *kápálika*, offering a burnt-offering in the cemetery, began to draw me to him by means of a spell, duly muttered in a circle. And I, being drawn by that spell, reached in an agony of terror that awful cemetery, full of bones and skulls, haunted by demons. And then I saw there that wicked *kápálika:* he had made an offering to the fire, and he had in a circle a corpse lying on its back, which he had been worshipping. And that *kápálika*, when he saw that I had arrived, was beside himself with pride, and with difficulty tore himself away to rinse his mouth in a river, which happened to be near.

At that moment I called to mind what Brahmá had said, and I thought,

* B. and R. explain the word *khaṇḍakápálika* as—"*ein Stück von einem Kápálika, ein Quasi-kápálika.*" A *kápálika* is, according to Monier Williams s. v., a worshipper of Siva of the left-hand order, characterized by carrying skulls of men as ornaments, and by eating and drinking from them.

"Why should I not call to the king for aid? He may be roaming about in the darkness somewhere near." When I had said this to myself, I called aloud for his help in the following words, "Deliver me, noble king Vikramáditya! See, protecting talisman of the world, this *kápálika* is bent on outraging by force, in your realm, me a chaste matron, the Yakshí Madanamanjarí by name, the daughter of Dundubhi, and the wife of Maṇibhadra the younger brother of Kuvera."

No sooner had I finished this plaintive appeal, than I saw that king coming towards me, sword in hand; he seemed to be all resplendent with brightness of valour, and he said to me, "My good lady, do not fear; be at ease; I will deliver you from that *kápálika*, fair one. For who is able to work such unrighteousness in my realm?" When he had said this, he summoned a Vetála, named Agniśikha. And he, when summoned, came, tall, with flaming eyes, with upstanding hair; and said to the king, "Tell me what I am to do." Then the king said, "Kill and eat this wicked *kápálika*, who is trying to carry off his neighbour's wife." Then that Vetála Agniśikha entered the corpse that was in the circle of adoration, and rose up, and rushed forward, stretching out his arms and mouth. And when the *kápálika*, who had come back from rinsing his mouth, was preparing to fly, he seized him from behind by the legs; and he whirled him round in the air and then dashed him down with great force on the earth, and so at one blow crushed his body and his aspirations.

When the demons saw the *kápálika* slain, they were all eager for flesh, and a fierce Vetála, named Yamaśikha, came there. As soon as he came, he seized the body of the *kápálika;* then the first Vetála Agniśikha said to him, "Hear, villain! I have killed this *kápálika* by the order of king Vikramáditya; pray what have you to do with him?" When Yamaśikha heard that, he said to him, "Then tell me, what kind of power has that king?" Then Agniśikha said, "If you do not know the nature of his power, listen, I will tell you."

*Story of the gambler Dágineya, who was too cunning for the Vetála Agniśikha, and of Agniśikha's submission to king Vikramáditya.*

There once lived in this city a very resolute gambler of the name of Dágineya. Once on a time some gamblers, by fraudulent play, won from him all he possessed, and then bound him in order to obtain from him the borrowed money which he had lost in addition. And as he had nothing, they beat him with sticks and other instruments of torture,* but he made himself like a stone, and seemed as rigid as a corpse. Then all

* For *aruntudaiś* MS. No. 1882 has *adadanstachcha*, No. 2166 has *adadattaścha* and 3003 *adadattuś:ha*. These point I suppose to a reading *adadattachcha;* which means "not paying what he owed."

those wicked gamblers took him and threw him into a large dark well, fearing that, if he lived, he might take vengeance on them.

But that gambler Dágineya, when flung down into that very deep well, saw in front of him two great and terrible men. But they, when they saw him fall down terrified, said to him kindly, " Who are you, and how have you managed to fall into this deep well? Tell us!" Then the gambler recovered his spirits, and told them his story, and said to them "Do you also tell me who you are and whence you come." When those men, who were in the pit, heard that, they said, "Good Sir, we were Bráhman demons* dwelling in the cemetery belonging to this city, and we possessed two maidens in this very city; one was the daughter of the principal minister, the other of the chief merchant. And no conjurer on the earth, however powerful his spells, was able to deliver those maidens from us.

"Then king Vikramáditya, who had an affection for their fathers, heard of it, and came to the place, where those maidens were with a friend of their fathers'. The moment we saw the king, we left the maidens, and tried to escape, but we were not able to do so, though we tried our utmost. We saw the whole horizon on fire with his splendour. Then that king, seeing us, bound us by his power. And seeing us unhappy, as we were afraid of being put to death, he gave us this order, 'Ye wicked ones, dwell for a year in a dark pit, and then ye shall be set at liberty. But when freed, ye must never again commit such a crime; if ye do, I will punish you with destruction.' After king Vishamaśíla had given us this order, he had us flung into this dark pit; but out of mercy he did not destroy us.

"And in eight more days the year will be completed, and with it the period during which we were to dwell in this cave, and we shall then be released from it. Now, friend, if you engage to supply us with some food during those days, we will lift you out of this pit, and set you down outside it; but if you do not, when lifted out, supply us with food according to your engagement, we will certainly, when we come out, devour you."

When the Bráhman demons made this proposal to the gambler, he consented to it, and they put him out of the pit. When he got out of it, he went to the cemetery at night to deal in human flesh, as he saw no other chance of getting what he wanted. And I, happening to be there at that time, saw that gambler, who was crying out, "I have human flesh for sale; buy it somebody." Then I said, "I will take it off your hands; what price do you want for it?" And he answered, "Give me your shape and power." Then I said again to him, "My fine fellow, what will you do with them?" The gambler then told me his whole story, and said to me, "By means of your shape and power I will get hold of those enemies of

* Skṛit. Brahma-Rákshasa.

mine, the gamblers, together with the keeper of the gambling-house, and will give them to the Bráhman demons to eat." When I heard that, I was pleased with the resolute spirit of that gambler, and gave him my shape and my power for a specified period of seven days. And by means of them he drew those men that had injured him into his power, one after another, and flung them into the pit, and fed the Bráhman demons on them during seven days.

Then I took back from him my shape and power, and that gambler Dágineya, beside himself with fear, said to me, "I have not given those Bráhman demons any food this day, which is the eighth, so they will now come out and devour me. Tell me what I must do in this case, for you are my friend." When he said this, I, having got to like him from being thrown with him, said to him, "If this is the case, since you have made those two demons devour the gamblers, I for your sake will in turn eat the demons. So shew them to me, my friend." When I made the gambler this offer, he at once jumped at it, and took me to the pit where the demons were.

I, suspecting nothing, bent my head down to look into the pit, and while I was thus engaged, the gambler put his hand on the back of my neck, and pushed me into it. When I fell into it, the demons took me for some one sent for them to eat, and laid hold of me, and I had a wrestling-match with them. When they found that they could not overcome the might of my arms, they desisted from the struggle, and asked me who I was.

Then I told them my own story from the point where my fortunes became involved with those of Dágineya,* and they made friends with me, and said to me, "Alas! What a trick that evil-minded gambler has played you, and us two, and those other gamblers! But what confidence can be placed in gamblers, who profess exclusively the science of cheating, whose minds are proof against friendship, pity, and gratitude for a benefit received? Recklessness and disregard of all ties are ingrained in the nature of gamblers; hear in illustration of this the story of Ṭhiṇṭhákarála."

*Story of Ṭhiṇṭhákarála the bold gambler.*

Long ago there lived in this very city of Ujjayiní a ruffianly gambler, who was rightly named Ṭhiṇṭhákarála.† He lost perpetually, and the others, who won in the game, used to give him every day a hundred *cowries*. With those he bought wheat-flour from the market, and in the evening made cakes by kneading them somewhere or other in a pot with water, and then he went and cooked them in the flame of a funeral pyre in the

* They had heard Dágineya's story up to this point from his own lips.

† This may be loosely translated "Terror of the gambling saloon."

cemetery, and ate them in front of Mahákála, smearing them with the grease from the lamp burning before him: and he always slept at night on the ground in the court of the same god's temple, pillowing his head on his arm.

Now, one night, he saw the images of all the Mothers and of the Yakshas and other divine beings in the temple of Mahákála trembling from the proximity of spells, and this thought arose in his bosom, "Why should I not employ an artful device here to obtain wealth? If it succeeds, well and good; if it does not succeed, wherein am I the worse?" When he had gone through these reflections, he challenged those deities to play, saying to them, "Come now, I will have a game with you, and I will act as keeper of the gaming-table, and will fling the dice; and mind, you must always pay up what you lose." When he said this to the deities they remained silent; so Ṭhiṇṭhákarála staked some spotted *cowries*, and flung the dice. For this is the universally accepted rule among gamblers, that, if a gambler does not object to the dice being thrown, he agrees to play.

Then, having won much gold, he said to the deities, "Pay me the money I have won, as you agreed to do." But though the gambler said this to the deities over and over again, they made no answer. Then he flew in a passion and said to them, "If you remain silent, I will adopt with you the same course as is usually adopted with a gambler, who will not pay the money he has lost, but makes himself as stiff as a stone.* I will simply saw through your limbs with a saw as sharp as the points of Yama's teeth, for I have no respect for anything." When he had said this, he ran towards them, saw in hand; and the deities immediately paid him the gold he had won. Next morning he lost it all at play, and in the evening he came back again, and extorted more money from the Mothers in the same way by making them play with him.

He went on doing this every day, and those deities, the Mothers, were in very low spirits about it; then the goddess Chamúṇḍá said to them, "Whoever, when invited to gamble, says 'I sit out of this game' cannot be forced to play; this is the universal convention among gamblers, ye Mother deities. So when he invites you, say this to him, and so baffle him." When Chámuṇḍá had said this to the Mothers, they laid her advice up in their minds. And when the gambler came at night and invited them to play with him, all the goddesses said with one accord "We sit out of this game."

When Ṭhiṇṭhákarála had been thus repulsed by those goddesses, he invited their sovereign Mahákála himself to play. But that god, thinking that the fellow had taken this opportunity of trying to force him to

* See page 323 of this Vol. s. c.

gamble, said, "I sit out of this game." Even gods, you see, like feeble persons, are afraid of a thoroughly self-indulgent, ruffianly scoundrel, flushed with impunity.

Then that Ṭhinṭhákarála, being depressed at finding his gambler's artifice baffled by a knowledge of the etiquette of play, was disgusted, and said to himself, "Alas! I am baffled by these deities through their learning the conventions of gamblers; so I must now flee for refuge to this very sovereign of the gods." Having formed this resolution in his heart, Ṭhinṭhákarála embraced the feet of Mahákála, and praising him, addressed to him the following petition; "I adore thee that sittest naked* with thy head resting on thy knee; thy moon, thy bull, and thy elephant-skin having been won at play by Deví. When the gods give all powers at thy mere desire, and when thou art free from longings, having for thy only possessions the matted lock, the ashes and the skull, how canst thou suddenly have become avaricious with regard to hapless me, in that thou desirest to disappoint me for so small a gain? Of a truth the wishing-tree no longer gratifies the hope of the poor, as thou dost not support me, lord Bhairava, though thou supportest the world. So, as I have fled to thee as a suppliant, holy Sthánu, with my mind pierced with grievous woe, thou oughtest even to pardon presumption in me. Thou hast three eyes, I have three dice,† so I am like thee in one respect; thou hast ashes on thy body, so have I; thou eatest from a skull, so do I; shew me mercy. When I have conversed with you gods, how can I afterwards bear to converse with gamblers? So deliver me from my calamity."

With this and similar utterances the gambler praised that Bhairava, until at last the god was pleased, and manifesting himself, said to him, "Ṭhinṭhákarála, I am pleased with thee; do not be despondent. Remain here with me; I will provide thee with enjoyments." In accordance with this command of the god's that gambler remained there, enjoying all kinds of luxuries provided by the favour of the deity.

Now, one night, the god saw certain Apsarases, that had come to bathe in that holy pool of Mahákála, and he gave this command to Ṭhinṭhákarála, "While all these nymphs of heaven are engaged in bathing, quickly snatch up the clothes, which they have laid on the bank, and

* Two of the India Office MSS. and the Sanskrit College MS. have *indu* for *Indra;* the other has *inmu.* I have adopted *indu.* In śloka 100 for *dadate* No. 1882 and the Sanskrit College MS. read *dadhate,* which means that the gods' possession of wealth and power depends on the will of S'iva. In śloka 89 the Sanskrit College MS. reads *ekadá* for the unmetrical *devatáḥ.*

† *Tryaksha* can probably mean "having three dice," as well as "having three eyes."

bring them here; and do not give them back their garments, until they surrender to you this young nymph, named Kalávatí."*

When Ṭhiṇṭhákarála had received this command from Bhairava, he went and carried off the garments of those heavenly beauties, while they were bathing; and they said to him, "Give us back our garments, please; do not leave us naked." But he answered them, confident in the power which S'iva gave, "If you will give me the young nymph Kalávatí, I will give you back these garments, but not otherwise." When they heard that, seeing that he was a stubborn fellow to deal with, and remembering that Indra had pronounced a curse of this kind upon Kalávatí, they agreed to his demand. And on his giving back the garments, they bestowed on him, in due form, Kalávatí the daughter of Alambushá.

Then the Apsarases departed, and Ṭhiṇṭhákarála remained there with that Kalávatí in a house built by the wish of S'iva. And Kalávatí went in the day to heaven to attend upon the king of the gods, but at night she always returned† to her husband. And one day she said to him in the ardour of her affection, "My dear, the curse of S'iva, which enabled me to obtain you for a husband, has really proved a blessing." Thereupon her husband Ṭhiṇṭhákarála asked her the cause of the curse, and the nymph Kalávatí thus answered him:

"One day, when I had seen the gods in a garden, I praised the enjoyments of mortals, depreciating the pleasures of the dwellers in heaven, as giving joys that consist only in seeing.‡ When the king of the gods heard that, he cursed me, saying, 'Thou shalt go and be married by a mortal, and enjoy those human pleasures.' In this way has come about our union that is mutually agreeable. And to-morrow I shall return to heaven after a long absence; do not be unhappy about it; for Rambhá is going to dance a new piece before Vishṇu, and I must remain there, my beloved, until the exhibition is at an end."

Then Ṭhiṇṭhákarála, whom love had made like a spoiled child, said to her, "I will go there and look at that dance unperceived, take me there." When Kalávatí heard that, she said, "How is it fitting for me to do this? The king of the gods might be angry, if he found it out." Though she said this to him, he continued to press her; then out of love she agreed to take him there.

So the next morning Kalávatí by her power concealed Ṭhiṇṭhákarála in a lotus, which she placed as an ornament in her ear, and took him to the palace of Indra. When Ṭhiṇṭhákarála saw that palace, the doors of which were adorned by the elephant of the gods, which was set off by the garden

* Cp. Vol. II, p. 452.

† *Upáyau* is a misprint for *upáyayau* as is evident from the MSS.

‡ The three India Office MSS. and the Sanskrit College MS. give *dṛishṭi*.

of Nandana, he thonght himself a god, and was highly delighted. And in the court of Indra, frequented by gods, he beheld the strange and delightful spectacle of Rambhá's dance, accompanied by the singing of all the nymphs of heaven. And he heard all the musical instruments played by Nárada and the other minstrels; for what is hard to obtain in this world if the supreme god* is favourable to one?

Then, at the end of the exhibition a mime, in the shape of a divine goat, rose up, and began to dance with heavenly† movements. And Ṭhiṇṭhákarála, when he saw him, recognized him, and said to himself, "Why, I see this goat in Ujjayiní, figuring as a mere animal, and here he is dancing as a mime before Indra. Of a truth this must be some strange incomprehensible heavenly delusion." While Ṭhiṇṭhákarála was going through these reflections in his mind, the dance of the goat-mime came to an end, and then Indra returned to his own place. And then Kalávatí, in high spirits, also took back Ṭhiṇṭhákarála to his own home, concealed in the lotus-ornament of her ear.

And the next day Ṭhiṇṭhákarála beheld in Ujjayiní that goat-formed mime of the gods, who had returned there, and he insolently said to him, "Come, dance before me, as you dance before Indra. If you do not, I shall be angry with you; show off your dancing powers, you mime." When the goat heard this, he was astonished, and remained silent, saying to himself, "How can this mere mortal know so much about me?" But when, in spite of persistent entreaties, the goat refused to dance, Ṭhiṇṭhákarála beat him on the head with sticks.

Then the goat went with bleeding head to Indra, and told him all that had taken place. And Indra by his supernatural powers of contemplation discovered the whole secret, how Kalávatí had brought Ṭhiṇṭhákarála to heaven when Rambhá was dancing, and how that profane fellow had there seen the goat dancing. Then Indra summoned Kalávatí, and pronounced on her the following curse, "Since, out of love, thou didst secretly bring here the man who has reduced the goat to this state, to make him dance, depart and become an image on a pillar in the temple built by king Narasinha in the city of Nágapura."

When Indra had said this, Alambushá, the mother of Kalávatí, tried to appease him, and at last he was with difficulty appeased, and he thus fixed an end to the curse, "When that temple, which it has taken many years to complete, shall perish and be levelled with the ground, then shall her curse come to an end." So Kalávatí came weeping and told to Ṭhiṇṭhákarála the curse Indra had pronounced, together with the end he had

* *i. e.*, S'iva in this instance.

† For the second *divya* in śl. 132, b, MSS. Nos. 1882 and 2166 give *navya*, new.

appointed to it, and how he himself was to blame, and then, after giving him her ornaments, she entered into an image on the front of a pillar in the temple in Nágapura.

Ṭhiṇṭhákarála for his part, smitten with the poison of separation from her, could neither hear nor see, but rolled swooning on the ground. And when that gambler came to his senses, he uttered this lament, " Alas! fool that I was, I revealed the secret, though I knew better all the time; for how can people like myself, who are by nature thoughtless, shew self-restraint? So now this intolerable separation has fallen to my lot." However in a moment he said to himself, " This is no time for me to despond; why should I not recover firmness and strive to put an end to her curse?"

After going through these reflections, the cunning fellow thought carefully over the matter, and asuming the dress of a mendicant devotee, went with rosary, antelope-skin, and matted hair, to Nágapura. There he secretly buried in a forest outside the city, four pitchers containing his wife's ornaments, one towards each of the cardinal points; and one full of sets of the five precious things* he deliberately buried within the city, in the earth of the market-place, in front of the god himself.

When he had done this, he built a hut on the bank of the river, and remained there, affecting a hypocritical asceticism, pretending to be meditating and muttering. And by bathing three times in the day, and eating only the food given him as alms, after washing it with water on a stone, he acquired the character of a very holy man.

In course of time his fame reached the ears of the king, and the king often invited him, but he never went near him: so the king came to see him, and remained a long time in conversation with him. And in the evening, when the king was preparing to depart, a female jackal suddenly uttered a yell at a distance. When the cunning gambler, who was passing himself off as an ascetic, heard that, he laughed. And when the king asked him the meaning of the laugh, he said, " Oh! never mind." But when the king went on persistently questioning him, the deceitful fellow said, " In the forest to the east of this city, under a *ratan*, there is a pitcher full of jewelled ornaments; so take it. This, king, is what that female jackal told me, for I understand the language of animals."

Then the king was full of curiosity: so the ascetic took him to the spot, and dug up the earth, and took out that pitcher, and gave it to him. Then the king, having obtained the ornaments, began to have faith in the ascetic, and considered that he not only possessed supernatural knowledge

* Gold, diamond, sapphire, ruby and pearl. The Buddhists usually enumerate seven: see Burnouf, Lotus de La Bonne Loi, p. 319.

but was a truthful and unselfish devotee. So he conducted him to his cell, and prostrated himself at his feet again and again, and returned to his palace at night with his ministers, praising his virtues.

In the same way, when the king again came to him, the ascetic pretended to understand the cry of an animal, and in this way made over to the king the other three pitchers, buried towards the other three cardinal points. Then the king, and the citizens, and the king's wives became exclusively devoted to the ascetic, and were, so to speak, quite absorbed in him.

Now, one day, the king took that wicked ascetic to the temple for a moment; so he contrived to hear in the market-place the cry of a crow. Then he said to the king, "Did you hear what the crow said? 'In this very market place there is a pitcher full of valuable jewels buried in front of the god: why do you not take it up also?' This was the meaning of his cry; so come, and take possession of it." When the deceitful ascetic had said this, he conducted him there, and took up out of the earth the pitcher full of valuable jewels, and gave it to the king. Then the king, in his excessive satisfaction, entered the temple holding that pretended seer by the hand.

There the mendicant brushed against that image on the pillar, which his beloved Kalávatí had entered, and saw her. And Kalávatí, wearing the form of the image on the pillar, was afflicted when she saw her husband, and began to weep then and there. When the king and his attendants saw this, they were amazed, and cast down, and said to that pretended seer, "Reverend Sir, what is the meaning of this?" Then the cunning rascal, pretending to be despondent and bewildered, said to the king, "Come to your palace: there I will tell you this secret, though it is almost too terrible to be revealed."

When he had said this, he led the king to the palace, and said to him, "Since you built this temple on an unlucky spot and in an inauspicious moment, on the third day from now a misfortune will befall you. It was for this reason that the image on the pillar wept when she saw you. So, if you care for your body's weal, my sovereign, take this into consideration, and this very day quickly level this temple with the earth; and build another temple somewhere else, on a lucky spot, and in an auspicious moment. Let the evil omen be averted, and ensure the prosperity of yourself and your kingdom." When he had said this to the king, he, in his terror, gave command to his subjects, and in one day levelled that temple with the earth, and he began to build another temple in another place. So true is it that rogues with their tricks gain the confidence of princes, and impose upon them.

Accordingly, the gambler Ṭhiṇṭhákarála, having gained his object,

abandoned the disguise of a mendicant, and fled, and went to Ujjayiní. And Kalávatí, finding it out, went to meet him on the road, freed from her curse and happy, and she comforted him, and then went to heaven to visit Indra. And Indra was astonished, but when he heard from her mouth the artifice of her husband the gambler, he laughed and was highly delighted. Then Vṛihaspati, who was at his side, said to Indra, "Gamblers are always like this, abounding in every kind of trickery."

*Story of the gambler who cheated Yama.**

For instance, in a previous *kalpa* there was in a certain city a gambler, of the name of Kuṭṭaníkapaṭa, accomplished in dishonest play. When he went to the other world, Indra said to him, "Gambler, you will have to live a *kalpa* in hell on account of your crimes, but owing to your charity you are to be Indra for one day, for once on a time you gave a gold coin to a knower of the Supreme Soul. So say, whether you will take out first your period in hell or your period as Indra." When the gambler heard that, he said, "I will take out first my period as Indra."

Then Yama sent the gambler to heaven, and the gods deposed Indra for a day, and crowned him sovereign in his stead. He, having obtained sovereign sway, summoned to heaven the gamblers his friends and his female favourites, and in virtue of his regal authority gave this order to the gods, "Carry us all in a moment to all the holy bathing-places,† those in heaven, and those on earth, and those in the seven *dvípas:* and enter this very day into all the kings on the earth, and bestow without ceasing, great, gifts for our benefit."

When he gave this order to the gods, they did everything as he had desired, and by means of those holy observances his sins were washed‡ away, and he obtained the rank of Indra permanently. And by his favour his friends and his female favourites, that he had summoned to heaven, had their sins destroyed and obtained immortality. The next day Chitragupta informed Yama that the gambler had by his discretion obtained the rank of Indra permanently. Then Yama, hearing of his meritorious actions, was astonished, and said, "Dear me! this gambler has cheated us."

When Vṛihaspati had told this story, he said, "Such, O wielder of the thunderbolt, are gamblers," and then held his peace. And then Indra sent Kalávatí to summon Ṭhiṇṭhákarála to heaven. There the king of the

* Cp. the story that begins on page 186 of this volume.

† No. 1882 reads *snapayata tatkshaṇát* at the end of Sl. 194, a. It seems to remove a tautology but is unmetrical. "Take us and cause us to bathe." The Sanskrit MS. has *snapayata tatkshaṇam*.

‡ I read *dhúta* for *dyúta* No. 1882 (the Taylor MS.) and the Sanskrit College MS. have *dhúta;* No. 3003 has *dhuta;* the other MS. does not contain the passage.

gods, pleased with his cleverness and resolution, honoured him, and gave him Kalávatí to wife, and made him an attendant on himself. Then the brave Ṭhiṇṭhákarála lived happily, like a god, in heaven, with Kalávatí, by the favour of S'iva.

"So, you see, such is the style in which gamblers exhibit their treachery and audacity; accordingly Agniśikha the Vampire, what is there to be surprised at in your having been treacherously thrown into this well by Dágineya the gambler? So come out of this pit, friend, and we will come out also."

When the Bráhman demons said this to me, I came up out of that pit, and being hungry, I came across a Bráhman traveller that night in the city. So I rushed forward and seized that Bráhman to eat him, but he invoked the protection of king Vikramáditya. And the moment the king heard his cry, he rushed out like flame, and while still at a distance, checked me by exclaiming "Ah villain! do not kill the Bráhman:" and then he proceeded to cut off the head of a figure of a man he had drawn; that did not sever my neck, but made it stream with blood.

Then I left the Bráhman and clung to the king's feet, and he spared my life.

"Such is the power of that god, king Vikramáditya. And it is by his orders that I have slain this hypocritical *kápálika*. So he is my proper prey, to be devoured by me as being a Vetála; let him go, Yamaśikha!"

Though Agniśikha made this appeal to Yamaśikha, the latter proceeded contumaciously to drag with his hand the corpse of that hypocritical *kápálika*. Then king Vikramáditya appeared there, and drew the figure of a man on the earth and then cut off its hand with his sword. That made the hand of Yamaśikha fall severed; so he left the corpse, and fled in fear. And Agniśikha immediately devoured the corpse of that *kápálika*. And I witnessed all this, securely protected by the might of the king.*

"In these words did that wife of the Yaksha, Madanamanjarí by name, describe your power, O king, and then she went on to say to me."

Then, Anangadeva, the king said to me in a gentle voice, "Yakshí, being delivered from the *kápálika*, go to the house of your husband." Then I bowed before him, and returned to this my own home, thinking how I might repay to that king the benefit he had conferred on me. In this way your master gave me life, family and husband; and when you tell him this story of mine, it will agree with his own recollections.

Moreover, I have to-day found out that the king of Sinhala has sent to that king his daughter, the greatest beauty in the three worlds, who has

* I read *álikhya purusham bhúmau.* This is the reading of the Taylor MS. the ther has *átikhya.* The Sanskrit College MS. has *álikhya purusham.*

of her own accord elected to marry him. And all the kings, being jealous, have gathered themselves together and formed the intention of killing Vikramaśakti, and the dependent kings,* and of carrying off that maiden. So, do you go, and make known that their intention to Vikramaśakti, in order that he may be on his guard and ready to repel their attack. And I will exert myself to enable king Vikramáditya to conquer those enemies and gain the victory.

"For this reason I brought you here by my own deluding power, in order that you might tell all this to king Vikramaśakti and the dependent monarchs; and I will send to your sovereign such a present as shall to a certain small extent be a requital for the benefit that he conferred on me."

While she was saying this, the two maidens, that we had seen in the sea, came there with the deer; one had a body white as the moon, the other was dark as a *priyangu;* so they seemed like Gangá and Yamuná returned from worshipping the ocean, the monarch of rivers. When they had sat down, I put this question to the Yakshí, "Goddess, who are these maidens, and what is the meaning of this golden deer?" When the Yakshiṇí heard this, king, she said to me, "Anangadeva, if you feel any curiosity about the matter, listen, I will tell you."

*Story of Ghaṇṭa and Nighaṇṭa and the two maidens.*

Long ago there came to impede Prajápati, in his creation of creatures, two terrible Dánavas, named Ghaṇṭa and Nighaṇṭa, invincible even by gods. And the Creator, being desirous of destroying them, created these two maidens, the splendour of whose measureless beauty seemed capable of maddening the world. And those two mighty Asuras, when they saw these two exceedingly wonderful maidens, tried to carry them off; and fighting with one another, they both of them met their death.†

Then Brahmá bestowed these maidens on Kuvera, saying, "You must give these girls to some suitable husband;" and Kuvera made them over to my husband, who is his younger brother; and in the same way my husband passed these fair ones‡ on to me; and I have thought of king Vikramáditya as a husband for them, for, as he is an incarnation of a god, he is a fit person for them to marry.

"Such are the facts with regard to these maidens, now hear the history of the deer."

* Both the India Office MSS. in which this passage is found give *tatsámantam*. So Vikramaśakti would himself be a "dependent king."

† Cp. the story of Sunda and Upasunda, Vol. I, p. 108; and Preller, Griechische Mythologie, Vol. I, p. 81, note 1.

‡ For *ete manorame* No. 3003 and the Sanskrit College MS. have *varakáraṇam;* in order that I might find a husband for them. No. 1882 has *váraṇam* for *káraṇam*.

Indra has a beloved son, named Jayanta. Once on a time, when he, still an infant, was being carried about in the air by the celestial nymphs, he saw some princes in a wood on earth playing with some young deer. Then Jayanta* went to heaven, and cried in the presence of his father because he had not got a deer to play with, as a child would naturally do. Accordingly Indra had a deer made for him by Viśvakarman of gold and jewels, and life was given to the animal by sprinkling it with nectar. Then Jayanta played with it, and was delighted with it, and the young deer was continually roaming about in heaven.

*Story of the golden deer.*

In course of time that son of Rávaṇa, who was rightly named Indrajit,† carried off the young deer from heaven and took it to his own city Lanká. And after a further period had elapsed, Rávaṇa and Indrajit having been slain by the heroes Ráma and Lakshmaṇa, to avenge the carrying off of Sítá, and Vibhíshaṇa having been set upon the throne of Lanká, as king of the Rákshasas, that wonderful deer of gold and jewels remained in his palace. And once on a time, when I was taken by my husband's relations to Vibhíshaṇa's palace on the occasion of a festival, he gave me the deer as a complimentary present. And that young heaven-born deer is now in my house, and I must bestow it on your master.

And while the Yakshiṇí was telling me this string of tales, the sun, the friend of the *kamaliní*, went to rest. Then I and the ambassador of the king of Sinhala went to sleep, both of us, after the evening ceremonies, in a palace which the Yakshiṇí assigned to us.

In the morning we woke up and saw, my sovereign, that the army of Vikramaśakti, your vassal, had arrived. We reflected that that must be a display of the Yakshiṇí's power, and quickly went wondering into the presence of Vikramaśakti. And he, as soon as he saw us, shewed us great honour, and asked after our welfare; and was on the point of asking us what message the king of Sinhala had sent, when the two heavenly maidens, whose history the Yakshiṇí had related to us, and the young deer arrived there, escorted by the army of the Yakshas. When king Vikramaśakti saw this, he suspected some glamour of malignant demons, and he said to me apprehensively "What is the meaning of this?" Then I told him in due course the commission of the king of Sinhala, and the circumstances connected with the Yakshiṇí, the two maidens, and the deer. Moreover I informed him of the hostile scheme of your majesty's enemies, which was to be carried out by all the kings in combination, and which I

* For *Jayanto* MSS. Nos. 1882 and 3003 and the Sanskrit College MS. give *kevákí*, *i. e.*, "full of longing."

† *i. e.*, conqueror of Indra.

had heard of from the Yakshí. Then Vikramaśakti honoured us two ambassadors, and those two heavenly maidens ; and being delighted made his army ready for battle with the assistance of the other vassal kings.

And immediately, king, there was heard in the army the loud beating of drums, and immediately there was seen the mighty host of hostile kings, accompanied by the Mlechchhas. Then our army and the hostile army, furious at beholding one another, closed with a rush, and the battle began. Thereupon some of the Yakshas sent by the Yakshí entered our soldiers, and so smote the army of the enemies, and others smote them in open fight.* And there arose a terrible tempest of battle, overspread with a cloud formed of the dust raised by the army, in which sword-blades fell thick as rain, and the shouts of heroes thundered. And the heads of our enemies flying up, as they were cut off, and falling again, made it seem as if the Fortune of our victory were playing at ball. And in a moment those kings that had escaped the slaughter, their troops having been routed, submitted and repaired for protection to the camp of your vassal.

Then, lord of earth, as you had conquered the four cardinal points and the *dvípas*, and had destroyed all the Mlechchhas, that Yakshiṇí appeared, accompanied by her husband, and said to king Vikramaśakti and to me, "You must tell your master that what I have done has been done merely by way of service to him, and you must also request him, as from me, to marry these two god-framed maidens, and to look upon them with favour, and to cherish this deer also, for it is a present from me." When the Yakshí had said this, she bestowed a heap of jewels, and disappeared with her husband, and her attendants. The next day, Madanalekhá, the daughter of the king of Sinhala, came with a great retinue and much magnificence. And then Vikramaśakti went to meet her, and bending low, joyfully conducted her into his camp. And on the second day Vikramaśakti, having accomplished his object, set out with the other kings from that place, in order to come here and behold your Majesty's feet, bringing with him that princess and the two heavenly maidens, and that deer composed of gold and jewels, a marvel for the eyes of the three worlds. And now, sovereign, that vassal prince has arrived near this city, and has sent us two on in front to inform Your Highness. So let the king, out of regard for the lord of Sinhala and the Yakshí, go forth to meet those maidens and the deer, and also the subject kings.

When Anangadeva had said this to king Vikramáditya, though the king recollected accomplishing that difficult rescue of the Yakshiṇí, he did not consider it worth a straw, when he heard of the return she had made for it ; great-souled men, even when they have done much, think it worth

* It is just possible that *sankhyád* ought to be *sákshád*.

very little. And, being much pleased, he loaded* Anangadeva for the second time, with elephants, horses, villages, and jewels, and bestowed similar gifts on the ambassador of the king of Sinhala.

And after he had spent that day, the king set out from Ujjayiní, with his warriors mounted on elephants and horses, to meet that daughter of the king of Sinhala, and those two maidens created by Brahmá. And the following speeches of the military officers, assigning elephants and horses, were heard in the neighbourhood of the city when the kings started, and within the city itself when the sovereign started; "Jayavardhana must take the good elephant Anangagiri, and Raṇabhaṭa the furious elephant Kálamegha, and Sinhaparákrama Sangrámasiddhi, and the hero Vikramanidhi Ripurákshasa, and Jayaketu Pavanajava, and Vallabhaśakti Samudrakallola, and Báhu and Subáhu the two horses S'aravega and Garuḍavega, and Kírtivarman the black Konkan mare Kuvalayamálá, and Samarasinha the white mare Gaṅgálaharí of pure Sindh breed."

When that king, the supreme sovereign of all the *dvípas*, had started on his journey, the earth was covered with soldiers, the quarters were full of nothing but the shouts that they raised, even the heaven was obscured with the dust that was diffused by the trampling of his advancing army, and all men's voices were telling of the wonderful greatness of his might.

## CHAPTER CXXII.

Then king Vikramáditya reached that victorious army commanded by that Vikramaśakti his general, and he entered it at the head of his forces, accompanied by that general, who came to meet him, eager and with loyal mind, together with the vassal kings.

The kings were thus announced by the warders in the tent of assembly, "Your Majesty, here is S'aktikumára the king of Gauḍa come to pay you his respects, here is Jayadhvaja the king of Karṇáta, here is Vijayavarman of Láṭa, here is Sunandana of Kaśmíra, here is Gopála king of Sindh, here is Vindhyabala the Bhilla, and here is Nirmúka the king of the Persians." And when they had been thus announced, the king honoured them, and the feudal chiefs, and also the soldiers. And he welcomed in appropriate fashion the daughter of the king of Sinhala, and the heavenly maidens, and the golden deer, and Vikramaśakti. And the next day the successful

* This expression is very similar to that in Taranga 120, śl. 80, *b*, to which Dr. Kern objects.

monarch Vikramáditya set out with them and his forces, and reached the city of Ujjayiní.

Then, the kings having been dismissed with marks of honour* to their own territories, and the world-gladdening festival of the spring season having arrived, when the creepers began, so to speak, to adorn themselves with flowers for jewels, and the female bees to keep up a concert with their humming, and the ranges of the wood to dance embraced by the wind, and the cuckoos with melodious notes to utter auspicious prayers, king Vikramáditya married on a fortunate day that daughter of the king of Sinhala, and those two heavenly maidens. And Sinhavarman, the eldest brother of the princess of Sinhala, who had come with her, bestowed at the marriage-altar a great heap of jewels.

And at that moment the Yakshiṇí Madanamanjarí appeared, and gave those two heavenly maidens countless heaps of jewels. The Yakshí said, "How can I ever, king, recompense you for your benefits? But I have done this unimportant service to testify my devotion to you. So you must shew favour to these maidens, and to the deer." When the Yakshí had said this, she departed honoured by the king.

Then the successful king Vikramáditya, having obtained those wives and the earth with all its *dvípas*, ruled a realm void of opponents; and he enjoyed himself roaming in all the garden grounds; during the hot season living in the water of tanks and in artificial fountain-chambers, during the rains in inner apartments charming on account of the noise of cymbals that arose in them, during the autumn on the tops of palaces, joyous with banquets under the rising moon, during the winter in chambers where comfortable couches were spread, and which were fragrant with black aloes, being ever surrounded by his wives.

*Story of Malayavatí the man-hating maiden.*

Now this king, being such as I have described, had a painter named Nagarasvámin, who enjoyed the revenues of a hundred villages, and surpassed Viśvakarman. That painter used every two or three days to paint a picture of a girl, and give it as a present to the king, taking care to exemplify different types of beauty.

Now, once on a time, it happened that that painter had, because a feast was going on, forgotten to paint the required girl for the king. And when the day for giving the present arrived, the painter remembered and was bewildered, saying to himself, "Alas! what can I give to the king?' And at that moment a traveller come from afar suddenly approached him

* Dr. Kern would read *sammánitaviśrishṭeshu;* and this is the reading of the Taylor MS. and of the Sanskrit College MS. No. 3003 has *sammánitair*.

and placed a book in his hand, and went off somewhere quickly. The painter out of curiosity opened the book, and saw within a picture of a girl on canvas. Inasmuch as the girl was of wonderful beauty, no sooner did he see her picture then he took it and gave it to the king, rejoicing that, so far from having no picture to present that day, he had obtained such an exceedingly beautiful one. But the king, as soon as he saw it, was astonished, and said to him, "My good fellow, this is not your painting, this is the painting of Viśvakarman: for how could a mere mortal be skilful enough to paint such beauty?" When the painter heard this, he told the king exactly what had taken place.

Then the king kept ever looking at the picture of the girl, and never took his eyes off it, and one night he saw in a dream a girl exactly like her, but in another *dvípa*. But as he eagerly rushed to embrace her, who was eager to meet him, the night came to an end, and he was woke up by the watchman.* When the king awoke, he was so angry at the interruption of his delightful interview with that maiden, that he banished that watchman from the city. And he said to himself, "To think that a traveller should bring a book, and that in it there should be the painted figure of a girl, and that I should in a dream behold this same girl apparently alive! All this elaborate dispensation of destiny makes me think that she must be a real maiden, but I do not know in what *dvípa* she lives; how am I to obtain her?"

Full of such reflections, the king took pleasure in nothing,† and burnt with the fever of love so that his attendants were full of anxiety. And the warder Bhadráyudha asked the afflicted king in private the cause of his grief, whereupon he spake as follows:

"Listen, I will tell you, my friend. So much at any rate you know, that that painter gave me the picture of a girl. And I fell asleep thinking on her, and I remember that in my dream I crossed the sea, and reached and entered a very beautiful city. There I saw many armed maidens in front of me, and they, as soon as they saw me, raised a tumultuous cry of 'Kill, kill.'‡ Then a certain female ascetic came and with great precipitation made me enter her house, and briefly said to me this, 'My son, here is the man-hating princess Malayavatí come this way, diverting herself as

* For falling in love with a lady seen in a dream see Vol. I, pp. 276, and 576, and Rohde, Der Griechische Roman, pp. 45, 46 and 49. For falling in love with a lady seen in a picture see Vol. I, p. 490, Rohde, Der Griechische Roman, p. 49, and Coelho's Contos Portuguezes, p. 109.

† I read *aratimán* for *ratimán* in the Sanskrit College MS. The Taylor MS. has *sarvatránratimán;* the other agrees with Brockhaus.

‡ I read *praveśyaiva.*

she pleases. And the moment she sees a man, she makes these maidens of hers kill him: so I brought you in here to save your life.'*

"When the female ascetic had said this, she immediately made me put on female attire; and I submitted to that, knowing that it was not lawful to slay those maidens. But, when the princess entered into the house with her maidens, I looked at her, and lo! she was the very lady that had been shewn me in a picture. And I said to myself, 'Fortunate am I in that, after first seeing this lady in a picture, I now behold her again in flesh and blood, dear as my life.'

"In the meanwhile the princess, at the head of her maidens, said to that female ascetic, 'We saw some male enter here.' The ascetic shewed me, and answered, 'I know of no male; here is my sister's daughter, who is with me as a guest.' Then the princess seeing me, although I was disguised as a woman, forgot her dislike of men, and was at once overcome by love. She remained for a moment, with every hair on her body erect, motionless as if in thought, being, so to speak, nailed to the spot at once with arrows by Love, who had spied his opportunity. And in a moment the princess said to the ascetic, 'Then, noble lady, why should not your sister's daughter be my guest also? Let her come to my palace; I will send her back duly honoured.' Saying this, she took me by the hand, and led me away to her palace. And I remember, I discerned her intention, and consented, and went there, and that sly old female ascetic gave me leave to depart.

"Then I remained there with that princess, who was diverting herself with the amusement of marrying her maidens to one another, and so forth. Her eyes were fixed on me, and she would not let me out of her sight for an instant, and no occupation pleased her in which I did not take part. Then those maidens, I remember, made the princess a bride, and me her husband, and married us in sport. And when we had been married, we entered at night the bridal chamber, and the princess fearlessly threw her arms round my neck. And then I told her who I was, and embraced her, and delighted at having attained her object, she looked at me and then remained a long time with her eyes bashfully fixed on the ground. And at that moment that villain of a watchman woke me up. So, Bhadráyudha, the upshot of the whole matter is that I can no longer live without that Malayavatí, whom I have seen in a picture and in a dream."

* Compare Ralston's Russian Folk Tales, p. 97; in Waldau's Bohmische Märchen p. 444, there is a beautiful Amazon who fights with the prince on condition that if he is victorious she is to be his prisoner, but if she is victorious, he is to be put to death. Rohde in Der Griechische Roman, p. 148, gives a long list of "coy huntress maids." Spenser's Radigund bears a close resemblance to Malayavatí.

When the king said this, the warder Bhadráyudha perceived that it was a true dream, and he consoled the monarch, and said to him, "If the king remembers it all exactly, let him draw that city on a piece of canvas in order that some expedient may be devised in this matter." The moment the king heard this suggestion of Bhadráyudha's, he proceeded to draw that splendid city on a piece of canvas, and all the scene that took place there. Then the warder at once took the drawing, and had a new monastery* made, and hung it up there on the wall. And he directed that in relief-houses attached to the monastery, a quantity of food, with pairs of garments and gold, should be given to bards coming from distant countries. And he gave this order to the dwellers in the monastery, "If any one comes here, who knows the city represented here in a picture, let me be informed of it."

In the meanwhile the fierce elephant of the rainy season with irresistible loud deep thunder-roar and long *ketaka* tusks came down upon the forest of the heats, a forest the breezes of which were scented with the perfume of the jasmine, in which travellers sat down on the ground in the shade, and trumpet-flowers bloomed. At that time the forest-fire of separation of that king Vikramáditya began to burn more fiercely, fanned by the eastern breeze.† Then the following cries were heard among the ladies of his court, "Háralatá, bring ice! Chitrángí, sprinkle him with sandal-wood juice! Patralekhá, make a bed cool with lotus-leaves! Kandarpasená, fan him with plantain-leaves!" And in course of time the cloudy season terrible with lightning passed away for that king, but the fever of love burning‡ with the sorrow of separation did not pass away.

Then the autumn with her open lotus-face, and smile of unclosed flowers, came, vocal with the cries of swans,§ seeming to utter this command, "Let travellers advance on their journey; let pleasant tidings be brought about absent dear ones; happy may their merry meetings be!" On a certain day in that season a bard, who had come from a distance, of the name of S'anvarasiddhi, having heard the fame of that monastery, built by the warder, entered it to get food. After he had been fed, and presented with a pair of garments, he saw that painting on the wall of the

* Sanskṛit *maṭha*.

† The Petersburgh lexicographers would read *paurastya;* and I find this in the Taylor MS and the Sanskrit College MS. The same MSS. read *ambudaśyámo* for *atha durdarśa*. The latter word should be spelt *durdarsha*.

‡ I read *savirahajválo* and *sakás'a* in śl. 72.

§ The two India Office MSS., that contain this passage, and the Sanskrit College MS. make the compound end in *ravaiḥ*, so the command will be given by the cries of the swans. In śl. 71, for *grathyantám* No. 1882 and the Sanskrit College MS. give *budhyantám*. In śl. 73 for *ákhyátim* three MSS. give *khyátim*.

monastery. When the bard had carefully scanned the city delineated there, he was astonished, and said, "I wonder who can have drawn this city? For I alone have seen it, I am certain, and no other; and here it is drawn by some second person." When the inhabitants of the monastery heard that, they told Bhadráyudha; then he came in person, and took that bard to the king. The king said to S'anvarasiddhi, "Have you really seen that city?" Then S'anvarasiddhi gave him the following answer.

"When I was wandering about the world, I crossed the sea that separates the *dvípas*, and beheld that great city Malayapura. In that city there dwells a king of the name of Malayasinha, and he has a matchless daughter, named Malayavatí, who used to abhor males. But one night she somehow or other saw in a dream a great hero in a convent.* The moment she saw him, that evil spirit of detestation of the male sex fled from her mind, as if terrified. Then she took him to her palace, and in her dream married him, and entered with him the bridal chamber. And at that moment the night came to an end, and an attendant in her room woke her up. Then she banished that servant in her anger, and thinking upon that dear one, whom she had seen in her dream, seeing no way of escape owing to the blazing fire of separation, utterly overpowered by love, she never rose from her couch except to fall back upon it again with relaxed limbs. She was dumb, as if possessed by a demon, as if stunned by a blow,† for when her attendants questioned her, she gave them no answer.

"Then her father and mother came to hear of it, and questioned her; and at last she was, with exceeding difficulty, persuaded to tell them what happened to her in the dream, by the mouth of a confidential female friend. Then her father comforted her, but she made a solemn vow that, if she did not obtain her beloved in six months, she would enter the fire. And already five months are past; who knows what will become of her? This is the story that I heard about her in that city."

When S'anvarasiddhi had told this story, which tallied so well with the king's own dream, the king was pleased at knowing the certainty of the matter, and Bhadráyudha said to him, "The business is as good as effected, for that king and his country own your paramount supremacy. So let us go there before the sixth month has passed away." When the warder had said this, king Vikramáditya made him inform S'anvarasiddhi of all the circumstances connected with the matter, and honoured him with a present of much wealth, and bade him shew him the way, and then he

* Sanskrit *vihára*. The *tápasí* of śl. 39 was therefore a Buddhist. Cp. Vol. I, p. 87. No. 3003 reads *viháranirgatá* which agrees with śl. 40. No. 1882 has *vihara-nirgatam*. The Sanskrit College MS. has *viháranirgatam*.

† For *gháta* No. 1882 has *tamaḥ* and No. 3003 *váta*.

seemed to bequeath his own burning heat to the rays of the sun, his paleness to the clouds, and his thinness to the waters of the rivers,* and having become free from sorrow, set out at once, escorted by a small force, for the dwelling-place of his beloved.

In course of time, as he advanced, he crossed the sea, and reached that city, and there he saw the people in front of it engaged in loud lamentation, and when he questioned them, he received this answer, "The princess Malayávatí here, as the period of six months is at an end, and she has not obtained her beloved, is preparing to enter the fire." Then the king went to the place where the pyre had been made ready.

When the people saw him, they made way for him, and then the princess beheld that unexpected nectar-rain to her eyes. And she said to her ladies-in-waiting, "Here is that beloved come who married me in a dream, so tell my father quickly." They went and told this to her father, and then that king, delivered from his grief, and filled with joy, submissively approached the sovereign. At that moment the bard S'anvarasiddhi, who knew his time, lifted up his arm, and chanted aloud this strain, "Hail thou that with the flame of thy valour hast consumed the forest of the army of demons and Mlechchhas! Hail king, lord of the seven-sea-girt earth-bride! Hail thou that hast imposed thy exceedingly heavy yoke on the bowed heads of all kings, conquered by thee! Hail, Vishamaśíla, hail Vikramáditya, ocean of valour!"

When the bard said this, king Malayasinha knew that it was Vikramáditya himself that had come, and embraced his feet.† And after he had welcomed him, he entered his palace with him, and his daughter Malayavatí, thus delivered from death. And that king gave that daughter of his to king Vikramáditya, thinking himself fortunate in having obtained such a son-in-law. And king Vikramáditya, when he saw in his arms, in flesh and blood, that Malayavatí, whom he had previously seen in a picture and in a dream, considered it a wonderful fruit of the wishing-tree of S'iva's favour. Then Vikramáditya took with him his wife Malayavatí, like an incarnation of bliss, and crossed the sea resembling his long regretful‡ separation, and being submissively waited upon at every step by kings, with various presents in their hands, returned to his own city Ujjayiní. And on beholding there that might of his, that satisfied§ freely every kind of

* This probably means that he started in the autumn.

† No 3003 *yathá chitre tathá svapne yathá svapne tathaivatám vilokya sákshád;* so too No. 1882. The Sanskrit College MS. agrees but omits *yathá svapne.*

‡ The word that means "regret," may also mean "wave."

§ I follow B. and R., Dr. Kern would read *sajjíkṛita* in the sense of "prepared": he takes *kautukam* in the sense of nuptial ceremonies. No. 1882 (the Taylor MS.) has *mantú* and No. 2003 has *satyí.* The Sanskrit College MS supports Brockhaus's text.

curiosity, what people were not astonished, what people did not rejoice, what people did not make high festival?

## CHAPTER CXXIII.

Then, once on a time, in the course of conversation, one of Vikramaditya's queens, called Kalingasená, said to her rival queens, "What the king did for the sake of Malayavatí was not wonderful, for this king Vishamaśíla has ever been famous on the earth for such like acts. Was not I swooped down on by him and married by force, after he had seen a carved likeness of me and been overcome by love? On this account the *kárpaṭika** Devasena told me a story: that story I will proceed to tell you; listen."

"I was very much vexed, and exclaimed 'How can the king be said to have married me lawfully?' Then the *kárpaṭika* said to me, 'Do not be angry, queen, for the king married you in eager haste out of a violent passion for you; hear the whole story from the beginning.'"

*Story of Kalingasená's marriage.*

Once on a time, when I was serving your husband as a *kárpaṭika*, I saw a great boar far away in the wood. Its mouth was formidable with tusks, its colour was black as a Tamála tree, it looked like an incarnation of the black fortnight devouring the digits of the moon. And I came, queen, and informed the king of it, describing it to him as I have done to you. And the king went out to hunt, attracted by his love for the sport. And when he reached the wood, and was dealing death among the tigers and deer, he saw in the distance that boar of which I had informed him. And when he saw that wonderful boar, he came to the conclusion that some being had assumed that form with an object, and he ascended his horse called Ratnákara, the progeny of Ucchaiḥśravas.

For every day at noon, the sun waits a brief space in the sky, and then his charioteer the dawn lets the horses loose, that they may bathe and feed: and one day Uchchhaiḥśravas, having been unyoked from the chariot of the sun, approached a mare of the king's, that he saw in the forest, and begot that horse.†

So the king mounted that swift horse, and quickly pursued that boar, that fled to a very remote‡ part of the forest. Then that boar escaped

* See Vol. I, pp. 199 and 515; and Vol. II, p. 265.

† Cp. Iliad V, 265 and ff.; and (still better) Aeneid VII, 280, and ff.

‡ *Devíyasím* is a misprint for *davíyasím*, as Dr. Kern points out.

somewhere from his view, being swifter even than that horse that had Uchchhaiḥśravas for a sire. Then the king, not having caught him, and seeing that I alone had followed him, while he had left the rest of his suite far behind, asked me this question, "Do you know how much ground we have traversed to get to this place?" When I heard that, queen, I made the king this answer, "My lord, we have come three hundred *yojanas*." Then the king being astonished said, "Then how have you managed to come so far on foot?" When he asked me this question, I answered, "King, I have an ointment for the feet; hear the way in which I acquired it."

*How Devasena obtained the magic ointment.*

Long ago, on account of the loss of my wife, I went forth to make a pilgrimage to all the holy bathing places, and in the course of my journey I came one evening to a temple with a garden. And I went in there to pass the night, and I saw inside a woman, and I remained there hospitably welcomed by her. And during the course of the night she elevated one lip to heaven, resting the other on the earth, and with expanded jaws said to me, "Have you seen before anywhere such a mouth as this?" Then I fearlessly drew my dagger with a frown, and said to her, "Have you seen such a man as this?" Then she assumed a gentle appearance without any horrible distortion of shape, and said to me, "I am a Yakshí, Vandhyá by name, and I am pleased with your courage; so now tell me what I can do to gratify you."

When the Yakshiṇí said this, I answered her, "If you are really pleased with me, then enable me to go round to all the holy waters without any suffering." When the Yakshí heard this, she gave me an ointment for my feet;* by means of it I travelled to all the holy bathing-places, and I have been able to run behind you now so far as this place. And by its aid I come to this wood here every day, and eat fruits, and then return to Ujjayiní and attend upon you.

When I told that tale to the king, I saw by his pleased face that he thought in his heart that I was a follower well-suited to him. I again said to him, "King, I will bring you here some very sweet fruits, if you will be pleased to eat them." The king said to me, "I will not eat; I do

* In European superstition we find the notion that witches can fly through the air by anointing themselves with the fat of a toad. Weckenstedt, Wendische Märchen, p. 288. In Bartsch, Sagen und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg we read (Vol. II, p. 19) that Margretha Detloses confesses that she smeared her feet with some black stuff that Satan brought, and then said, *Auf und darvan und nergens an*. Anneke Mettinges (ibid. p. 23) smeared herself with yellow fat; Anneke Swarten (ibid. p. 27) with black stuff from an unused pot.

not require anything; but do you eat something, as you are exhausted." Then I got hold of a gourd and ate it, and no sooner had I eaten it, than it turned me into a python.

But king Vishamaśíla, when he saw me suddenly turn into a python, was astonished and despondent. So, being there alone, he called to mind the Vetála Bhútaketu, whom he had long ago made his servant, by delivering him with a look from a disease of the eyes. That Vetála came, as soon as the king called him to mind, and bowing before him said, "Why did you call me to mind, great king? Give me your orders." Then the king said, "Good sir, this my *kárpaṭika* has been suddenly turned into a python by eating a gourd; restore him to his former condition." But the Vetála said, "King, I have not the power to do this. Powers are strictly limited: can water quench the flame of lightning?" Then the king said, "Then let us go to this village, my friend. We may eventually hear of some remedy from the Bhillas there."

When the king had come to this conclusion, he went to that village with the Vetála. There the bandits surrounded him, seeing that he wore ornaments. But when they began to rain arrows upon him, the Vetála, by the order of the king, devoured five hundred of them. The rest fled and told their chief what had occurred, and he, whose name was Ekákikeśarin, came there in wrath, with his host. But one of his servants recognised the monarch, and the chief hearing from him who it was, came and clung to Vikramáditya's feet, and announced himself. Then the king welcomed kindly the submissive chief, and asked after his health, and said to him, "My *kárpaṭika* has become a python by eating the fruit of a gourd in the forest; so devise some plan for releasing him from his transformation."

When that chief heard this speech of the king's, he said to him, "King, let this follower of yours shew him to my son here." Then that son of his came with the Vetála, and made me a man as before by means of a sternutatory made of the extract of a plant. And then we went joyful into the presence of the king; and when I bent at the feet of the king, the king informed the delighted chief who I was.

Then the Bhilla chief Ekákikeśarin, after obtaining the king's consent, conducted him and us to his palace. And we beheld that dwelling of his, crowded with S'avaras, having its high walls covered with the tusks of elephants, adorned with tiger-skins; in which the women had for garments the tails of peacocks, for necklaces strings of *gunjá*-fruit, and for perfume the ichor that flows from the foreheads of elephants. There the wife of the chief, having her garments perfumed with musk, adorned with pearls and such like ornaments, herself waited on the king.

Then the king, having bathed and taken a meal, observed that the chief's sons were old, while he was a young man, and put this question to

him, "Chief, explain, I pray you, this that puzzles me. How comes it, that you are a young man, whereas these children of yours are old?" When the king had said this to the S'avara chief, he answered him, "This king, is a strange story; listen if you feel any curiosity about it."

*Story of the grateful Monkey.**

I was long ago a Bráhman named Chandrasvámin, and I lived in the city of Máyápur. One day I went by order of my father to the forest to fetch wood. There a monkey stood barring my way, but without hurting me, looking at me with an eye of grief, pointing out to me another path. I said to myself, "This monkey does not bite me, so I had better go along the path which he points out, and see what his object is." Thereupon I set out with him along that path, and the monkey kept going along in front of me, and turning round to look at me. And after he had gone some distance, he climbed up a *jambu*-tree, and I looked at the upper part of the tree, which was covered with a dense network of creepers: and I saw a female monkey there with her body fettered by a mass of creepers twisted round her, and I understood that it was on this account that the monkey had brought me there. Then I climbed up the tree, and cut with my axe the creepers† that had twisted round and entangled her, and set that female monkey at liberty.

And when I got down from the tree, the male and female monkey came down also and embraced my feet. And the male monkey left that female clinging to my feet for a moment, and went and fetched a heavenly fruit, and gave it to me. I took it and returned home after I had got my fuel, and there I and my wife ate that splendid fruit together, and as soon as we had eaten it, we ceased to be liable to old age and disease.‡

Then there arose in that country of ours the scourge of famine. And afflicted by that calamity the people of that land fled in all directions.

* See page 104 of this volume. An older form of that story is perhaps the Saccaṃkirajátaka, No. 73, Faüsboll, Vol. I, p. 323. The present story bears perhaps a closer resemblance to that of Androclus, Aulus Gellius, N. A. V, 14, the Indian form of which may be found in Miss Stokes's tale of "The Man who went to seek his fate."

† *Valí* should of course be *vallí*.

‡ Cp. Oesterley's Báitál Pachísí, p. 14; and the note on p. 176. In Aelian's Varia Historia, III, 19, there is a tree, the fruit of which makes an old man become gradually younger and younger until he reaches the antenatal state of non-existence. The passage is referred to by Rohde, Der Griechische Roman, p. 207. Baring Gould, in Appendix A to his Curious Myths of the Middle Ages, gives a very curious passage from the Bragda Mágus Saga, an Icelandic version of the romance of Maugis. Here we have a man named Vidförull who was in the habit of changing his skin and becoming young again. He changed his skin once when he was 330 years old, a second time at the age of 215, and a third time in the presence of Charlemagne. It is quite possible that the story in the text is a form of the fable of the Wandering Jew.

And I happened in course of time to reach this country with my wife. And at that time there was a king of the S'avaras here named Káncbana-dansbṭra: I entered his service with my sword. And as Káncbanadansbṭra saw that I came to the front in several engagements, he appointed me general. And as I had won the affections of that master of mine by my exclusive devotion to him, when he died, having no son, he bestowed on me his kingdom. And twenty-seven hundred years have passed over my head, since I have been in this place, and yet, owing to eating that fruit, I do not suffer from old age.

When Ekákikeśarin, the king of the Bhillas, had told in these words his own history, he went on to ask a favour of the astonished monarch, saying, " By the fruit given by the monkey I gained a long life, and by that long life I have again obtained a perfect fruit, namely, the sight of your august self. So I entreat, king, that the condescension towards me, which you have shown by coming to my house, may be developed into gracious approval. I have, king, a daughter of matchless beauty, born to me by a Kshatriyá wife, and her name is Madanasundarí. That pearl of maidens ought not to fall to the lot of any one but your Highness. Therefore I bestow her on you; marry her with due ceremonies. And I, my sovereign, will follow you as your slave with twenty thousand archers."

When the Bhilla chief addressed this petition to the king, he granted it. And in an auspicious hour he married the daughter of that chief, who gave him a hundred camels laden with pearls and musk. And after the king had remained there seven days, he set out thence with Madanasundarí and the army of the Bhillas.

In the meanwhile, after the king had been carried away by his horse, our army remained despondent in the forest, where the hunting took place; but the warder Bhadráyudha said to them, " Away with despondency! Even though our king has been away for a long time, he is of divine power, and no serious misfortune will happen to him. Do you not remember how he went to Pátála and married there the daughter of a Nága, whose name was Surúpá, and came back here alone, and how the hero went to the world of the Gandharvas, and returned here with Táráválí the daughter of the king of the Gandharvas?" With these words Bhadráyudha consoled them all, and they remained at the entrance of the forest waiting for the king.

And while that Madanasundarí was advancing leisurely by an open path, accompanied by the S'avara hosts, the king entered that forest on horseback, with myself and the Vetála, in order to get a sight of the boar he had before seen: and when he entered it, the boar rushed out in front of him, and the moment the king saw it, he killed it with five arrows. When it was slain, the Vetála rushed to it, and tore its belly open, and suddenly there issued from it a man of pleasing appearance.

The king, astonished, asked him who he was, and then there came there a wild elephant, resembling a moving mountain. When the king saw that wild elephant charging down on him, he smote it in a vital place and slew it with a single arrow. The Vetála tore open its belly also, and there issued from it a man of heavenly appearance, and a woman beautiful in all her limbs. And when the king was about to question the man, who issued from the boar, he said to him, "Listen, king; I am going to tell you my history.

"We two, king, are two sons of gods:* this one's name is Bhadra, and I am S'ubha. As we were roaming about we observed the hermit Kanva engaged in meditation. We assumed in sport the forms of an elephant and a boar, and having done so, we terrified the great sage in our reckless folly, and he pronounced on us this curse, 'Become in this forest an elephant and boar such as you are now; but when you shall be killed by king Vikramáditya, you shall be released from the curse.' So we became an elephant and a boar by the curse of the hermit, and we have to-day been set free by you; as for this woman, let her tell her own story. But touch this boar on the neck and this elephant on the back; and they will become for you celestial sword and shield."

When he had said this, he disappeared with his companion, and the boar and elephant, touched by the hand of the king, became for him a sword and a shield. Then the woman, being questioned about her history, spoke as follows:

"I am the wife of a great merchant in Ujjayiní named Dhanadatta. One night, as I was sleeping on the top of a palace, this elephant came and swallowed me and brought me here; however this man was not inside the elephant, but when its belly was torn open, he came out of it with me."

When the woman said this in grief, the king said to her, "Be of good courage: I will take you to your husband's house: go and journey along in security with my harem." When he had said this, he made the Vetála take her and hand her over to the queen Madanasundarí, who was travelling by a different path.

Then, the Vetála having returned, we suddenly saw there in the wood two princesses, with a numerous and splendid retinue. And the king sent me and summoned their chamberlains, and they, when asked whence the two maidens came, told the following story;

*Story of the two princesses.*

There is a *dvípa* named Kaṭáha, the home of all felicities. In it there is a king rightly named Guṇaságara.† He had born to him by his principal queen a daughter named Guṇavatí, who by her beauty produced

* I read *devakumárau.*

† *I. e.*, Sea of virtues.

astonishment even in the Creator who made her. And holy seers announced that she should have for a husband the lord of the seven *dvípas ;* whereupon her father the king deliberated with his counsellors ; and came to this conclusion, " King Vikramáditya is a suitable husband for my daughter; so I will send her to marry him."

Accordingly, the king made his daughter embark in a ship on the sea, with her retinue and wealth, and sent her off. But it so happened that when the ship came near Suvarṇadvípa, it was swallowed, with the princess and the people on board, by a large fish. But that monstrous fish was carried by the current of the sea as if by the course of Destiny, and thrown up on a coast near that *dvípa*, and there stranded. And the people of the neighbourhood, the moment they saw it, ran with many weapons in their hands, and killed that marvellous fish, and cut open its belly.* And then there came out of it that great ship full of people; and when the king of that *dvípa* heard of it, he came there greatly wondering. And that king, whose name was Chandraśekhara, and who was the brother-in-law of king Guṇaságara, heard the whole story from the people in the ship. Then the king, finding that Guṇavatí was the daughter of his sister, took her into his palace, and out of joy celebrated a feast. And the next day that king put on board a ship in a lucky moment his daughter Chandravatí, whom he had long intended to give to king Vikramáditya, with that Guṇavatí, and sent her off with much magnificence as a gift to that sovereign.

These two princesses, having crossed the sea, by advancing gradually, have at length arrived here; and we are their attendants. And when we reached this place, a very large boar and a very large elephant rushed upon us: then, king, we uttered this cry, " These maidens have come to offer themselves for wives to king Vikramáditya : so preserve them for him, ye Guardians of the World, as is meet." When the boar and the elephant heard this, they said to us with articulate speech, " Be of good courage ! the mere mention of that king's name ensures your safety. And you shall see him arrive here in a moment." When the boar and the elephant, who were, no doubt, some heavenly beings or other, had said this, they went away.

"This is our story," said the chamberlain, and then, queen, I said to them, " And this is the king you seek." Then they fell at the king's feet rejoicing, and made over to him those two princesses Guṇavatí and Chandravatí. And the king gave orders to the Vetála and had those two fair ones also taken to his queen, saying, " Let all three travel with Madanasundarí."

* See Vol. I, p. 207, and Vol. II, p. 224, and Rohde's note on page 196 of Der Griechische Roman. This is probably the incident depicted on the Bharhat Stúpa. See General Cunningham's work, Plate XXXIV, Medallion 2.

The Vetála returned immediately, and then, queen, the king went with him and myself by an out-of-the-way path. And as we were going along in the forest, the sun set; and just at that time we heard there the sound of a drum. The king asked, "Whence comes this sound of a drum?" The Vetála answered him, "King, there is a temple here. It is a marvel of heavenly skill, having been built by Viśvakarman; and this beating of the drum is to announce the commencement of the evening spectacle."

When the Vetála had said this, he and the king and I went there out of curiosity, and after we had tied up the horse, we entered. And we saw worshipped there a great *linga* of *tárkshyaratna** and in front of it a spectacle with blazing lights. And there danced there for a long time three nymphs of celestial beauty, in four kinds of measures, accompanied with music and singing. And at the end of the spectacle we beheld a wonder, for the dancing nymphs disappeared in the figures carved on the pillars of the temple: and in the same way the singers and players went into the figures of men painted on the walls. When the king saw this, he was astonished, but the Vetála said to him, "Such is this heavenly enchantment produced by Viśvakarman, lasting for ever, for this will always take place at both twilights."

When he had said this, we wandered about in the temple, and saw in one place a female figure on a pillar, of extraordinary beauty. When the king saw her, he was bewildered by her beauty, and remained for a moment absent-minded and motionless, so that he himself was like a figure cut on a pillar. And he exclaimed, "If I do not see a living woman like this figure, of what profit to me is my kingdom or my life?" When the Vetála heard this, he said, "Your wish is not hard to gratify, for the king of Kalinga has a daughter named Kalingasená, and a sculptor of Vardhamána seeing her, and being desirous of representing her beauty, carved this figure in imitation of her.† So return to Ujjayiní, king, and ask that king of Kalinga for his daughter, or carry her off by force." This speech of the Vetála's the king laid up in his heart.

Then we spent that night there, and the next morning we set out, and we saw two handsome men under an *aśoka*-tree, and then they rose up and bowed before the king. Then the king said to them, "Who are you, and why are you in the forest?" One of them answered, "Listen, king, I will tell you the whole story."

I am the son of a merchant in Ujjayiní, and my name is Dhanadatta.

*Story of Dhanadatta.*

Once on a time I went to sleep with my wife on the top of my palace. In the morning I woke up and looked about me, and lo! my wife was not

* A certain dark-coloured precious stone. B. and R. s. v.

† The Petersburg lexicographers explain it as a statue of *śála*-wood. They ex-

in the palace, nor in the garden attached to it, nor anywhere about it. I said to myself, "She has not lost her heart to another man; of that I am convinced by the fact that the garland which she gave me, telling me that as long as she remained chaste, it would certainly not fade, is still as fresh as ever.* So I cannot think where she has gone, whether she has been carried off by a demon or some other evil being, or what has happened to her." With these thoughts in my mind, I remained looking for her, crying out, lamenting, and weeping; consumed by the fire of separation from her; taking no food. Then my relations succeeded at last in consoling me to a certain extent, and I took food, and I made my abode in a temple, and remained there plunged in grief, feasting Bráhmans.

Once when I was quite broken down, this Bráhman came to me there, and I refreshed him with a bath and food, and after he had eaten, I asked him whence he came, and he said, "I am from a village near Váráṇasí." My servants told him my cause of woe, and he said, "Why have you, like an unenterprising man, allowed your spirits to sink? The energetic man obtains even that which it is hard to attain; so rise up my friend, and let us look for your wife; I will help you."

I said, "How are we to look for her, when we do not even know in what direction she has gone?" When I said this, he answered me kindly, "Do not say this; did not Keśaṭa long ago recover his wife, when it seemed hopeless that he should ever be reunited with her? Hear his story in proof of it."

*Story of Keśaṭa and Kandarpa.*

There lived in the city of Páṭaliputra a wealthy young Bráhman, the son of a Bráhman; his name was Keśaṭa, and he was in beauty like a second god of love. He wished to obtain a wife like himself, and so he went forth secretly† from his parents' house, and wandered through various lands on the pretext of visiting holy bathing-places. And in the course of his wanderings he came once on a time to the bank of the Narmadá, and he saw a numerous procession of bridegroom's friends coming that way. And a distinguished old Bráhman, belonging to that company, when he saw Keśaṭa in the distance, left his companions, and coming up to him accosted him, and respectfully said to him in private, "I have a certain favour to ask of you, and it is one which you can easily do for me, but the benefit conferred on me will be a very great one; so, if you will do it, I will proceed to say what it is." When Keśaṭa heard this,

plain *stambhotkírna* too as *wie aus einem Pfosten geschnitten, wie eine Statue von Holz.* But could not the figures be cut in stone, as the Bharhut sculptures are?

* See Vol. I, pp. 86 and 573. The parallel to the story of the Wright's Chaste Wife is strikingly close.

† Dr. Kern would read *avidito*. This is confirmed by the Sanskrit College MS. and by No. 1882; No. 3003 has *avadito*.

he said, "Noble sir, if what you say is possible, I must certainly do it: let the benefit be conferred on you."

When the Bráhman heard that, he said, "Listen, my good young man; I have a son, who is the prince of ugly, as you are of good-looking, men. He has projecting teeth, a flat nose, a black colour, squinting eyes, a big belly, crooked feet, and ears like winnowing baskets. Though he is such, I, out of my love for him, described him as handsome, and asked a Bráhman, named Ratnadatta, to give him his daughter, named Rúpavatí, and he has agreed to do it. The girl is as beautiful as her name expresses, and to-day they are to be married. For this reason we have come, but I know that, when that purposed connexion of mine sees my son, he will refuse to give him his daughter, and this attempt will be fruitless. And while thinking how I could find some way out of the difficulty, I have met you here, courteous sir; so quickly perform for me my desire, as you have pledged your word to do. Come with us, and marry that maiden, and hand her over to my son to-day, for you are as good-looking as the bride."

When Keśaṭa heard this, he said, "Agreed," and so the old Bráhman took Keśaṭa with him, and they crossed the Narmadá in boats and landed on the opposite bank. And so he reached the city, and rested outside it with his followers, and at that time the sun also, the traveller of the sky, went to his rest on the mountain of setting. Then the darkness began to diffuse itself abroad, and Keśaṭa, having gone to rinse his mouth, saw a terrible Rákshasa rise up near the water; and the Rákshasa said, "Where will you go from me,* Keśaṭa? I am about to devour you." Thereupon Keśaṭa said to the Ráhshasa, "Do not devour me now; I will certainly come back to you presently, when I have done the Bráhman the service I promised." When the Rákshasa heard this, he made Keśaṭa take an oath to this effect, and then let him go; and he returned to the company of the bridegroom's friends.

Then the old Bráhman brought Keśaṭa adorned with the ornaments of a bridegroom, and entered that city with all the bridegroom's party. And then he made him enter the house of Ratnadatta, in which an altar-platform was ready prepared, and which was made to resound with the music of various instruments. And Keśaṭa married there with all due ceremonies that fair-faced maiden Rúpavatí, to whom her father gave great wealth. And the women there rejoiced, seeing that the bride and bridegroom were well-matched; and not only Rúpavatí, when she saw that such a bridegroom had arrived, but her friends also, fell in love with him. But Keśaṭa at that time was overpowered with despondency and astonishment.

* Both the India Office MSS. and the Sanskrit College MS. have *yásyasi* for *pásyasi*. The latter would mean, "Where will you drink."

And at night Rúpavatí seeing that her husband, as he lay on the bed, was plunged in thought, and kept his head turned away, pretended to be asleep. And in the dead of night Keśaṭa, thinking that she was asleep, went out to that Rákshasa to keep his promise. And that faithful wife Rúpavatí also gently rose up unobserved, and followed her husband, full of curiosity. And when Keśaṭa arrived where the Rákshasa was, the latter said to him, "Bravo! you have kept your promise faithfully, Keśaṭa; you are a man of noble character. You sanctify your city of Páṭaliputra and your father Deśaṭa by your virtue, so approach, that I may devour you." When Rúpavatí heard that, she came up quickly and said, "Eat me, for, if my husband is eaten, what will become of me?" The Rákshasa said, "You can live on alms." She replied, "Who, noble sir, will give alms to me who am a woman?" The Rákshasa said, "If any one refuses to give you alms, when asked to do so, his head shall split in a hundred pieces."* Then she said, "This being so, give me my husband by way of alms." And, as the Rákshasa would not give him, his head at once split asunder, and he died. Then Rúpavatí returned to her bridal-chamber, with her husband, who was exceedingly astonished at her virtue, and at that moment the night came to an end.

And the next morning the bridegroom's friends took food and set out from that city, and reached the bank of the Narmadá with the newly married pair. Then the old Bráhman, who was their leader, put the wife Rúpavatí with her attendants on board one boat, and went on board a second himself, and cunningly made Keśaṭa embark on a third, having previously made an agreement with the boatmen; and before he went on board took from him all the ornaments he had lent him. Then the Bráhman was ferried across with the wife and the bridegroom's party, but Keśaṭa was kept out in the middle of the stream by the boatmen, and carried to a great distance. Then those boatmen pushed the boat and Keśaṭa into a place where the current ran full and strong, and swam ashore themselves, having been bribed by the old Bráhman.

But Keśaṭa was carried with the boat, by the river which was lashed into waves by the wind, into the sea, and at last a wave flung him up on the coast. There he recovered strength and spirits, as he was not doomed to die just yet, and he said to himself, "Well, that Bráhman has made me a fine recompense. But was not the fact that he married his son by means of a substitute, in itself sufficient proof that he was a fool and a scoundrel?"

While he remained there, buried in such thoughts, the night came on him, when the companies of air-flying witches begin to roam about. He remained sleepless through it, and in the fourth watch he heard a noise in the

* Cp. Vol. II, p. 63.

sky, and saw a handsome* man fall from heaven in front of him. Keśaṭa was terrified at first, but after some time he saw that he had nothing uncanny about him, so he said to him, "Who are you, Sir?" Then the man said, "First tell me who you are; and then I will tell you who I am." Hearing that, Keśaṭa told him his history. Then the man said, "My friend, you are exactly in the same predicament as myself, so I will now tell you my history, listen.

"There is on the bank of the river Veṇá a city named Ratnapura; I am a Bráhman householder in that city, the son of a rich man, and my name is Kandarpa. One evening I went down to the river Veṇá to draw water, and I slipped and fell into it, and was carried away by the current. The current carried me a long way during that night, and when the morning came, as I was not doomed to die yet, it brought me to the foot of a tree that grew on the bank. I climbed up the bank by the help of the tree, and when I had recovered breath, I saw in front of me a great empty temple dedicated to the Mothers. I entered it, and when I saw before me the Mothers flashing, as it were, with brightness and power, my fear was allayed, and I bowed before them, and praised them and addressed this prayer to them, 'Venerable ones, deliver me a miserable man; for I have to-day come here as a suppliant for your protection.' When I had uttered this prayer, being exhausted with my struggles in the current of the river, I rested, my friend, till my fatigue gradually disappeared, and the day disappeared also. And then there appeared the horrible female ascetic called night, furnished with many stars by way of a bone-necklace, white with moonlight instead of ashes, and carrying the moon for a gleaming scull.

"And then, I remember, a band of witches came out from the company of the Mothers, and they said to one another, 'To night we must go to the general assembly of the witches in Chakrapura,† and how can this Bráhman be kept safe in this place which is full of wild beasts? So let us take him to some place where he will be happy: and afterwards we will bring him back again; he has fled to us for protection.' When they had said this, they adorned me, and carrying me through the air, placed me in the house of a rich Bráhman in a certain city, and went away.

"And when I looked about me there, lo! the altar was prepared for a marriage, and the auspicious hour had arrived, but the procession of bridegroom's friends was nowhere to be seen. And all the people, seeing me in front of the door arrayed in bridegroom's garments of heavenly splendour, said, 'Here is the bridegroom at any rate arrived.' Then the

* I insert *subhagam* before *khád*, from the Sanskrit College MS.

† Both the India Office MSS read *Vakrapura*. The Sanskrit College MS. supports Brockhaus's text.

Bráhman of the house took me to the altar, and led his daughter there adorned, and gave her to me with the usual ceremonies. And the women said to one another, 'Fortunate is it that the beauty of Sumanas has borne fruit by winning her a bridegroom like herself!' Then, having married Sumanas, I slept with her in a palace, gratified by having every want supplied in the most magnificent style.

"Then those witches came back from their assembly in this last watch of the night, and by their supernatural power carried me off, and flew up into the air with me. And while they were flying through the air, they had a fight with another set of witches, who came, wishing to carry me off, and they let me go and I fell down here. And I do not know the city where I married that Sumanas; and I cannot tell what will become of her now. This succession of misfortunes, which Destiny has brought upon me, has now ended in happiness by my meeting with you."

When Kandarpa had given this account of his adventure, Keśaṭa said to him, "Do not be afraid, my friend; the witches will have no power over you henceforth; since I possess a certain irresistible charm, which will keep them at a distance: now let us roam about together: Destiny will bestow on us good fortune." And while they were engaged in this conversation, the night came to an end.

In the morning Keśaṭa and Kandarpa set out from that place together, and crossing the sea, reached in due course a city named Bhímapura near the river called Ratnanadí. There they heard a great noise on the bank of that river, and when they went to the place whence it came, they saw a fish that filled the channel of the stream from bank to bank. It had been thrown up by the tide of the sea, and got fast in the river owing to the vastness of its bulk, and men with various weapons in their hands were cutting it up to procure flesh. And while they were cutting it open, there came out of its belly a woman, and being beheld by the people with astonishment, she came terrified to the bank.

Then Kandarpa looked at her, and said exultingly to Keśaṭa, "My friend, here is that very Sumanas, whom I married. But I do not know how she came to be living in the belly of a fish. So let us remain here in silence, until the whole matter is cleared up." Keśaṭa consented, and they remained there. And the people said to Sumanas, "Who are you, and what is the meaning of this?" Then she said very reluctantly,

"I am the daughter of a crest-jewel of Bráhmans, named Jayadatta, who lived in the city of Ratnákara. My name is Sumanas, and one night I was married to a certain handsome young Bráhman, who was a suitable match for me. That very night, my husband went away somewhere, while I was asleep; and though my father made diligent search for him, he could not find him anywhere. Then I threw myself into the river to cool

the fire of grief at separation from him, and I was swallowed by this fish; and now Destiny has brought me here."

While she was saying this, a Bráhman named Yajnasvámin rushed out of the crowd, and embraced her and said this to her, "Come, come with me, niece; you are the daughter of my sister; for I am Yajnasvámin, your mother's own brother." When Sumanas heard that, she uncovered her face and looked at him, and recognising her uncle, she embraced his feet weeping. But after a moment she ceased weeping, and said to him, "Do you give me fuel, for, as I am separated from my husband, I have no other refuge but the fire."

Her uncle did all he could to dissuade her, but she would not abandon her intention; and then Kandarpa, having thus seen her real feelings tested, came up to her. When the wise Sumanas saw him near her, she recognised him, and fell weeping at his feet. And when the discreet woman was questioned by the people, and by that uncle of hers, she answered, "He is my husband." Then all were delighted, and Yajnasvámin took her husband Kandarpa to his house, together with Keśaṭa. There they told their adventures, and Yajnaśvamin and his family lovingly waited on them with many hospitable attentions.

After some days had passed, Keśaṭa said to Kandarpa, "You have gained all you want by recovering your longed-for wife; so now go with her to Ratnapura your own city; but, as I have not attained the object of my desire, I will not return to my own country: I, my friend, will make a pilgrimage to all the holy bathing-places and so destroy my body." When Yajnaśvámin, in Bhímapura, heard this, he said to Keśaṭa, "Why do you utter this despondent speech? As long as people are alive, there is nothing they cannot get: in proof of this hear the story of Kusumáyudha, which I am about to tell you."

*Story of Kusumáyudha and Kamalalochaná.*

There was in a town named Chandrapura a Bráhman named Devasvámin: he had a very beautiful daughter named Kamalalochaná. And he had a young Bráhman pupil named Kusumáyudha; and that pupil and his daughter loved one another well.

One day her father made up his mind to give her to another suitor, and at once that maiden sent by her confidante the following message to Kusumáyudha, "Though I have long ago fixed my heart on you for a husband, my father has promised to give me to another, so devise a scheme for carrying me off hence." So Kusumáyudha made an arrangement to carry her off, and he placed outside her house at night a servant with a mule for that purpose. So she quietly went out and mounted the mule, but that servant did not take her to his master; he took her somewhere else, to make her his own.

And during the night he took Kamalalochaná a long distance, and they reached a certain city by the morning, when that chaste woman said to the servant, "Where is my husband your master? Why do you not take me to him?" When the cunning rogue heard this, he said to her who was alone in a foreign country, "I am going to marry you myself: never mind about him; how can you get to him now?" When the discreet woman heard this, she said, "Indeed I love you very much."* Then the rascal left her in the garden of the city, and went to the market to buy the things required for a wedding. In the meanwhile that maiden fled, with the mule, and entered the house of a certain old man who made garlands. She told him her history, and he made her welcome, so she remained there. And the wicked servant, not finding her in the garden, went away from it disappointed, and returned to his master Kusumáyudha. And when his master questioned him, he said, "The fact is, you are an upright man yourself, and you do not understand the ways of deceitful women. No sooner did she come out and was seen, than I was seized there by those other men, and the mule was taken away from me. By good luck I managed to escape and have come here." When Kusumáyudha heard this, he remained silent, and plunged in thought.

One day his father sent him to be married, and as he was going along, he reached the city, where Kamalalochaná was. There he made the bridegroom's followers encamp in a neighbouring garden, and while he was roaming about alone, Kamalalochaná saw him, and told the garland-maker in whose house she was living. He went and told her intended husband what had taken place, and brought him to her. Then the garland-maker collected the necessary things, and the long-desired marriage between the youth and the maiden was immediately celebrated. Then Kusumáyudha punished that wicked servant, and married in addition that second maiden, who was the cause of his finding Kamalalochaná, and in order to marry whom he had started from home, and he returned rejoicing to his own country with those two wives.

"Thus the fortunate are reunited in the most unexpected manner, and so you may be certain, Keśaṭa, of regaining your beloved soon in the same way." When Yajnaśvámin had said this, Kandarpa, Sumanas and Keśaṭa remained for some days in his house, and then they set out for their own country. But on the way they reached a great forest, and they were separated from one another in the confusion produced by a charge of wild elephants. Of the party Keśaṭa went on alone and grieved, and in course of time reached the city of Káśí and found his friend Kandarpa there.

* No. 1882 and the Sanskrit College MS. give *tarhi* for *tvaṃ hi* and *priyaṃ* for *priyaḥ*. No. 3003 agrees with the above MSS. in the first point and in the second with Brockhaus.

And he went with him to his own city Páṭaliputra, and he remained there some time welcomed by his father. And there he told his parents all his adventures, beginning with his marrying Rúpavatí, and ending with the story of Kandarpa.

In the meanwhile Sumanas fled, terrified at the elephants, and entered a thicket, and while she was there, the sun set for her. And when night came on, she cried out in her woe, "Alas, my husband! Alas, my father! Alas, my mother!" and resolved to fling herself into a forest fire. And in the meanwhile that company of witches, that were so full of pity for Kandarpa, having conquered the other witches, reached their own temple. There they remembered Kandarpa, and finding out by their supernatural knowledge that his wife had lost her way in a wood, they deliberated as follows, "Kandarpa, being a resolute man, will unaided obtain his desire; but his wife, being a young girl, and having lost her way in the forest, will assuredly die. So let us take her and put her down in Ratnapura, in order that she may live there in the house of Kandarpa's father with his other wife." When the witches had come to this conclusion, they went to that forest and comforted Sumanas there, and took her and left her in Ratnapura.

When the night had passed, Sumanas, wandering about in that city, heard the following cry in the mouths of the people who were running hither and thither, "Lo! the virtuous Anangavatí, the wife of the Bráhman Kandarpa, who, after her husband had gone somewhere or other, lived a long time in hope of reunion with him, not having recovered him, has now gone out in despair to enter the fire, followed by her weeping father-in-law and mother-in-law." When Sumanas heard that, she went quickly to the place where the pyre had been made, and going up to Anangavatí, said to her, in order to dissuade her, "Noble lady, do not act rashly, for that husband of yours is alive." Having said this, she told the whole story from the beginning. And she shewed the jewelled ring that Kandarpa gave her. Then all welcomed her, perceiving that her account was true. Then Kandarpa's father honoured that bride Sumanas and gladly lodged her in his house with the delighted Anangavatí.

Then Kandarpa left Páṭaliputra* without telling Keśaṭa, as he knew he would not like it, in order to roam about in search of Sumanas. And after he had gone, Keśaṭa, feeling unhappy without Rúpavatí, left his house without his parents' knowledge, and went to roam about hither and thither. And Kandarpa, in the course of his wanderings, happened to visit that very city, where Keśaṭa married Rúpavatí. And hearing a great noise of people, he asked what it meant, and a certain man said to him, "Here is Rúpavatí preparing to die, as she cannot find her husband Keśaṭa; the

* I read *Páṭaliputrakát*.

tumult is on that account; listen to the story connected with her." Then that man related the strange story of Rúpavatí's marriage with Keśaṭa and of her adventure with the Rákshasa, and then continued as follows:

"Then that old Bráhman, having tricked Keśaṭa, went on his way, taking with him Rúpavatí for his son: but nobody knew where Keśaṭa had gone after marrying her. And Rúpavatí, not seeing Keśaṭa on the journey, said, 'Why do I not see my husband here, though all the rest of the party are travelling along with me?" When the old Bráhman heard that, he shewed her that son of his, and said to her, 'My daughter, this son of mine is your husband; behold him.' Then Rúpavatí said in a rage to the old man there, 'I will not have this ugly fellow for a husband; I will certainly die, if I cannot get that husband, who married me yesterday.'

"Saying this, she at once stopped eating and drinking; and the old Bráhman, through fear of the king, had her taken back to her father's house. There she told the trick that the old Bráhman had played her, and her father, in great grief, said to her, 'How are we to discover, my daughter, who the man that married you, is?' Then Rúpavatí said, 'My husband's name is Keśaṭa, and he is the son of a Bráhman named Deśaṭa in Páṭaliputra; for so much I heard from the mouth of a Rákshasa.' When she had said this, she told her father the whole story of her husband and the Rákshasa. Then her father went and saw the Rákshasa lying dead, and so he believed his daughter's story, and was pleased with the virtue of that couple.

"He consoled his daughter with hopes of reunion with her husband, and sent his son to Keśaṭa's father in Páṭaliputra, to search for him. And after some time they came back and said, 'We saw the householder Deśaṭa in Páṭaliputra. But when we asked him where his son Keśaṭa was, he answered us with tears, "My son Keśaṭa is not here; he did return here, and a friend of his named Kandarpa came with him; but he went away from here without telling me, pining for Rúpavatí"—When we heard this speech of his, we came back here in due course.'

"When those sent to search had brought back this report, Rúpavatí said to her father, 'I shall never recover my husband, so I will enter the fire; how long, father, can I live here without my husband?' She went on saying this, and as her father has not been able to dissuade her, she has come out to-day to perish in the fire. And two maidens, friends of hers, have come out to die in the same way; one is called S'ṛingáravatí and the other Anurágavatí. For long ago, at the marriage of Rúpavatí, they saw Keśaṭa and made up their minds that they would have him for a husband, as their hearts were captivated by his beauty. This is the meaning of the noise which the people here are making."

When Kandarpa heard this from that man, he went to the pyre which

had been heaped up for those ladies. He made a sign to the people from a distance to cease their tumult, and going up quickly, he said to Rúpavatí, who was worshipping the fire; "Noble lady; desist from this rashness; that husband of yours Keśaṭa is alive; he is my friend; know that I am Kandarpa." When he had said this, he told her all Keśaṭa's adventures, beginning with the circumstance of the old Bráhman's treacherously making him embark on the boat. Then Rúpavatí believed him, as his story tallied so completely with what she knew, and she joyfully entered her father's house with those two friends. And her father kindly welcomed Kandarpa and took good care of him; and so he remained there, to please him.

In the meanwhile it happened that, as Keśaṭa was roaming about, he reached Ratnapura and found there the house of Kandarpa, in which his two wives were. And as he was wandering about near the house, Sumanas, the wife of Kandarpa, saw him from the top of the house and said delighted to her father-in-law and mother-in-law, and the other people in the house, "Here now is Keśaṭa my husband's friend arrived; we may hear news of my husband from him; quickly invite him in." Then they went and on some pretext or other brought in Keśaṭa as she advised, and when he saw Sumanas come towards him, he was delighted. And after he had rested she questioned him, and he immediately told her his own and Kandarpa's adventures, after the scare produced by the wild elephants.

He remained there some days, hospitably entertained, and then a messenger came from Kandarpa with a letter. The messenger said, "Kandarpa and Rúpavatí are in the town where Kandarpa's friend Keśaṭa married Rúpavatí;" and the contents of the letter were to the same effect; and Keśaṭa communicated the tidings with tears to the father of Kandarpa.

And the next day Kandarpa's father sent in high glee a messenger to bring his son, and dismissed Keśaṭa, that he might join his beloved. And Keśaṭa went with that messenger, who brought the letter, to that country where Rúpavatí was living in her father's house. There, after a long absence, he greeted and refreshed the delighted Rúpavatí, as the cloud does the *chátakí.* He met Kandarpa once more, and he married at the instance of Rúpavatí her two before-mentioned friends, Anurágavatí and Sṛingáravatí. And then Keśaṭa went with Rúpavatí and them to his own land, after taking leave of Kandarpa. And Kandarpa returned to Ratnapura with the messenger, and was once more united to Sumanas and Anangavatí and his relations. So Kandarpa regained his beloved Sumanas, and Keśaṭa his beloved Rúpavatí, and they lived enjoying the good things of this life, each in his own country.

Thus men of firm resolution, though separated by adverse destiny,

are reunited with their dear ones, despising even terrible sufferings, and taking no account of their interminable duration. So rise up quickly my friend, let us go; you also will find your wife, if you search for her; who knows the way of Destiny? I myself regained my wife alive after she had died.

"Telling me this tale my friend encouraged me; and himself accompanied me; and so roaming about with him, I reached this land, and here I saw a mighty elephant and a wild boar. And, (wonderful to say!) I saw that elephant bring my helpless wife out of his mouth, and swallow her again; and I followed that elephant, which appeared for a moment and then disappeared for a long time, and in my search for it I have now, thanks to my merits, beheld your Majesty here."

When the young merchant had said this, Vikramáditya sent for his wife, whom he had rescued by killing the elephant, and handed her over to him. And then the couple, delighted at their marvellous reunion, recounted their adventures to one another, and their mouths were loud in praise of the glorious king Vishamaśíla.

## CHAPTER CXXIV.

Then King Vikramáditya put this question to the friend of the young merchant, who came with him, "You said that you recovered your wife alive after she was dead; how could that be? Tell us, good sir, the whole story at length." When the king said this to the friend of the young merchant, the latter answered, "Listen, king, if you have any curiosity about it; I proceed to tell the story."

*Story of Chandrasvámin who recovered his wife alive after her death.*

I am a young Bráhman of the name of Chandrasvámin, living on that magnificent grant to Bráhmans, called Brahmasthala, and I have a beautiful wife in my house. One day I had gone to the village for some object, by my father's orders, and a *kápálika*, who had come to beg, cast eyes on that wife of mine. She caught a fever from the moment he looked at her, and in the evening she died. Then my relations took her, and put her on the pyre during the night. And when the pyre was in full blaze, I returned there from the village; and I heard what had happened from my family who wept before me.

Then I went near the pyre, and the *kápálika* came there with the magic staff dancing* on his shoulder, and the booming drum in his hand.

* The *khaṭváṅga*, a club shaped like the foot of a bedstead, *i. e.*, a staff with a skull at the top, considered as the weapon of Śiva and carried by ascetics and Yogis.

He quenched the flame of the pyre, king, by throwing ashes on it,* and then my wife rose up from the midst of it uninjured. The *kápálika* took with him my wife who followed him, drawn by his magic power, and ran off quickly, and I followed him with my bow and arrows.

And when he reached a cave on the bank of the Ganges, he put the magic staff down on the ground, and said exultingly to two maidens who were in it, "She, without whom I could not marry you, though I had obtained you, has come into my possession; and so my vow has been successfully accomplished."† Saying this he shewed them my wife, and at that moment I flung his magic staff into the Ganges; and when he had lost his magic power by the loss of the staff, I reproached him, exclaiming, "*Kápalika*, as you wish to rob me of my wife, you shall live no longer." Then the scoundrel, not seeing his magic staff, tried to run away; but I drew my bow and killed him with a poisoned arrow. Thus do heretics, who feign the vows of S'iva only for the pleasure of accomplishing nefarious ends, fall, though their sin has already sunk them deep enough.

Then I took my wife, and those other two maidens, and I returned home, exciting the astonishment of my relations. Then I asked those two maidens to tell me their history, and they gave me this answer, "We are the daughters respectively of a king and a chief merchant in Benares, and the *kápálika* carried us off by the same magic process by which he carried off your wife, and thanks to you we have been delivered from the villain without suffering insult." This was their tale; and the next day I took them to Benares, and handed them over to their relations, after telling what had befallen them.‡

And as I was returning thence, I saw this young merchant, who had lost his wife, and I came here with him. Moreover, I anointed my body with an ointment that I found in the cave of the *kápálika*; and, observe, perfume still exhales from it, even though it has been washed.

"In this sense did I recover my wife arisen from the dead." When the Bráhman had told this story, the king honoured him and the young merchant, and sent them on their way. And then that king Vikramáditya, taking with him Guṇavatí, Chandravatí, and Madanasundarí, and having met his own forces, returned to the city of Ujjayiní, and there he married Guṇavatí and Chandravatí.

Then the king called to mind the figure carved on a pillar that he

For *karaḥ* the MSS give *ravaḥ*. This would mean that the ascetic was beating his drum. The word in No. 1882 might be *khaḥ* but is no doubt meant for *ravaḥ*.

* Cp. Vol. II, p. 243.

† I separate *pratijná* from *siddhim*.

‡ It is possible that this may be the original of the 4th story in the 10th day of the Decamerone.

had seen in the temple built by Viśvakarman, and he gave this order to the warder, "Let an ambassador be sent to Kalingasena to demand from him that maiden whose likeness I saw carved on the pillar." When the warder received this command from the king, he brought before him an ambassador named Suvigraha, and sent him off with a message.

So the ambassador went to the country of Kalinga, and when he had seen the king Kalingasena, he delivered to him the message with which he had been entrusted, which was as follows, "King, the glorious sovereign Vikramáditya sends you this command, 'You know that every jewel on the earth comes to me as my due; and you have a pearl of a daughter, so hand her over to me, and then by my favour you shall enjoy in your own realm an unopposed sway.'" When the king of Kalinga heard this, he was very angry, and he said, "Who is this king Vikramáditya? Does he presume to give me orders and ask for my daughter as a tribute? Blinded with pride he shall be cast down." When the ambassador heard this from Kalingasena, he said to him, "How can you, being a servant, dare to set yourself up against your master? You do not know your place. What, madman, do you wish to be shrivelled like a moth in the fire of his wrath?"

When the ambassador had said this, he returned and communicated to king Vikramáditya that speech of Kalingasena's. Then king Vishamaśíla, being angry, marched out with his forces to attack the king of Kalinga, and the Vetála Bhútaketu went with him. As he marched along, the quarters, re-echoing the roar of his army, seemed to say to the king of Kalinga, "Surrender the maiden quickly," and so he reached that country. When king Vikramáditya saw the king of Kalinga ready for battle, he surrounded him with his forces; but then he thought in his mind, "I shall never be happy without this king's daughter; and yet how can I kill my own father-in-law? Suppose I have recourse to some stratagem."

When the king had gone through these reflections, he went with the Vetála, and by his supernatural power entered the bedchamber of the king of Kalinga at night, when he was asleep, without being seen. Then the Vetála woke up the king, and when he was terrified, said to him laughing, "What! do you dare to sleep, when you are at war with king Vikramáditya?" Then the king of Kalinga rose up, and seeing the monarch, who had thus shown his daring, standing with a terrible Vetála at his side, and recognising him, bowed trembling at his feet, and said, "King, I now acknowledge your supremacy; tell me what I am to do." And the king answered him, "If you wish to have me as your overlord, give me your daughter Kalingasená." Then the king of Kalinga agreed, and promised to give him his daughter, and so the monarch returned successful to his camp.

And the next day, queen, your father the king of Kalinga bestowed you on king Vishamaśíla with appropriate ceremonies, and a splendid marriage-gift. Thus, queen, you were lawfully married by the king out of his deep love for you, and at the risk of his own life, and not out of any desire to triumph over an enemy.

"When I heard this story, my friends, from the mouth of the *kárpaṭika* Devasena, I dismissed my anger, which was caused by the contempt with which I supposed myself to have been treated. So, you see, this king was induced to marry me by seeing a likeness of me carved on a pillar, and to marry Malayavatí by seeing a painted portrait of her." In these words Kalingasená, the beloved wife of king Vikramáditya, described her husband's might, and delighted his other wives. Then Vikramáditya, accompanied by all of them, and by Malayavatí, remained delighting in his empire.

Then, one day, a Rájpút named Krishṇaśakti, who had been oppressed by the members of his clan, came there from the Dakkan. He went to the palace-gate surrounded by five hundred Rájpúts, and took on himself the vow of *kárpaṭika* to the king. And though the king tried to dissuade him, he made this declaration, "I will serve king Vikramáditya for twelve years." And he remained at the gate of the palace, with his followers, determined to carry out this vow, and while he was thus engaged, eleven years passed over his head.

And when the twelfth year came, his wife, who was in another land, grieved at her long separation from him, sent him a letter; and he happened to be reading this A'ryá verse which she had written in the letter, at night, by the light of a candle, when the king, who had gone out in search of adventures, was listening concealed, "Hot, long, and tremulous, do these sighs issue forth from me, during thy absence, my lord, but not the breath of life, hard-hearted woman that I am!"

When the king had heard this read over and over again by the *kárpaṭika*, he went to his palace and said to himself, "This *kárpaṭika*, whose wife is in such despondency, has long endured affliction, and if his objects are not gained, he will, when this twelfth year is at an end, yield his breath. So I must not let him wait any longer." After going through these reflections, the king at once sent a female slave, and summoned that *kárpaṭika*. And after he had caused a grant to be written, he gave him this order, "My good fellow, go towards the northern quarter through Omkárapíṭha; there live on the proceeds of a village of the name of Khaṇḍavaṭaka, which I give you by this grant; you will find it by asking your way as you go along."

When the king had said this, he gave the grant into his hands; and the *kárpaṭika* went off by night without telling his followers. He was

dissatisfied, saying to himself, "How shall I be helped to conquer my enemies by a single village that will rather disgrace me? Nevertheless my sovereign's orders must be obeyed." So he slowly went on, and having passed Omkárapíṭha, he saw in a distant forest many maidens playing, and then he asked them this question, "Do you know where Khaṇḍavaṭaka is?" When they heard that, they answered, "We do not know; go on further; our father lives only ten *yojanas* from here; ask him; he may perhaps know of that village."

When the maidens had said this to him, the *kárpaṭika* went on, and beheld their father, a Rákshasa of terrific appearance. He said to him, "Whereabouts here is Khaṇḍavaṭaka? Tell me, my good fellow." And the Rákshasa, quite taken aback by his courage, said to him, "What have you got to do there? The city has been long deserted; but if you must go, listen; this road in front of you divides into two: take the one on the left hand, and go on until you reach the main entrance of Khaṇḍavataka, the lofty ramparts on each side of which make it attract the eye."

When the Rákshasa had told him this, he went on, and reached that main street, and entered that city, which, though of heavenly beauty, was deserted and awe-inspiring. And in it he entered the palace, which was surrounded with seven zones, and ascended the upper storey of it, which was made of jewels and gold. There he saw a gem-bestudded throne, and he sat down on it. Thereupon a Rákshasa came with a wand in his hand, and said to him, "Mortal, why have you sat down here on the king's throne?" When the resolute *kárpaṭika* Kṛishṇaśakti heard this, he said, "I am lord here; and you are tribute-paying house-holders whom king Vikramáditya has made over to me by his grant."

When the Rákshasa heard that, he looked at the grant, and bowing before him, said, "You are king here, and I am your warder; for the decrees of king Vikramáditya are binding everywhere." When the Rákshasa had said this, he summoned all the subjects, and the ministers and the king's retinue presented themselves there; and that city was filled with an army of four kinds of troops. And every one paid his respects to the *kárpaṭika;* and he was delighted, and performed his bathing and his other ceremonies with royal luxury.

Then, having become a king, he said to himself with amazement; "Astonishing truly is the power of king Vikramáditya; and strangely unexampled is the depth of his dignified reserve, in that he bestows a kingdom like this and calls it a village!" Full of amazement at this, he remained there ruling as a king: and Vikramáditya supported his followers in Ujjayiní.

And after some days this *kárpaṭika* become a king went eagerly to pay his respects to king Vikramáditya, shaking the earth with his army.

And when he arrived and threw himself at the feet of Vikramáditya, that king said to him, "Go and put a stop to the sighs of your wife who sent you the letter." When the king despatched him with these words, Kṛishṇaśakti, full of wonder, went with his friends to his own land. There he drove out his kinsmen, and delighted his wife, who had been long pining for him; and having gained more even than he had ever wished for, enjoyed the most glorious royal fortune.

So wonderful were the deeds of king Vikramáditya.

Now one day he saw a Bráhman with every hair on his head and body standing on end; and he said to him, "What has reduced you, Bráhman, to this state?" Then the Bráhman told him his story in the following words:

*Story of Devasvámin the permanently horripilant Bráhman.*

There lived in Páṭaliputra a Bráhman of the name of Agnisvámin, a great maintainer of the sacrificial fire; and I am his son, Devasvámin by name. And I married the daughter of a Bráhman who lived in a distant land, and because she was a child, I left her in her father's house. One day I mounted a mare, and went with one servant to my father-in-law's house to fetch her. There my father-in-law welcomed me; and I set out from his house with my wife, who was mounted on the mare, and had one maid with her.

And when we had got half way, my wife got off the mare, and went to the bank of the river, pretending that she wanted to drink water. And as she remained a long time without coming back, I sent the servant, who was with me, to the bank of the river to look for her. And as he also remained a long time without coming back, I went there myself, leaving the maid to take care of the mare. And when I went and looked, I found that my wife's mouth was stained with blood, and that she had devoured my servant, and left nothing of him but the bones.* In my terror I left her, and went back to find the mare, and lo! her maid had in the same way eaten that. Then I fled from the place, and the fright I got on that occasion still remains in me, so that even now I cannot prevent the hair on my head and body from standing on end.†

"So you, king, are my only hope." When the Bráhman said this, Vikramáditya by his sovereign fiat relieved him of all fear. Then the king said, "Out on it! One cannot repose any confidence in women, for

* See Vol. I, p. 212, and Lieutenant Temple's article Lamia in the Antiquary for August, 1882. Terrible man-eating Sirens are described in the Valáhassajátaka to which Dr. Morris called attention in a letter in the Academy. Cp. Schmidt's Griechische Märchen, p. 142.

† No. 3003 and the Sanskrit College MS. give *antaḥsthena* for *sambhramayya.* No. 1882 has *tva-taḥsthena;* an insect has devoured the intermediate letter.

they are full of daring wickedness." When the king said this, a minister remarked, "Yes, king! women are fully as wicked as you say. By the bye, have you not heard what happened to the Bráhman Agniśarman here?"

*Story of Agniśarman.**

There lives in this very city a Bráhman named Agniśarman, the son of Somaśarman; whom his parents loved as their life, but who was a fool and ignorant of every branch of knowledge. He married the daughter of a Bráhman in the city of Vardhamána; but her father, who was rich, would not let her leave his house, on the ground that she was a mere child.

And when she grew up, Agniśarman's parents said to him, "Son, why do you not now go and fetch your wife?" When Agniśarman heard that, the stupid fellow went off alone to fetch her, without taking leave of his parents. When he left his house a partridge appeared on his right hand, and a jackal howled on his left hand, a sure prophet of evil.† And the fool welcomed the omen saying, "Hail! Hail!" and when the deity presiding over the omen heard it, she laughed at him unseen. And when he reached his father-in-law's place, and was about to enter it, a partridge appeared on his right, and a jackal on his left, boding evil. And again he welcomed the omen, exclaiming "Hail! Hail!" and again the goddess of the omen, hearing it, laughed at him unseen. And that goddess presiding over the omen said to herself, "Why, this fool welcomes bad luck as if it were good! So I must give him the luck which he welcomes, I must contrive to save his life." While the goddess was going through these reflections, Agniśarman entered his father-in-law's house, and was joyfully welcomed. And his father-in-law and his family asked him, why he had come alone, and he answered them, "I came without telling any one at home."

Then he bathed and dined in the appropriate manner, and when night came on, his wife came to his sleeping apartment adorned. But he fell asleep fatigued with the journey; and then she went out to visit a paramour of hers, a thief, who had been impaled. But, while she was embracing his body, the demon that had entered it, bit off her nose; and she fled thence in fear. And she went and placed an unsheathed‡ dagger at her sleeping husband's side; and cried out loud enough for all her relations to hear, "Alas! Alas! I am murdered; this wicked husband of

* This is substantially the same story as the second in chapter 77.

† See Vol. I. pp. 465 and 578.

‡ *Vikrośám* is a misprint for *vikośám*. The latter is found in MS. No. 1882 and the Sanskrit College MS. and, I think, in No. 3003; but the letter is not very well formed.

mine has got up and without any cause actually cut off my nose." When her relations heard that, they came, and seeing that her nose was cut off, they beat Agniśarman with sticks and other weapons. And the next day they reported the matter to the king, and by his orders they made him over to the executioners, to be put to death, as having injured his innocent wife.

But when he was being taken to the place of execution, the goddess presiding over that omen, who had seen the proceedings of his wife during the night, said to herself, "This man has reaped the fruit of the evil omens, but as he said, 'Hail! Hail!' I must save him from execution." Having thus reflected, the goddess exclaimed unseen from the air, "Executioners, this young Bráhman is innocent; you must not put him to death: go and see the nose between the teeth of the impaled thief." When she had said this, she related the proceedings of his wife during the night. Then the executioners, believing the story, represented it to the king by the mouth of the warder, and the king, seeing the nose between the teeth of the thief, remitted the capital sentence passed on Agniśarman, and sent him home; and punished that wicked wife, and imposed a penalty on her relations* also.

"Such, king, is the character of women." When that minister had said this, King Vikramáditya approved his saying, exclaiming, "So it is." Then the cunning Múladeva, who was near the king, said, "King, are there no good women, though some are bad? Are there no mango-creepers, as well as poisonous creepers? In proof that there are good women, hear what happened to me."

*Story of Múladeva.*†

I went once to Páṭaliputra with Śaśin, thinking that it was the home of polished wits, and longing to make trial of their cleverness. In a tank outside that city I saw a woman washing clothes, and I put this question to her, "Where do travellers stay here?" The old woman

* The word *badhúní* is evidently a misprint for *bandhúní*: as appears from the MSS.

† This story is known in Europe, and may perhaps be the original source of Shakespeare's "All's Well that Ends Well." At any rate there is a slight resemblance in the leading idea of the two stories. It bears a close resemblance to the story of Sorfarina, No. 36 in Gonzenbach's Sicilianische Märchen, and to that of Sapia in the Pentamerone of Basile. In the Sicilian and in the Neapolitan tale a prince is angry with a young lady who, when teaching him, gave him a box on the ear, and marries her in order to avenge himself by ill-treating her; but finding that he has, without suspecting it, had three children by her, he is obliged to seek a reconciliation. Dr. Köhler in his note on the Sicilian tale gives no other parallel than Basile's tale, which is the 6th of the Vth day, Vol. II, p. 204 of Liebrecht's translation.

gave me an evasive answer, saying, "Here the Bráhmany ducks stay on the banks, the fish in the water, the bees in the lotuses, but I have never seen any part where travellers stay." When I got this answer, I was quite nonplussed, and I entered the city with S'aśin.

There S'aśin saw a boy crying at the door of a house, with a warm* rice-pudding on a plate in front of him, and he said, "Dear me! this is a foolish child not to eat the pudding in front of him, but to vex himself with useless weeping." When the child heard this, he wiped his eyes, and said laughing, "You fools do not know the advantages I get by crying. The pudding gradually cools and so becomes nice, and another good comes out of it; my phlegm is diminished thereby. These are the advantages I derive from crying; I do not cry out of folly; but you country bumpkins are fools because you do not see what I do it for."

When the boy said this, S'aśin and I were quite abashed at our stupidity, and we went away astonished to another part of the town. There we saw a beautiful young lady on the trunk of a mango-tree, gathering mangoes, while her attendants stood at its foot. We said to the young lady, "Give us also some mangoes, fair one." And she answered, "Would you like to eat your mangoes cold or hot?" When I heard that, I said to her, wishing to penetrate the mystery, "We should like, lovely one, to eat some warm ones first, and to have the others afterwards." When she heard this, she flung down some mango-fruits into the dust on the ground. We blew the dust off them and then ate them. Then the young lady and her attendants laughed, and she said to us, "I first gave you these warm mangoes, and you cooled them by blowing on them, and then ate them; catch these cool ones, which will not require blowing on, in your clothes." When she had said this, she threw some more fruits into the flaps of our garments.

We took them, and left that place thoroughly ashamed of ourselves. Then I said to S'aśin and my other companions, "Upon my word I must marry this clever girl, and pay her out for the way in which she has made a fool of me; otherwise what becomes of my reputation for sharpness?" When I said this to them, they found out her father's house, and on a subsequent day we went there disguised so that we could not be recognised.

And while we were reading the Veda there, her father the Bráhman Yajnasvámin came up to us, and said, "Where do you come from?" We said to that rich and noble Bráhman, "We have come here from the city of Máyápurí to study;" thereupon he said to us, "Then stay the

* I think we should read *ushṇe.* I believe that Nos. 1882 and 3003 have this, judging from the way in which *shṇ* is usually formed in those MSS.

next four months in my house; shew me this favour, as you have come from a distant country." When we heard this, we said, "We will do what you say, Bráhman, if you will give us, at the end of the four months, whatever we may ask for." When we said this to Yajnasvámin, he answered, "If you ask for anything that it is in my power to give, I will certainly give it." When he made this promise, we remained in his house. And when the four months were at an end, we said to that Bráhman, "We are going away, so give us what we ask for, as you long ago promised to do." He said, "What is that?" Then S'as'in pointed to me and said, "Give your daughter to this man, who is our chief." Then the Bráhman Yajnasvámin, being bound by his promise, thought, "These fellows have tricked me; never mind; there can be no harm in it; he is a deserving youth." So he gave me his daughter with the usual ceremonies.

And when night came, I said laughing to the bride in the bridal chamber, "Do you remember those warm and those cool mangoes?" When she heard this, she recognised me, and said with a smile, "Yes, country bumpkins are tricked in this way by city wits." Then I said to her, "Rest you fair, city wit; I vow that I the country bumpkin will desert you and go far away." When she heard this, she also made a vow, saying, "I too am resolved, for my part, that a son of mine by you shall bring you back again." When we had made one another these promises, she went to sleep with her face turned away, and I put my ring on her finger, while she was asleep. Then I went out, and joining my companions, started for my native city of Ujjayiní, wishing to make trial of her cleverness.

The Bráhman's daughter, not seeing me next morning, when she woke up, but seeing a ring on her finger marked with my name, said to herself, "So he has deserted me, and gone off; well, he has been as good as his word; and I must keep mine too, dismissing all regrets. And I see by this ring that his name is Múladeva; so no doubt he is that very Múladeva, who is so renowned for cunning. And people say that his permanent home is Ujjayiní; so I must go there, and accomplish my object by an artifice." When she had made up her mind to this, she went and made this false statement to her father, "My father, my husband has deserted me immediately after marriage; and how can I live here happily without him; so I will go on a pilgrimage to holy waters, and will so mortify this accursed body."

Having said this, and having wrung a permission from her unwilling father, she started off from her house with her wealth and her attendants. She procured a splendid dress suitable to a *hetæra*, and travelling along she reached Ujjayiní, and entered it as the chief beauty of the world. And

having arranged with her attendants every detail of her scheme, that young Bráhman lady assumed the name of Sumangalá. And her servants proclaimed everywhere, "A *hetœra* named Sumangalá has come from Kámarúpa, and her goodwill is only to be procured by the most lavish expenditure."

Then a distinguished *hetœra* of Ujjayiní, named Devadattá, came to her, and gave her her own palace worthy of a king, to dwell in by herself. And when she was established there, my friend S'aśin first sent a message to her by a servant, saying, "Accept a present from me which is won by your great reputation." But Sumangalá sent back this message by the servant, "The lover who obeys my commands may enter here: I do not care for a present, nor for other beast-like men." S'aśin accepted the terms, and repaired at night-fall to her palace.

And when he came to the first door of the palace, and had himself announced, the door-keeper said to him, "Obey our lady's commands. Even though you may have bathed, you must bathe again here; otherwise you cannot be admitted." When S'aśin heard this, he agreed to bathe again as he was bid. Then he was bathed and anointed all over by her female slaves, in private, and while this was going on, the first watch of the night passed away. When he arrived, having bathed, at the second door, the door-keeper said to him, "You have bathed; now adorn yourself appropriately." He consented, and thereupon the lady's female slaves adorned him, and meanwhile the second watch of the night came to an end. Then he reached the door of the third zone, and there the guards said to him, "Take a meal, and then enter." He said "Very well," and then the female slaves managed to delay him with various dishes until the third watch passed away. Then he reached at last the fourth door, that of the lady's private apartments, but there the door-keeper reproached him in the following words, "Away, boorish suitor, lest you draw upon yourself misfortune. Is the last watch of the night a proper time for paying the first visit to a lady?" When S'aśin had been turned away in this contemptuous style by the warder, who seemed like an incarnation of untimeliness, he went away home with countenance sadly fallen.

In the same way that Bráhman's daughter, who had assumed the name of Sumangalá, disappointed many other visitors. When I heard of it, I was moved with curiosity, and after sending a messenger to and fro I went at night splendidly adorned to her house. There I propitiated the warders at every door with magnificent presents, and I reached without delay the private apartments of that lady. And as I had arrived in time I was allowed by the door-keepers to pass the door, and I entered and saw my wife, whom I did not recognise, owing to her being disguised as a *hetœra*. But she knew me again, and she advanced towards me, and paid

me all the usual civilities, made me sit down on a couch, and treated me with the attentions of a cunning *hetæra*. Then I passed the night with that wife of mine, who was the most beautiful woman of the world, and I became so attached to her, that I could not leave the house in which she was staying.

She too was devoted to me, and never left my side, until, after some days, the blackness of the tips of her breasts shewed that she was pregnant. Then the clever woman forged a letter, and shewed it to me, saying, "The king my sovereign has sent me a letter: read it." Then I opened the letter and read as follows, "The august sovereign of the fortunate Kámarúpa, Mánasinha, sends thence this order to Sumangalá, 'Why do you remain so long absent? Return quickly, dismissing your desire of seeing foreign countries.'"

When I had read this letter, she said to me with affected grief, "I must depart; do not be angry with me; I am subject to the will of others." Having made this false excuse, she returned to her own city Pátaliputra: but I did not follow her, though deeply in love with her, as I supposed that she was not her own mistress.

And when she was in Pátaliputra, she gave birth in due time to a son. And that boy grew up and learned all the accomplishments. And when he was twelve years old, that boy in a childish freak happened to strike with a creeper a fisherman's son of the same age. When the fisherman's son was beaten, he flew in a passion and said, "You beat me, though nobody knows who your father is; for your mother roamed about in foreign lands, and you were born to her by some husband or other."*

When this was said to the boy, he was put to shame; so he went and said to his mother, "Mother, who and where is my father? Tell me!" Then his mother, the daughter of the Bráhman, reflected a moment, and said to him, "Your father's name is Múladeva: he deserted me, and went to Ujjayiní." After she had said this, she told him her whole story from the beginning. Then the boy said to her, "Mother, then I will go and bring my father back a captive; I will make your promise good."

Having said this to his mother, and having been told by her how to recognise me, the boy set out thence, and reached this city of Ujjayiní. And he came and saw me playing dice in the gambling-hall, making certain of my identity from the description his mother had given him, and he conquered in play all who were there. And he astonished every one there by shewing such remarkable cunning, though he was a mere child. Then he gave away to the needy all the money he had won at play. And at night he artfully came and stole my bedstead from under me, letting me gently down on a heap of cotton, while I was asleep. So when I woke up,

* Cp. Ralston's Tibetan Tales, p. 89.

and saw myself on a heap of cotton, without a bedstead, I was at once filled with mixed feelings of shame, amusement and astonishment.

Then, king, I went at my leisure to the market-place, and roaming about, I saw that boy there selling the bedstead. So I went up to him and said, " For what price will you give me this bedstead ? " Then the boy said to me, " You cannot get the bedstead for money, crest-jewel of cunning ones ; but you may get it by telling some strange and wonderful story." When I heard that, I said to him, " Then I will tell you a marvellous tale. And if you understand it and admit that it is really true, you may keep the bedstead ; but if you say that it is not true and that you do not believe it,* you will be illegitimate, and I shall get back the bedstead. On this condition I agree to tell you a marvel; and now listen !—Formerly there was a famine in the kingdom of a certain king; that king himself cultivated the back of the beloved of the boar with great loads of spray from the chariots of the snakes. Enriched with the grain thus produced the king put a stop to the famine among his subjects, and gained the esteem of men."

When I said this, the boy laughed and said, " The chariots of the snakes are clouds ; the beloved of the boar is the earth, for she is said to have been most dear to Vishṇu in his Boar incarnation ; and what is there to be astonished at in the fact that rain from the clouds made grain to spring on the earth ?"

When the cunning boy had said this, he went on to say to me, who was astonished at his cleverness, " Now I will tell you a strange tale. If you understand it, and admit that it is really true, I will give you back this bedstead, otherwise you shall be my slave."

I answered " Agreed ; " and then the cunning boy said this, " Prince of knowing ones, there was born long ago on this earth a wonderful boy, who, as soon as he was born, made the earth tremble with the weight of his feet, and when he grew bigger, stepped into another world."

When the boy said this, I, not knowing what he meant, answered him, " It is false ; there is not a word of truth in it." Then the boy said to me, " Did not Vishṇu, as soon as he was born, stride across the earth, in the form of a dwarf, and make it tremble ? And did he not, on that same occasion, grow bigger, and step into heaven ? So you have been conquered by me, and reduced to slavery. And these people present in the market are witnesses to our agreement. So, wherever I go, you must come along with me." When the resolute boy had said this, he

* I read *pratyayo na me* which I find in the Taylor MS. and which makes sense. I take the words as part of the boy's speech. " It is untrue ; I do not believe it." But *vakshyasyapratyayena me* would also make sense. The Sanskrit College MS. supports Brockhaus's text.

laid hold of my arm with his hand; and all the people there testified to the justice of his claim.

Then, having made me his prisoner, bound by my own agreement, he, accompanied by his attendants, took me to his mother in the city of Páṭaliputra. And then his mother looked at him, and said to me, "My husband, my promise has to-day been made good, I have had you brought here by a son of mine begotten by you." When she had said this, she related the whole story in the presence of all.

Then all her relations respectfully congratulated her on having accomplished her object by her wisdom, and on having had her disgrace wiped out by her son. And I, having been thus fortunate, lived there for a long time with that wife, and that son, and then returned to this city of Ujjayiní.

"So you see, king, honourable matrons are devoted to their husbands, and it is not the case that all women are always bad." When king Vikramáditya had heard this speech from the mouth of Múladeva, he rejoiced with his ministers. Thus hearing, and seeing, and doing wonders, that king Vikramáditya* conquered and enjoyed all the divisions of the earth."

"When the hermit Kanva had told during the night this story of Vishamaśíla, dealing with separations and reunions, he went on to say to me who was cut off from the society of Madanamanchuká; 'Thus do unexpected separations and reunions of beings take place, and so you, Naraváhanadatta, shall soon be reunited to your beloved. Have recourse to patience, and you shall enjoy for a long time, son of the king of Vatsa, surrounded by your wives and ministers, the position of a beloved emperor of the Vidyádharas.' This admonition of the hermit Kanva enabled me to recover patience; and so I got through my time of separation, and I gradually obtained wives, magic science, and the sovereignty over the Vidyádharas. And I told you before, great hermits, how I obtained all these by the favour of S'iva, the giver of boons."

By telling this his tale, in the hermitage of Kaśyapa, Naraváhanadatta delighted his mother's brother Gopálaka and all the hermits. And after he had passed there the days of the rainy season, he took leave of his uncle and the hermits in the grove of asceticism, and mounting his chariot, departed thence with his wives and his ministers, filling the air with the hosts of his Vidyádharas. And in course of time he reached the mountain of Ṛishabha his dwelling-place; and he remained there delighting in the enjoyments of empire, in the midst of the kings of the Vidyádharas, with queen Madanamanchuká, and Ratnaprabhá and his other wives; and his life lasted for a *kalpa*.

* In the original there is the following note, "Here ends the tale of king Vikramáditya."

This is the story called Vṛihatkathá, told long ago, on the summit of mount Kailása, by the undaunted* S'iva, at the request of the daughter of the Himálaya, and then widely diffused in the world by Pushpadanta and his fellows, who were born on the earth wearing the forms of Kátyáyaṇa and others, in consequence of a curse. And on that occasion that god her husband attached the following blessing to this tale, "Whoever reads this tale that issued from my mouth, and whoever listens to it with attention, and whoever possesses it, shall soon be released from his sins, and triumphantly attain the condition of a splendid Vidyádhara, and enter my everlasting world."

*End of the Collection of Tales called the Kathá Sarit Ságara.*

* Having reached the end of my translation, I am entitled to presume that this epithet refers to the extraordinary length of the Kathá Sarit Ságara.

# FURTHER CORRIGENDA AND ADDENDA

## TO VOL. I.

Page 7, line 29. "This boy will repeat by heart everything that he has heard once."

It appears from an article in Mélusine by A Bart, entitled An Ancient Manual of Sorcery, and consisting mainly of passages translated from Burnell's Sámavidhána Bráhmana, that this power can be acquired in the following way, "After a fast of three nights, take a plant of *soma (Asclepias acida ;)* recite a certain formula and eat of the plant a thousand times, you will be able to repeat anything after hearing it once. Or bruise the flowers in water, and drink the mixture for a year. Or drink *soma*, that is to say the fermented juice of the plant for a month. Or do it always." (Mélusine, 1878, p. 107 ; II, 7, 4-7.)

In the Milinda Pañho, (Pali Miscellany by V. Trenckner, Part. I, p. 14,) the child Nágasena learns the whole of the three Vedas by hearing them repeated once.

Page 12, line 16. "Every day when he awakes from sleep, a hundred gold pieces shall be found under his pillow." In one of Waldau's Böhmische Märchen, Vogelkopf und Vogelherz (p. 90) a boy named Fortunat eats the heart of the Glücksvogel and under his pillow every day are found three ducats. See also Der Vogel Goldschweif, in Gaal's Märchen der Magyaren, p. 195.

Page 12, line 26. "Story of Brahmadatta." This story is, according to Dr. Rajendra Lál Mitra, found in a MS. called the Bodhisattva Avadána. (Account of the Buddhist Literature of Nepal, p. 53).

Page 14. *Add to footnote.* We find a magic ring, brooch and cloth in No. XLIV of the English Gesta. See also Syrische Sagen und Märchen, von Eugen Prym und Albert Socin, p. 79, where there is a flying carpet. There is a magic table-cloth in the Bohemian Story of Büsmanda, (Waldau, p. 44) and a magic pot on p. 436 of the same collection; and a food-providing *mesa* in the Portuguese story of A Cacheirinha (Coelho, Contos Portuguezes, p. 58). In the Pentamerone No. 42 there is a magic chest. Kuhn has some remarks on the "Tischchen deck dich" of German tales in his Westfälische Märchen, Vol. I, p. 369.

For a similar artifice to Putraka's, see the story entitled Fischer-Märchen in Gaal, Märchen der Magyaren, p. 168, Waldau, Böhmische Märchen, pp. 260 and 564, and Dasent's Norse Tales, pp. 213 and 214.

Page 20. *Add to note* †—Cp. the 67th Story in Coelho's Contos Populares Portuguezes, and the 29th in the Pentamerone of Basile. There is a somewhat similar story in the English Gesta (Herrtage, No. XXV) in which three knights are killed.

A very similar story is quoted in Melusine, p. 178, from Thorburn's Bannu or our Afghan Frontier.

Page 22. *Add to note* *—There is a slight resemblance to this story in Sagas from the Far East, p. 222. By this it may be connected with a cycle of European

tales about princes with ferine skin &c. Apparently a treatise has been written on this story by Herr Varnhagen. It is mentioned in the *Saturday Review* of 22nd July, 1882 as, "Ein Indisches Märchen auf seiner Wanderung durch die Asiatischen und Europäischen Litteraturen."

Page 25. *Add to footnote.* So Sigfrid hears two birds talking above his head in Hagen's Helden-Sagen, Vol. I, p. 345. In the story of Lalitánga extracted by Professor Nilmani Mukerjea from a collection of Jaina tales called the Kathá Kosha, and printed in his Sáhitya Parichaya, Part II, we have a similar incident.

Page 36. *Add to footnote.* For a similar Zaubergarten see Liebrecht's translation of Dunlop's History of Fiction, p. 251, and note 325; and Gonzenbach's Sicilianische Märchen, Vol. I, p. 224. To this latter story there is a very close parallel in Játaka No. 220, (Fausböll, Vol. II, p. 188) where Sakko makes a garden for the Bodhisattva, who is threatened with death by the king, if it is not done.

Page 38. *Add to footnote.* The incident is related in Táránátha's Geschichte des Buddhismus in Indien, uebersetzt von Schiefner, p. 74.

Page 47. *Add to note on Chapter VII.* See also Grössler's Sagen der Grafschaft Mansfeld, pp. 58 and 59; the Pentamerone of Basile, translated by Liebrecht, Vol. I, p. 251; Dasent's Norse Tales, p. 347, "The Troll turned round, and, of course, as soon as he saw the sun, he burst;" Grimm's Irische Märchen, p. x; Kuhn's Westfälische Märchen, p. 63; Schöppner's Sagenbuch der Bayerischen Lande, Vol. I, pp. 123, and 228; and Bernhard Schmidt's Griechische Märchen, p. 138. He quotes the following interesting passage from the Philopseudes of Lucian, *Συνῆν ἄχρι δὴ ἀλεκτρυόνων ἠκούσαμεν ᾳδόντων. τότε δὴ ἥ τε Σελήνη ἀνέπτατο ες τὸν ὀυρανὸν καὶ ἡ Ἑκάτη ἔδυ κατὰ τῆς γῆς, καὶ τὰ ἄλλα φάσματα ἠφανίσθη*, &c.

Page 53, last line of page. In addition to the passages quoted in the note at the end of Vol I, cp. the story of Amys and Amylion, Ellis's Early English Romances, pp. 597 and 598, the Pentamerone of Basile, Vol. I, p. 367; Prym and Socin's Syrische Märchen, p. 73; Grohmann's Sagen aus Böhmen, p. 268; Gonzenbach's Sicilianische Märchen, p. 354, with Dr. Köhler's notes.

Page 67. *Add to note* *—Cp. the perturbation of King Samson in Hagen's Helden-Sagen, Vol. I, p. 26, and Spence Hardy's Manual of Buddhism (1860) pp. 129 and 130.

Page 69, line 21. "I have not a sword worthy of me" &c. Cp. the way in which Kandar goes in search of a sword in Prym and Socin's Syrische Märchen, p. 205.

Page 70. *Add to the note at the end of the Volume.* See also Schöppner's Geschichte der Bayerischen Lande, Vol. I, p. 258.

Page 80. *Add to note* *—Cp. Coelho's Contos Populares Portuguezes, No. LXXI, p. 155.

Page 82, last two lines. Cp. the way in which Rüdiger carries off the daughter of king Osantrix, Hagen's Helden-Sagen, Vol. I, p. 227.

Page 91. *Add to footnote.* The story of Śaktimatí is the 19th in the Śuka Saptati. I have been presented by Professor Nilmani Mukhopadhyaya with a copy of a MS. of this work made by Babu Umeśa Chandra Gupta.

Page 93. *Add to note on Chapter XIII.* In Gonzenbach's Sicilianische Märchen, No. 55, Vol. I, p. 359, Epomata plays some young men much the same trick as Devasmitá, and they try in much the same way to conceal their disgrace. The story is the second in my copy of the Śuka Saptati.

Page 97, line 1. Cp. the distribution of presents on the occasion of King Etzel's marriage in the Nibelungen Lied.

Page 99. *Add to note on Chapter XIV.* See also the extract from Sinclair's Statistical Account of Scotland in Brand's Popular Antiquities, Vol I, p. 225; "When a Highlander goes to bathe or to drink water out of a consecrated fountain, he must always approach by going round the place from East to West on the South side, in imitation of the apparent diurnal motion of the sun. This is called in Gaelic going round the right, or the lucky way. The opposite course is the wrong, or the unlucky way. And if a person's meat or drink were to affect the wind-pipe, or come against his breath, they would instantly cry out, "Desheal," which is an ejaculation praying it may go by the right way. Cp. the note in Munro's Lucretius on V, 1199, and Burton's Narratives from Criminal Trials in Scotland, Vol. I, p. 278.

Page 102. *Add to footnote.* Webster, Duchess of Malfi, Act IV, Sc. 2, tells a similar story,

"A great physician, when the Pope was sick
Of a deep melancholy, presented him
With several sorts of madmen, which wild object,
Being full of change and sport, freed him to laugh,
And so the imposthume broke."

Page 103. *Add to footnote.* In the Pentamerone of Basile, Tale 22, a princess is set afloat in a box, and found by a king, whose wife she eventually becomes. There is a similar incident in Kaden's Unter den Olivenbäumen, p. 220.

Page 108, line 12. There is a certain resemblance in the story of Sunda and Upasunda to that of Otus and Ephialtes; see Preller's Griechische Mythologie, Vol. I p. 81. Cp. also Grohmann's Sagen aus Böhmen, p. 35.

Page 119. *Add to note* *—See Baring Gould's Curious Myths of the Middle Ages (New Edition, 1869) p. 170. In a startling announcement of the birth of Antichrist which appeared in 1623, purporting to come from the brothers of the Order of St. John, the following passage occurs,—"The child is dusky, has pleasant mouth and eyes, teeth pointed like those of a cat, ears large, stature by no means exceeding that of other children; *the said child, incontinent on his birth, walked and talked perfectly well.*"

Page 121, line 6. *Add to the note at the end of Volume I.* See also Grohmann's Sagen aus Böhmen, p. 41.

Page 126. *Add to note* †. The same idea is found in the 39th Játaka, p. 322 of Rhys Davids' translation, and in the 257th Játaka, Vol. II, p. 297 of Fausböll's edition.

Page 130, line 6. *Add to the note at the end of Volume I.* See the remarks in Bernhard Schmidt's Griechische Märchen, p. 237.

Page 137, line 5 from the bottom of the page. There is a curious parallel to this story in Táránátha's History of Buddhism, translated into German by Schiefner, p. 208. Here a Rákshasí assumes the form of a former king's wife, and kills all the subjects, one after another, as fast as they are elected to the royal dignity.

Page 139, line 34. Cp. the freeing of Argo by Hercules cutting off Pallair's arm in the Togail Troi, ed. Stokes, p. 67.

Page 142. *Add to footnote.* Cp. also Waldau's Böhmische Märchen, pp. 365 and 432, Coelho's Contos Populares Portuguezes, p. 76; and Prym und Socin's Syrische Märchen, p. 72. See also Ralston's Tibetan Tales, Introduction pp. xlix. and l.

Page 154. *Add to note* §—Cp. also Grössler's Sagen aus der Grafschaft Mans-

feld, p. 217, Brand's Popular Antiquities, Vol. III, p. 56; Grohmann's Sagen aus Böhmen, p. 226.

Page 157. *Add to footnote.* The same idea is found in Bohemia, see Grohmann's Sagen aus Böhmen, p. 210. Cp. Grimm's Irische Märchen, p. cviii."

Page 162. *Add to footnote*—There is a certain resemblance in this story to that of Equitan in Marie's lays. See Ellis's Early English Metrical Romances, pp. 46 and 47. It also resembles the story of Lalitánga extracted from the Kathá Kosha by Professor Nilmani Mukerjea in his Sáhitya Parichaya, Part II, and the conclusion of the story of Damannaka from the same source found in his Part I. The story of Fridolin is also found in Schöppner's Sagenbuch der Bayerischen Lande, Vol. I, p. 204.

Page 172, line 13. "Observe my friend, this woman has five sons and I have only one." Cp. Gaal, Märchen der Magyaren, p. 364; Gonzenbach's Sicilianische Märchen, Vol. I, pp. 285 and 294.

Page 185. In the 33rd of the Syrian stories collected by Prym and Socin we have a king of snakes and water of life.

Page 203. A report similar to that spread against Harasvámin was in circulation during the French Revolution. Taine in his history of the Revolution, Vol. I, p. 418 tells the following anecdote: "M. de Montlosier found himself the object of many unpleasant attentions when he went to the National Assembly. In particular a woman of about thirty used to sharpen a large knife when he passed and look at him in a threatening manner. On enquiry he discovered the cause—*Deux enfants du quartier ont disparu enlevés par de bohémiens, et c'est maintenant un bruit répandu que M. de Montlosier, le marquis de Mirabeau, et d'autres députés du côté droit se rassemblent pour faire des orgies dans lesquelles ils mangent de petits enfants.*"

Page 206. *Add to note* *—We have a similar incident in Melusine, p. 447, The story is entitled La Montagne Noire on Les Filles du Diable. See also the Pentamerone of Basile, Tale 49, Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales, p. 76; Waldau's Böhmische Märchen, pp. 37 and 255 and ff; and Dasent's Norse Tales, pp. 31—32, 212—213, and 330—331.

Page 215, line 24. Cp. the golden rose in Gaal, Märchen der Magyaren, p. 44.

Page 221. *Add to note* §—Cp. the Glücksvogel in Prym and Socin, Syrische Märchen, p. 269, and the eagle which carries Chaucer in the House of Fame. In the story of Lalitánga, extracted by Professor Nilmani Mukerjea from the Kathá Kosha, a collection of Jaina stories, a Bhárunḍa carries the hero to the city of Champá. There he cures the princess by a remedy, the knowledge of which he had acquired by overhearing a conversation among the birds.

Page 237. *Add to note* ‡—This idea is found in the Telapattajátaka, Fausböll, Vol. I, p. 393.

Page 248. *Add to note* *—Mr. Whitley Stokes has sent me the following quotation in the Revue Celtique V, 130 from P. Cahier, Caracteristiques des Saints 1, 105;

"A certain virgin Lucia (doubtful whether of Bologna or of Alexandria) *se voyant fréquemment suivie par un jeune homme qui affectait de l'accompagner partout dès q'elle quittait sa maison, lui demanda enfin ce qui l'attachait si fort à ses pas. Celui-ci ayant répondu que c' etait la beauté de ses yeux, la jeune fille se servit de son fuseau pour faire sortir ses yeux de leur orbite, et dit à son poursuivant qu'il pouvait les prendre et la laisser dèsormais en repos. On ajoute que cette generosité effrayante changea si fort le cœur du jeune homme qu'il embrassa la profession religieuse.* The story of the ascetic who conquered anger, resembles closely the Khantivádijátaka No. 313 in Fausböll's edition, Vol. III,

p. 39. It is also found in the Bodhisattva Avadána, under the title Kshánti Játaka, and in the Mahávastu Avadána in a form closely resembling that of the Páli Játaka book. See Dr. Rajendra Lál Mitra's Nepalese Buddhist Literature, pp. 55, 159, and 160.

Page 253. *Add to note* *—Cp. also Coelho's Contos Portuguezes, No. 51, Pedro e Pedrito, p. 118, and Grimm's Irische Märchen, pp. 106, 107. In the Gagga Játaka, No. 135, Fausböll, Vol. II, p. 15, the Buddha tells how the custom of saying "Jíva" or "God bless you" originated. A Yakka was allowed to eat all who did not say "Jíva" and "Paṭijíva." Zimmer in his Alt-Indisches Leben, p. 60, quotes from the Atharva Veda, "vor Unglück-bedeutendem Niesen."

Page 263. *Add to note.* A striking parallel will be found in Basile's Pentamerone, Vol. I, p. 166. See also Waldau's Böhmische Märchen, p. 272; Gaal, Die Märchen der Magyaren, p. 178; Coelho, Contos Populares Portuguezes, p. 47. In Waldau's Story there is a strange similarity in the behaviour of the king, on first seeing the young physician, to that of Vasudatta. See also the Sixth Tale in Ralston's Tibetan Tales and the remarks in the Introduction, p. li.

Page 289, near the bottom of the page. Cp. for the artifice used to ruin Kadalígarbhá, Dasent's Norse Tales, pp. 65 and 66.

Page 290. *Add to note* *—See also Perrault's Le petit Poucet; Basile's Pentamerone, No. 48.

Page 304, line 20. Cp. the conduct of the Meerweib in Hagen's Helden-Sagen, Vol. I, p. 55.

Page 305. *Add to note* †—Cp. also the following passage from Brand's Popular Antiquities, Vol. II, p. 78. "Borlase quotes from Martin's Western Islands. 'The same lustration by carrying of fire is performed round about women after child-bearing, and round about children before they are christened, as an effectual means to preserve both the mother and the infant from the power of evil spirits." Brand compares the Amphidromia at Athens. See Kuhn's Westfälische Märchen, Vol. I, pp. 125, and 289: Vol. II, pp. 17 and 33-34.

Page 306. *Add to note* *—Preller, in his Römische Mythologie, p. 488, has a note on *incubones* or treasure-guarding spirits. Treasures can often be acquired by stealing the caps worn by these *incubones* as a symbol of their secret and mysterious character. See also the Pentamerone of Basile, p. 96; Grohmann, Sagen aus Böhmen, p. 29 and ff; Bernhard Schmidt's Griechische Märchen, p. 28. The bug-bears were no doubt much of the kind found in Schöppner"s Sagenbuch der Bayerischen Lande, Vol. I, p. 87. For the "hand of glory" see Baring Gould's Curious Myths of the Middle Ages, pp. 405-409. Brand in his Popular Antiquities Vol. I, p. 312, quotes from Bergerac's Satirical Characters and Handsome descriptions in his Letters translated out of the French by a Person of Honour, 1658, p. 45, "I cause the thieves to burn candles of dead men's grease to lay the hosts asleep while they rob their houses." A light has this property in Waldau's Böhmische Märchen, p. 360; and in Kuhn's Westfälische Märchen, Vol. I, p. 146.

Page 327. *Add to note* *—See Gaal, Märchen der Magyaren, p. 155; Ariosto, Orlando Furioso, III, 14.

Page 336. *Add to note* †—Cp. Hagen's Helden-Sagen, Vol. III, pp. 165 and 166.

Page 338. Kuhn, in his Westfälische Märchen, Vol. I, p. 183, mentions a belief that horns grew on the head of one who looked at the Wild Huntsman. It is just possible that this notion may be derived from the story of Actæon. A statue found in the ruins of the villa of Antoninus Pius near Lavinium represents him with his human form and with the horns just sprouting. (Engravings from Ancient Marbles in the

British Museum, Plate XLV.) Cp. also the story of Cipus in Ovid's Metamorphoses XV, 552—621. For the magic pipe see Grimm's Irische Märchen, Einleitung, p. lxxxiii; Rohde, Der Griechische Roman, p. 264. Remarks on the pipe and horns will be found in Ralston's Tibetan Tales, Introduction pp. liv—lvi.

Page 340. *Add to footnote.* Cp. with the string the gold rings in the Volsunga Saga, Hagen's Helden-Sagen, Vol. III, p. 30. In Ovid's Metamorphoses VIII, 850, and ff. there is an account of Mestra's transformations. Neptune gave her the power of transforming herself whenever she was sold by her father. See also the story of Achelous and Hercules in book IX of the Metamorphoses; Prym and Socin's Syrische Märchen, p. 229, where we have the incident of the selling; Waldau, Böhmische Märchen, p. 125; Coelho Contos Portuguezes, p. 32.

Page 343, line 11. "The congregation of witches." The word *samvara*, which I have translated "congregation," probably means "sorcery;" see Böhtlingk and Roth *s. v.*

Page 355. *Add to footnote.* "See Volsunga Saga in Hagen's Helden-Sagen, Vol. III, pp. 8 and 9.

Page 360. *Add to note* *—In a Welsh story (Professor Rhys, Welsh Tales, p 8) a young man discovers his lady-love by the way in which her sandals are tied. There are only two to choose from, and he seems to have depended solely upon his own observation.

Page 364, line 5. In Ovid's Metamorphoses VIII, 855, the *dominus* asks Mestra, who has been transformed into a fisherman, if she has seen herself pass that way.

Page 364. *Add to footnote.* In Prym and Socin's Syrische Märchen, No. LXII, page 250, the flea believes himself to be dead, and tells every one so.

Page 365, line 28. Cp. Hagen's Helden-Sagen, Vol. II, p, 167, where Ake makes his wife Wolfriana intoxicated with the object of discovering her secret.

Page 369. *Add to note on Chapter XXXIX.* The pursuit and the tasks are found in the tale called La Montagne Noire, on p. 448 of Melusine, a periodical which appeared in the year 1878, and in Branca-flor, No. XIV in Coelho's Contos Populares Portuguezes, and in Gaal's Märchen der Magyaren, p. 60. The tasks are found in the Pentamerone of Basile, Vol. I, p. 226, and in Vol. II, p. 186; in Gaal, Märchen der Magyaren, p. 182, (the title of the tale is Die dankbaren Thiere; some grateful ants are found at page 339;) in Grössler's Sagen aus der Grafschaft Mansfeld, pp. 60 and 61; in Waldau's Böhmische Märchen, pp. 18, 142, 262; in Kuhn's Westfälische Märchen, Vol. II. p. 249, frogs, ants, and wasps help the hero. Cp. for the pursuit Liebrecht's translation of the Pentamerone of Basile, Vol. I, pp. 74-76 and 160.

Page 370, line 27. This incident is found in the story of Yavakríta in the 135th chapter of the Mahábhárata.

Page 372, line 17. In the Mahávastu Avadána (in Dr. R. L. Mitra's Sanskrit Buddhist Literature of Nepal, p. 123) a girl named Amitá is cured of leprosy by being shut up in an underground chamber.

Page 385. *Add to footnote.* In Hagen's Helden-Sagen, Vol. I, p. 44, Hilda reunites, as fast as she is cut in two, but at last Dietrich, by the advice of Hildebrand, steps between the two pieces, and interferes with the *vis medicatrix.* Baring Gould seems to identify this story of Indívarasena with that of St. George. In his essay on that hero-saint, (p. 305, New Edition,) he observes, "In the Kathá Sarit Ságara a hero fights a demon monster, and releases a beautiful woman from his thraldom. The story, as told by Soma Deva, has already progressed, and assumed a form similar to that of Perseus and Andromeda.

Page 387. *Add to note* †—The story of Amys and Amylion, in Ellis's Metrical Romances, resembles closely the tale, as given by Grimm and Gonzenbach. So too do the 7th and 9th stories of the 1st day in the Pentamerone of Basile, and the 52nd in Coelho's Contos Populares Portuguezes, p. 120. Perhaps the oldest mythological pair of brothers are the Aśvins, who have their counterpart in the Dioscuri and in Heracles and Iphiclus.

Page 393. *Add to footnote* *—See Liebrecht's translation of the Pentamerone of Basile, Vol. I, p. 55.

Page 397. *Add to footnote* †—" See also the Pentamerone of Basile, Vol. II, p. 131, and the Ucchanga Játaka, No. 67 in Dr. Fausböll's edition.

Page 418. *Add to note* †—Cp. Livy I, 39; and Le Lotus de la Bonne Loi (Burnouf) p. 4.

Page 445. *Add to footnote* which commences on this page. Cp. the institution of the φαρμακοὶ connected with the worship of Apollo! Preller, Griechische Mythologie, Vol. I, p. 202; see also pp. 240 and 257 and Vol. II, pp. 310 and 466; Herodotus VII, 197; Plato, Min. p. 315, C; Preller, Römische Mythologie, p. 104.

Page 464. *Add to note* ‡—" Cp. also Grössler, Sagen der Grafschaft Mansfeld, p. 192. See the remarkable statement in Rohde, Der Griechische Roman, p. 31, quoted from Pausanias I, 22, 1, to the effect that the story of Phædra was known to " Barbarians."

Page 469. *Add to note* †—See Brand's Popular Antiquities, Vol. III, pp. 252—255.

Page 487. In line 1 of the footnote, for " Genovesa " *read* " Genovefa." *Add to the note.* For parallels to the story of Genoveva or Genovefa see Prym und Socin, Syrische Märchen, LII, and the Introduction, p. xxii.

Page 488. *Add to note* *—Cp. Thalaba the Destroyer, Book I, 30. The passage in the Pseudo-Callisthenes will be found in III, 28, Karl Mueller's Edition.

Page 490. *Add to footnote.* See Prym und Socin, Syrische Märchen, p. 3; Rohde, Der Griechische Roman, p. 49; Coelho, Contos Populares Portuguezes, p. 109.

Page 525. *Add to footnote.* See Rohde, Der Griechische Roman, p. 239.

Page 535. *Add to note* †—See the quotations in Brand's Popular Antiquities (Bohn's Edition, Vol. I, pp. 365 and 366) from Moresini Papatus and Melton's Astrologaster. Brand remarks, " The Romanists, in imitation of the heathens, have assigned tutelary gods to each member of the body."

Page 544. *Add to note* †—Cp. Prym und Socin, Syrische Märchen, p. 116, and Gaal, Märchen der Magyaren, pp. 101 and 102.

Page 554. *Add to note* †—It is also found in the Avadána Śataka: see Dr. R. L. Mitra's Buddhist Literature of Nepal, p. 28, where the above MS. is described. See also Dr. R. Morris's remarks in the Academy of the 27th of August, 1881.

Page 555. *Add to note* †—See Waldau's Böhmische Märchen, p. 537, and the remarks of Preller in his Griechische Mythologie, Vol. II, p. 345.

Page 564, last 3 lines of the page. Preller in his Griechische Mythologie, Vol. II, p. 475, refers to a Servian story, in which a shepherd saves the life of a snake in a forest fire. In return for this service, the snake's father gives him endless treasures, and teaches him the language of birds.

Page 564. *Add to note* ‡—Snakes' crowns are mentioned in Grössler, Sagen der Grafschaft Mansfeld, p. 178, in Weckenstedt's Wendische Märchen, pp. 403—405, and in Grohmann, Sagen aus Böhmen, pp. 219 and 223.

Page 565, line 15. In Prester John's letter quoted by Baring Gould, Curious Myths

of the Middle Ages, New Edition, p. 43, we find, "In one of our lands, hight Zone, are worms called in our tongue Salamanders. These worms can only live in fire, and they build cocoons like silkworms, which are unwound by the ladies of our palace, and spun into cloth and dresses, which are worn by our Exaltedness. *These dresses, in order to be cleansed and washed, are cast into flames.*"

Page 567. *Add to footnote.* Bhíma disguises himself as a cook in the Viráta parvan of the Mahábhárata. Pausanias tells us, Book I, ch. 16, "*Σελεύκῳ γὰρ, ὃς ὡρμᾶτο ἐκ Μακεδονίας σὺν Αλεξάνδρῳ, θύοντι εν Πέλλῃ τῷ Διί, τὰ ξύλα ἐπὶ τοῦ βωμοῦ κείμενα πρόυβη τε ἀυτοματι πρὸς τὸ ἄγαλμα, καὶ ἄνευ πυρὸς ἥφθη.*"

# CORRIGENDA AND ADDENDA

## TO VOL. II.

Page 3. *Add to the footnote* which begins on this page. Cp. Prym und Socin Syrische Märchen, p. 343; Grimm, Irische Märchen, No. 9, "Die Flasche," p. 42. In the Bhadraghaṭajátaka, No. 291 Sakko gives a pitcher, which is lost in the same way. Grimm in his Irische Elfenmärchen, Introduction, p. xxxvii, remarks that "if a man discloses any supernatural power which he possesses, it is at once lost."

Page 33. *Add to note*†—This is the 30th story in my copy of the S'ukasaptati.

Page 13. *Add to footnote* which begins on this page—See also Zimmer, Alt-Indisches Leben, pp. 329—331.

Page 35, line 29, "who knew when it behoved him to speak." I adopted this translation of *deśajna*, in deference to the opinion of a good native scholar, but might not the word mean simply "knowing countries?" The crow then would be a kind of feathered Ulysses, cp. Waldau's Böhmische Märchen, p. 255. The fable may remind some readers of the following lines in Spenser's Mother Hubberd's Tale.

He shortly met the Tygre and the Bore
That with the simple Camell raged sore
In bitter words, seeking to take occasion
Upon his fleshly corpse to make invasion.

Page 37. *Add to note* *—In Coelho's Contos Portuguezes, p. 15, the heron, which is carrying the fox, persuades it to let go, in order that she may spit on her hand. (A similar incident on page 112 of this volume.) Gosson in his School of Abuse, Arber's Reprints, p. 43, observes, "Geese are foolish birds, yet, when they fly over mount Taurus, they shew great wisdom in their own defence for they stop their pipes full of gravel to avoid gagling, and so by silence escape the eagles."

Page 40. *Add to note*'—This story has been found in Tibet by the Head Master of the Bhútia School, Darjiling, Babu S'arat Chandra Dás.

Page 41. *Add to note* ‡ which begins on this page.

This is the 218th Játaka. A *gámavásí* deposits ploughshares with a *nagaravásí* who sells them and buys *músikavaccam*. "*Phálá te músikehi khádítá ti músikavaccam dassesi*. The rest much as in our tale. A *kulalo* is said to have carried off the son. (Fausböll, Vol. II, p. 181.) If Plutarch is to be believed, the improbability of the merchant's son's story is not so very striking, for he tells us, in his life of Marcellus, that rats and mice gnawed the gold in the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus.

Page 44. *Add to note* † —This story is found in Coelho's Contos Portuguezes, p. 112. So Ino persuaded the women of the country to roast the wheat before it was sown, Preller Griechische Mythologie, Vol. II, p. 312. To this Ovid refers, Fasti, II, 628, and III, 853-54.

Page 45, line 6. "That his spiritual instructor was high-nosed." Cp. The Two Noble Kinsmen, Act IV, Scene 2, l. 110,

His nose stands high, a character of honour.

Page 52. *Add to note* †—The Kurunga Miga Játaka, No. 206 in Fausböll Vol. II, p. 152) is a still better parallel. In this the tortoise gnaws through the bonds, the crane (*satapatto*) smites the hunter on the mouth as he is leaving his house; he twice returns to it on account of the evil omen; and when the tortoise is put in a bag, the deer leads the hunter far into the forest, returns with the speed of the wind, upsets the bag, and tears it open.

Page 53. *Add to note* *—The woman behaves like Erippe in a story related by Parthenius (VIII). In the heading of the tale we are told that Aristodemus of Nysa tells the same tale with different names.

Page 57. *Add to footnote*—See also Herrtage's English Gesta, p. 127, Tale 33.

Page 60. *Add to note* *—This story is found in Prym und Socin's Syrische Märchen, p. 292, where a man undertakes to teach a camel to read.

Page 64, line 16. For Pradívin the Petersburg lexicographers would read Prajívin, as in the Panchatantra.

Page 65. *Add to note* †—See also Brand's Popular Antiquities, Vol. III, pp. 196, 197. The story of the crow dissuading the birds from making the owl king is Játaka, No. 270. In the Kosiya Játaka, No. 226, an army of crows attacks an owl.

Page 67. *Add to footnote*—There is a very hypocritical cat in Prym und Socin, Syrische Märchen, p. lx. See especially p. 242, and cp p. 319.

Page 68. *Add to note* *—In the XXth tale of the English Gesta Romanorum (Ed. Herrtage) three "lechis" persuade Averoys that he is a "lepre;" and he becomes one from "drede," but is cured by a bath of goat's blood. The 69th tale in Coelho's Contos Populares, Os Dois Mentírosos, bears a strong resemblance to this. One brother confirms the other's lies.

Page 72. *Add to note* *—This bears a strong resemblance to A Formiga e a Neve, No. II, in Coelho's Contos Portuguezes.

Page 75, *Add to footnote*—Cp. Grohmann, Sagen aus Böhmen, p. 35.

Page 77. *In note* †—for Giusa read Giufá.

Page 84. *Add to note* *—The wife of the *kumbhíla* in the Varanindajátaka (57 in Fausböll's edition) has a longing for a monkey's heart. The original is, no doubt, the Suṃsumára Játaka in Fausböll, Vol. II, p. 158. See also Mélusine, p. 179, where the story is quoted from Thorburn's Bannu or our Afghan Frontier.

Page 85. *Add to note*† which begins on this page. An ass is deceived in the same way in Prym und Socin, Syrische Märchen, p. 279. In Waldau's Böhmische Märchen, p. 92, one of the boys proposes to say that the Glücksvogel had no heart. Rutherford in the Introduction to his edition of Babrius, p. xxvii, considers that the able is alluded to by Solon in the following words:

> *ὑμέων δ' εἷς μὲν ἕκαστος ἀλώπεκος ἴχνεσι βαίνει*
> *ξύμπασιν δ' υμῖν κοῦφος ἔνεστι νόος·*
> *ἐις γὰρ γλῶσσαν ὁρᾶτε καὶ εἰς ἔπος αἰόλον ἀνδρός,*
> *εἰς ἔργον δ' ουδὲν γιγνόμενον βλέπετε.*

But all turns upon the interpretation of the first line, which Schneidewin renders "*Singuli sapitis, cuncti desipitis.*"

Page 87. *Add to footnote*—See also Rohde, Der Griechische Roman, p. 370 (note). Gosson in his School of Abuse, Arber's Reprint, pp. 68-69, tells the story of Dionysius.

Page 89. *Add to note* ‡—Professor Aufrecht in his Beiträge zur Kenntniss Indischer Dichter quotes a Strophe of Amarasinha in which the following line occurs,

*Dugdhá seyam achetanena jaratí dugdhásayát súkarí.* Professor Aufrecht proposes to read *gardabhí* for *súkarí.*

Page 90, line 16 *of footnote*—After the words "Bohn's Gesta Romanorum, Introduction, page xliii," add "It is No. XXVI, in Herrtage's Edition."

Page 100. *Add to note* on the story of Ghaṭa and Karpara. The story appears in Melusine, 1878 p. 17 under the title of "Le Voleur Avisé, Conte Breton." See also Ralston's Tibetan Tales, Introduction, pp. xlvii and ff.

Page 101. *Add to footnote*—This story is simply the Cullapadumajátaka, No. 193 in Fausböll's edition. See also Ralston's Tibetan Tales, Introduction, pp. lxi-lxiii.

Page 103. *Add to footnote* which begins on this page.

See Die dankbaren Thiere in Gaal's Märchen der Magyaren, p. 175, and Der Rothe Hund, p. 339. In the Saccamkirajatátaka No. 73, Fausböll, Vol. I, 323, a hermit saves a prince, a rat, a parrot and a snake. The rat and snake are willing to give treasures, the parrot rice, but the prince orders his benefactor's execution, and is then killed by his own subjects. See Bernhard Schmidt's Griechische Märchen, p. 3, note. See also Ralston's Tibetan Tales, Introduction, pp. lxiii—lxv.

Page 107, line 9—"The bird went and brought a casket full of jewels." Cp. Gijjhajátaka, Fausböll, Vol. II, p. 51.

Page 108. *Add to footnote*—See also Benfey's Panchatantra, Vol. I, p. 523.

Page 118, l. 28—"What is the meaning of this statement, 'A man with a discus &c. ?" This part of the story may be compared with the story of As tres Lebres in Coelho's Contos Portuguezes, p. 90, or that of the Blind Man and the Cripple in Ralston's Russian Folk Tales.

Page 119, line 3. "Now hear this story of the woman who killed eleven."

In the notice of the first ten fasciculi of this translation which appeared in the *Saturday Review* for May 1882, the following interesting remark is made on this story:

"And the story of the woman, who had eleven husbands, bears a curious but no doubt accidental likeness to an anecdote related by St. Jerome about a contest between a man and his wife as to which would outlive the other, she having previously conducted to the grave scores of husbands and he scores of wives."

Page 142. *Add to footnote*—See Rohde, Der Griechische Roman, p. 195, and Ralston's Tibetan Tales, Introduction, p. lii.

Page 144, line 9. "By means of this juice the female swan was restored to life."

See the story of Polyidos, in Preller, Griechische Mythologie, Vol. II, p. 478. Preller refers to Nonnus, XXV, 451 and ff. The story terminates *ψυχὴ δ' ἐις δέμας ἦλθε τὸ δεύτερον*. See also Baring Gould's Curious Myths of the Middle Ages, New Edition, 1869, pp. 399—402, and Rohde, Der Griechische Roman, pp. 112 and 126.

Page 148. *Add to footnote*—In the story called "Der rothe Hund," Gaal, Märchen der Magyaren, p. 362, the queen becomes a dry mulberry tree. See also Grohmann, Sagen aus Böhmen, p. 116. In Ovid's Metamorphoses, XIV, 517, an abusive *pastor* is turned into an *oleaster*.

Page 154. *Add to footnote*—See also Grohmann's account of the "Wassermann," Sagen aus Böhmen, p. 148.

Page 162. *Add to footnote*—In Gonzenbach's Sicilianische Märchen, Nos. 33 and 34, we have tales of "A substituted Bride;" see Dr. Köhler's notes.

Page 234, line 2, for *asoka*-tree read "*s'insapá*-tree," and see note on page 293.

Page 242, line 1 of text for "Vikramasena" read "Trivikramasena."

Page 252. *In note*†—for *kálatamasi* read *kálatamasi*.

Page 260. *Add to the note which begins on this page.* The story which Oesterley quotes from the Tutínámah is still found in Bannu, as appears from a review of Mr. Thorburn's book in Melusine (1878), p. 179. The reviewer, M. Loys Brueyre, tells us that it is found in the Bohemian tales of Erben under the title, Wisdom and Fortune.

Page 264. *Add to note* *—A head is cut off and fastened on again in the Glücks-vogel, Waldau's Böhmische Märchen, p. 108. In Coelho's Portuguese Stories, No. XXVI, O Colhereiro, the 3rd daughter fastens on, in the Bluebeard chamber, with blood, found in a vase marked with their names, the heads of her decapitated sisters.

Page 267. *Add to footnote.* Cp. Hagen's Helden-Sagen. Vol. I, p. 53, where king Wilkinus marries a Meerweib, and the following extract from a letter of Mr. David Fitzgerald's in the Academy.

"The Siren's tale—like many other episodes of the Iliad and the Odyssey—re-appears in various forms, one of the most curious of which is perhaps to be found in Ireland. I borrow it from O'Curry; and I omit the depreciatory criticism with which it is now the fashion to season extracts from that scholar's useful works. Ruad, son of Rigdonn, a king's son, crossing over to North-land with three ships and thirty men in each, found his vessel held fast in mid-sea. [Compare the tale of Vidúshaka in Vol. I.] At last he leaped over the side to see what was holding it, and sinking down through the waters, alighted in a meadow where were nine beautiful women. These gave him nine boatloads of gold as the price of his embraces, and by their power held the three vessels immoveable on the water above for nine days. Promising to visit them on his return, the young Irish prince got away from the Sirens and their beds of red bronze, and continued his course to Lochlann, where he stayed with his fellow-pupil, son to the king of that country, for seven years. Coming back, the vessels put about to avoid the submerged isle, and had nearly gained the Irish shore, when they heard behind them the song of lamentation of the nine sea-women, who were in vain pursuit of them in a boat of bronze. One of these murdered before Ruad's eyes the child she had borne him, and flung it head foremost after him. O'Curry left a version of this tale from the Book of Ballymote. I have borrowed a detail or two given in the *Tochmarc Emere* (fol. 21*b*)—*e. g.*, the important Homeric featnre of the watery *meadow* (machaire). The story given by Gervase of Tilbury (ed. Liebrecht, pp. 30, 31), of the porpoise-men in the Mediterranean and the young sailor; the Shetland seal-legend in Grimm's edition of Croker's tales (Irische Elfen-Märchen, Leipzig, 1826, pp. xlvii *et seqq)*; and the story found in Vincentius Bellovacensis and else-where, of the mermaid giantess and her purple cloak, may be named as belonging or related to the same cycle. These legends are represented in living Irish traditions and the purple cloak just referred to appears, much disguised, in the story of Liban in the book of the Dun." Coraes in his notes on the Aethiopica of Heliodorus, p. 225, has the following quotation from the life of Apollonius of Tyana written by Philos-tratus, IV, 25, referring to Menippus who married a female of the Rákshasí type and was saved from his fate by Apollonius.

"'Η *χρηστὴ νύμφη μία τῶν* Εμπουσῶν *ἐστιν ἃς Λαμιάς τε καὶ Μορμολυκίας οἱ πολλοὶ ἡγοῦνται.........σαρκῶν δὲ, καὶ μάλιστα ἀνθρωπείων, ἐρῶσι, καὶ πάλλουσι (ἴσ.σφαλλουσι) τôις ἀφροδισίοις οὓς ἄν ἐθέλωσι δαίσασθαι.*"

P. 268. *Add to footnote* *—See Waldau, Böhmische Märchen, p, 410.

Page 276. *Add to note* †—Cp. also Hagen's Helden-Sagen, Vol. II, p. 24. We are told that Melampus buried the parents of a brood of snakes, and they rewarded him by licking his ears so that he understood the language of birds. (Preller, Griechische Mythologie, Vol. II, p. 474.)

Page 299. *Add to footnote.* So Brynhild burns herself with the body of Sigurd, (Hagen's Helden-Sagen, Vol. III, p. 166).

Page 307. *Add to footnote.* Benfey gives a number of stories of this kind in the 1st Volume of his Panchatantra, pp. 41-52. He traces them all back to a tendency of the Indo-Germanic race to look upon their deities as belonging to both sexes at once.

Page 315, line 22 for *Vidykdhara* read *Vidyádhara.*

Page 317. *Add to footnote* *—See Bernhard Schmidt's Griechische Märchen, p. 106.

Page 357. *Add to note* †—See also Grimm's Irische Elfenmärchen (which is based on Croker's Tales), p. 8.

Page 361, line 18. "I cut off my own flesh." So in Melusine, p. 447, the hero of the tale "La Montagne Noire" rides on the back of a crow, to whom he has to give flesh, as often as he says "*couac*" At last he has to give him flesh from his own thighs. The wounds are healed instantaneously by means of a "*fiole de graisse*" which he carries with him. See No. 61 in Gonzenbach's Sicilianische Märchen with Dr. Köhler's notes.

Page 388. *Note* *—Paṇḍit Ráma Chandra of Alwar points out that the reference in *patangavṛitti* is to the "rushing of a moth into a candle." In the text therefore "would be a mere reckless rushing on destruction" should be substituted for "is a mere chimerical fancy."

Page 391, line 24. "Like the stream of the Narmadá, when let loose from the embrace of Arjuna." Paṇḍit Ráma Chandra of Alwar points out that the reference is to one of the exploits of Arjuna Sahasrabáhu, often called Kártavíryya, which is related in the Uttara Káṇḍa of the Rámáyaṇa, Sarga 32.

Page 493. *Add to footnote* ‡—In the same way in Játaka No. 318, beginning on page 58 of Fausböll's third Volume, a lady falls in love with a criminal who is being led to execution.

Page 498. *Add to note* †—This story is also found in the Chariyá Piṭaka. See Oldenberg's Buddha, p. 302. *For* "begin" *read* "begins."

# INDEX.

## A. Proper Names.

## B. Subjects.